july 1 15c

modern screen

PER.

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RECEIVED

HER WILLIAMS

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL

Tonight She's Getting Married!

SHE FEELS AS THO' SHE'S LIVING A DREAM —

but her wedding veil just came, the ring's on her finger, her heart's going bumpety-bump! It's been a whole month since Bill proposed to her, but she can still feel his fingers on her arm . . . still see the look on his face when he said, "Darling, there's such a haunting fragrance about you — I want you near me forever!" Lucky girl! She's glad she used Lander's Lilacs and Roses talc that night! It's exciting fragrance helped make Bill hers!



For you Lander's has ensnared the essence of femininity in subtle talc fragrances! Spicy Apple Blossom, Gardenia and Sweet Pea, Lilacs and Roses . . . an exquisite bouquet of garden scents for life's important moments!

Buy it at your ten cent store—today!



10¢ EACH

ASK FOR OTHER **LANDER'S** *TOILETRIES AT ALL 10¢ TOILET GOODS COUNTERS*

LANDER'S

For the Talc that Tempts

FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING
NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

JUN -8 1947



Make a wish! Little Bette Daly (third from the left), just four years old, may well wish that she grows up to be as pretty as her Mommy. Read why she's well on her way toward having her "model" mother's sparkling smile!

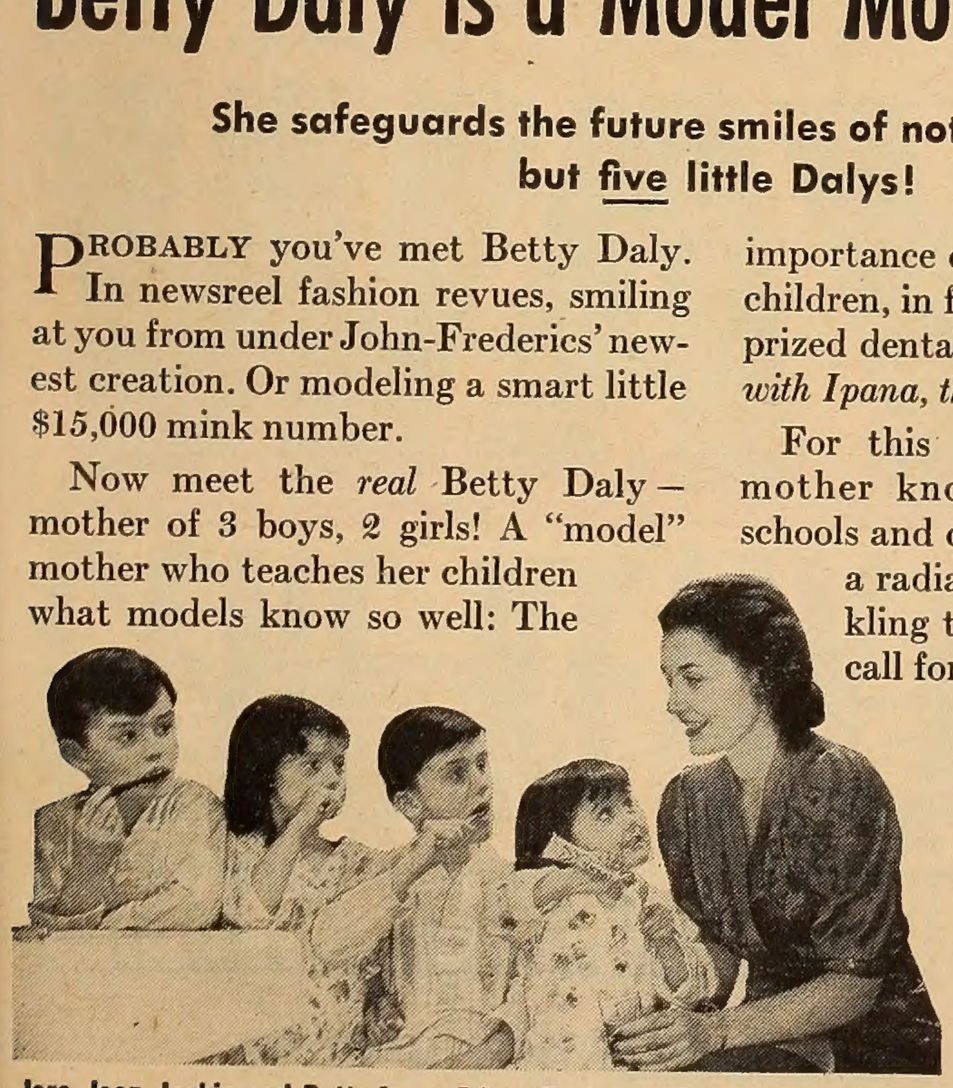
Betty Daly is a Model Mother–five times over!

She safeguards the future smiles of not one, not two, but five little Dalys!

PROBABLY you've met Betty Daly. In newsreel fashion revues, smiling at you from under John-Frederics' newest creation. Or modeling a smart little $15,000 mink number.

Now meet the *real* Betty Daly–mother of 3 boys, 2 girls! A "model" mother who teaches her children what models know so well: The importance of a smile. The older Daly children, in fact, already follow Betty's prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

For this Jackson Heights, N. Y. mother knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums.



Jere, Joan, Jackie and Bette hear Mrs. Daly explain proper care of teeth and gums. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink tooth brush," are signs to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers



Peace and quiet descend on the Daly household after this nightly workout. Nightly, the Daly gums, too, get a workout—with Ipana and gentle massage. For Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums become firmer . . . teeth brighter . . . smiles more sparkling.

Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and Massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is not a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

It involves embracing life. Recommended for those who like embracing.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's new musical, "Living in a Big Way" will make you merrier. It may make you live in an even bigger way.



★ ★ ★

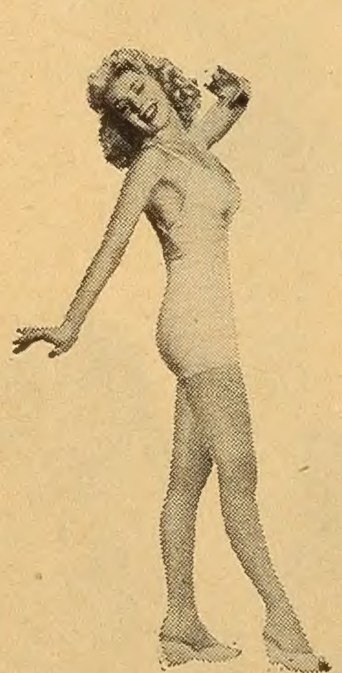
Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald are the "Boy-meets-Girl" of this hearty, happy picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene is the shiniest dancer—the best "timer" of scenes—and, to our and the public's mind, one of the very top stars in pictures. He has never been better, not even in "Anchors Aweigh". How the boy can dance!

★ ★ ★ ★

What originality characterizes his dance plots! The scene in which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week's movie allowance.



★ ★ ★

He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders. Sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

★ ★ ★

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as "The Body". Her curves are classic and where she walks one hears a whistle.

★ ★ ★

In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, "Is life worth living?" he said, "It all depends on the liver".

★ ★ ★ ★

And if the liver is "living in a big way", then life has its worth. So roareth the Lion among philosophers—

—Leo



JULY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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LIVING IN A BIG WAY

When a gal who's got curves... meets a guy who's got angles... it's loving ...laughing... living in a big way!

M-G-M's new, gay, tip-topical musical!

starring

GENE KELLY with Marie McDonald

CHARLES WINNINGER · PHYLLIS THAXTER · SPRING BYINGTON

A GREGORY LA CAVA PRODUCTION

Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA · Original story by GREGORY LA CAVA and IRVING RAVETCH · Screen play by GREGORY LA CAVA · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

■ Basically, I am a gentle man. And so my heart goes out to some of the more hop-headed columnists who have been making a living out of dancing on Frank Sinatra's narrow chest. I can't help thinking regretfully that there must be safer, cleaner ways of holding your circulation.

I write a bit of a column myself, and I've learned that one good technique for avoiding a good punch in the eye is to follow facts—not twist them.

Take, for instance the case against Frank Sinatra. He's been accused recently of (1) being a 4-F (2) having a permit to carry a gun (3) having met Lucky Luciano in Cuba (4) being a Communist. The facts are that Frank has always been an outspoken foe of Communism, that hundreds of thousands of good Americans had been rated 4-F, that Sinatra was within his legal rights in getting a gun permit, that all performers who've ever worked in night clubs are bound to know underworld characters. I've bumped into some of the choicest of them myself!

I don't like to pin any kind of medal on Lee Mortimer, entertainment columnist for the N. Y. Daily Mirror, but I've got to admit he stands at the head of the list of Frank's detractors.

For two years or more, this Mortimer had hitched his wagon to the Sinatra star, clinging tenaciously to the Sinatra coattails—not as a rooter, but as a heckler. When heckling drew no response from the victim, Mortimer grew bolder and more vicious.

When Sinatra returned from an overseas tour of entertainment, and criticized some of the Special Service officers whose officiousness had aroused the antagonism of Ed (Archie) Gardner and other performers, Mortimer attacked Sinatra as though Frank were a blood-relative of Benedict Arnold. With no sense of proportion, and completely lacking in good taste, Mortimer characterized Sinatra as "the 4-F who waited until hostilities had ended before going overseas." This was not (*Continued on page 72*)



stop smearing sinatra!

by ed sullivan

Lifting Your Heart to the Highlands of Adventure...



with the endearing charm of young love!

BOB, Son of Battle

in Technicolor

The call of adventure rings out across the hills and glens! Surging with the warm spirit of the classic millions have read and loved!



Starring

LON McCALLISTER

with PEGGY ANN GARNER
EDMUND GWENN
REGINALD OWEN
CHARLES IRWIN

From the producers of "Smoky" and "My Friend Flicka"

20th CENTURY-FOX ACTION HIT!

Directed by LOUIS KING · Produced by ROBERT BASSLER

Screen Play by Jerome Cady · Based on the Novel by Alfred Ollivant

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Sterling Hayden and Betty De Noon, Pasadena socialite, were married near Santa Barbara on April 25. They honeymooned aboard Sterling's schooner, the "Quest."



Although Rory Calhoun squired starlet Myrna Dell to the Decca party, Barbara Hinsdale, ranch heiress, is the reason he spends all his weekends down at Laguna Beach.



Gail Russell and Guy Madison, shown here at a Decca Records party, wear their riding clothes everywhere. Guy—the softy—has given her a heart-shaped locket. Latest grapevine gossip: they'll elope any day!

■ I printed that Greer Garson and Richard Ney had reconciled and that they'd had dinner together at the hospitable home of Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, and they were together every night for a week.

Never did a lover woo a lady more assiduously or persistently than Richard.

I talked with him when I was in New York and he said, "I still love her. I'll never love any other woman." But Richard has learned his lesson and he talks little.

Later, I talked with Lady Mendl, who had brought the estranged couple together. She said, "There are a lot of adjustments, but it's all settled, I am happy to say."

I think if this reconciliation fails at this stage, it will perhaps be because Richard



Jack Benny's famous quartette warms up for its historic commercial: Dennis Day, Andy Russell, Dick Haymes and Bing Crosby.

has been too broken-hearted in his efforts to get her back. A little independence might have helped, it sometimes does. But he's always wearing his heart on his sleeve, and when he went out with girls in New York, it was with a different girl every night.

Greer, who denied that they had reconciled, did not deny that they had been discussing going back together. She said, "Nothing is definitely settled." Which means at this writing that if they're not together, you might as well say they never will be.

One thing that Greer felt about Richard was his complete immaturity. She wanted him to grow up. He's a great big kid, but he has a sweetness that's hard to resist.

I think that if Greer gets a good picture soon, and feels happy in her career, that she'll have a different viewpoint on her marriage.

Richard told me that she was very unhappy over her career, and she, herself, told me that she realized she was a difficult person when she was working.

I can say one thing for Greer, though. She certainly hasn't been difficult about practically re-making *A Woman of My Own*. It isn't easy for a star to go back over a production that has had so much bad luck in the original filming. She's cooperated in every way.

* * *

I predict right now that Michael North will be your next Dream Boat when *The Unsuspected*. is released He has a lot of Alan Ladd's charm—only in a Michael North way.

As Ted North, he made several movies—but this is his first biggie. Not long ago, he and Mary Beth Hughes were divorced, so he is one of the few eligible males in town—and how the gals are chasing him.

I could give some of these belles a tip! He's not a boy to be obviously pursued. The other evening, at a cocktail party, I watched a bit of by-play out of the corner of my eye.

One of the most glamorous girls in Hollywood had eyed Mike from the moment of his entrance and had stalked him like a Big Game hunter from room to room.

When he finally called a taxi, in desperation, she cooed, "Oh, I'm leaving, too. Is

your taxi going my way, do you suppose?"

"Oh, I'm sure it will go anywhere," said Mike. "Go ahead and take it. I'll wait for another."

So what could the poor huntress do—but let him escort her to the empty cab?

Just another case of a male preferring tc do his own stalking!

* * *

After a month in New York (my first jaunt in over two years), I've made a couple of pertinent observations about movie life—East vs. West Coast.

First, Hollywood stars do NOT behave the same in New York as they do in Hollywood. I don't mean, better or worse. Just *different.*

Second, the social events are certainly not Hollywood's way of tossing parties.

Perhaps, it's just the change in locale and settings that brings on a change in personalities and events. But these things I noticed:

Victor Mature, who is "Mr. Stay-At-Home" himself in Hollywood, was back night clubbing every night with a different gal on his arm. And he was back "wising" with the "cracks" again, too. Whether this will carry over on his return to Hollywood after making New York scenes for *Kiss of Death,* I wouldn't be knowing.

Jennifer Jones, who is very conservative in Hollywood, was a fashion show-stopper in almost everything she wore in the Big Town. One night, in the Stork Club, she caught every eye in a hat that was nothing more or less than a glorified lace baby cap!

Helmut Dantine, a thoroughly moody guy who looks permanently unhappy in movietown, was a gay blade around New York if I ever saw one, raving about everything from the weather to Tallulah Bankhead with whom he appeared in *The Eagle Has Two Heads.*

Joe Cotten, who wears slacks constantly on the Coast, was dressed up like a rival for Adolphe Menjou every time I saw him in New York.

Gene Tierney, who gave or attended few parties in Hollywood, is getting sooooo social in the East.

And I'm willing to bet you dollars to peanuts, that James Mason and his wife, who have irritated the entire Eastern press will completely charm the Hollywood scribes when they land there several months from now.

* * *

As for the movie parties—the New York brand are neither as elaborate nor as novel as the Hollywood variety. My husband's illness at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore brought me East, and the little man on the flying trapeze was no giddier than I commuting between Baltimore and New York, trying to cover the movie and social news—so I'm speaking from first hand impressions.

Perhaps the largest was given for Charlie Chaplin and his young wife, Oona, at the famous 21. I had had an after-the-theater supper earlier with Mr. and Mrs. James Mason

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Now that Joan's divorce from Phil Terry is final, Hollywood is watching the Crawford romance sweepstakes with renewed interest. When Joan showed up at the Mocambo with Steve Crane, Lana Turner's ex, tongues wagged furiously.

HE CALLED HIMSELF "THE POET"

..and he signed his name in lead!



DENNIS
MORGAN
EXCITINGLY TEAMED WITH
JANE
WYMAN

WARNER SMASH!
CHEYENNE

WHERE A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE RAN A CITY WITHOUT A SOUL!



co-starring
JANIS PAIGE · BRUCE BENNETT



Every eye in Cheyenne is on her as she sings "CHEYENNE" "SO IN LOVE"

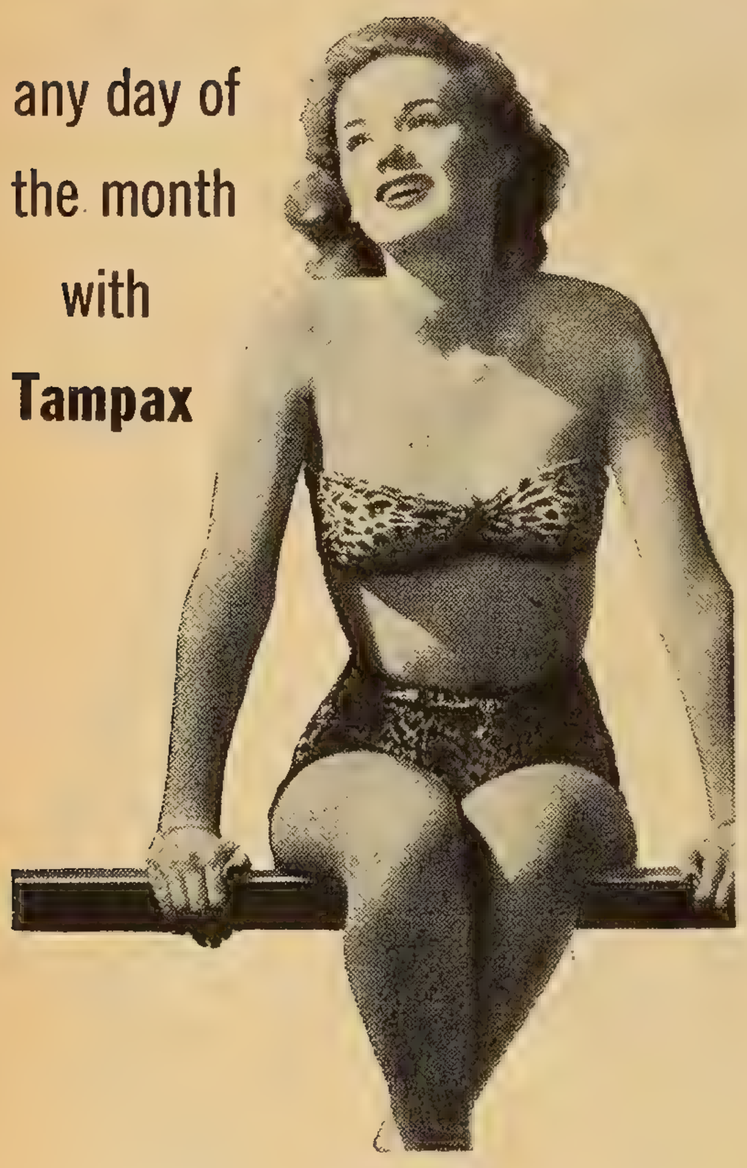
DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH · PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER

ALAN HALE · ARTHUR KENNEDY

Screen Play by Alan LeMay and Thames Williamson • From a Story by Paul I. Wellman • Music by Max Steiner

SWIM

any day of the month with **Tampax**



BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Looks like the John Paynes are due to hit the jack-pot any second now! On vacation in Las Vegas, Glo announced she'll quit the screen.



Red Skelton, who's a brand-new father, sniffs real flowers atop Dorothy Lamour's hat. That "serious" operation of Dot's was—adenoids!

and suggested that they go on with me to meet the Chaplins.

The entrance of the Masons, both wearing tweed suits, into the private dining room where all the women had on low-cut gowns and the gents were equally formal, was startling to put it mildly.

Charlie, who can be as charming as anyone I know when he isn't talking politics, delighted Mason when he said, "You are my wife's favorite actor. When Mrs. Chaplin hears you are here, she is going to be delighted." Mason sincerely returned the compliment by saying he had long been an admirer of the Chaplin movies.

Gene Tierney had on a fascinating greenish dress which she promptly told me was designed by her estranged husband, Oleg Cassini. There have been rumors that Oleg and Gene would kiss and make up—and just between us, I wouldn't be surprised. Meantime, he's running true to type—being seen everywhere with a girl who looks so much like Gene, everyone thinks it's his lovely ex-wife's hand he's holding at the night spots.

* * *

Everybody's kidding me about my crush on James Mason—particularly after several potshots I'd taken at him both in my column and on the air before I met him! I, as the saying goes, don't care.

The Masons are completely charming even if they do have cats all over the place—at their New York apartment and their country home—and I'm not a cat fancier, myself. They politely put up the felines whenever I came visiting.

I have a private hunch that the Masons are completely at sea about life in Hollywood. They prodded me with question after question and seem to think that Hollywood parties are as fabulous as the old orgies of Babylon.

They'll find out!

One thing Mason believes, and no one can change his mind about, is that actors should not get too close to the public—spoils illusions, and all that sort of thing that went out of our American publicity methods with the Ark. Anyway, it's funny that with all our differences of opinion and the many things I said chiding him—we really like each other.

* * *

The big gossip every place I go is, "Do Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr like one another? Or are the two English queens of M-G-M feuding?"

There's no sense kidding anybody that they are close pals. (*Continued on page 114*)

RKO PRESENTS

CARY GRANT · MYRNA LOY · SHIRLEY TEMPLE



Cary's Wary!

Fabulously funny affairs of a bobby-soxer who latches on to a reluctant bachelor...and a jealous lady judge who leaves the bench for a game of love!



THE *Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*

with

RUDY VALLEE · RAY COLLINS · HARRY DAVENPORT · JOHNNY SANDS

A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by IRVING REIS · Original Story and Screenplay by SIDNEY SHELDON

RKO RADIO PICTURES

the truth about helen walker



The headlines gave you one picture of a tragic automobile smash-up. Here's the real story of what happened to a gallant girl—who fought for her life in more ways than one.

by valerie sloan
special Modern Screen reporter

A few years ago I met a young actress from Worcester, Mass. She had just been signed by Paramount and was trying to be neither naïve nor fresh. As we talked over the luncheon table, I was impressed by one bit of conversation.

"My family," she said, "was always poor. You'd say we didn't have a biscuit. My father died when I was four, but I always remember mother telling me that he had an important position. He worked in a grocery store and was the manager. It was a point of pride with us, even though he had only one employee working under him."

Believe it or not, such conversation is unusual. Most young ladies, on being initiated to Hollywood, are careful to conceal any biographical information which would tend to show that their parents were not the élite of the home town.

Hence, in a town widely known for its "different" people, Helen Walker has not seemed at all unusual to me. I liked her at once and I still do. That's why, on picking up my newspaper, on New Year's Day, and reading of the accident in which a young soldier was killed when the car Helen was driving turned over, I didn't send her a wire. I told myself that a girl with eight severe fractures wouldn't appreciate it anyway. (*Continued on page 117*)





BARBARA

STANWYCK and NIVEN

DAVID

in the daring unpublished story by

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

who wrote "Arch of Triumph"

THE other LOVE

Presented by

ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

with

RICHARD CONTE

GILBERT ROLAND • JOAN LORRING • LENORE AUBERT • MARIA PALMER
NATALIE SCHAFER • Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Harry Brown
Adapted from the short story "Beyond" by Erich Maria Remarque
Directed by ANDRE de TOTH • A DAVID LEWIS Production

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

dorothy kilgallen selects "the egg and I"

■ Laughter is a lovely sound at the end of a long, hard day, and therefore, I can think of no more felicitous method of forgetting the boss's grouch or the customers' complaints than a nice relaxing evening on the audience end of *The Egg And I.*

It's a darling picture.

It has quantities of fun in it. It makes fun of the rich and fun of the poor. It pokes a humor stick at the stingy, the slattern, the queer, the cautious, the timid, the pixilated, the haughty, the absolutely nuts.

Perhaps you know what to expect when girl meets egg—I didn't. I had not read the book, but any book that produced *The Egg And I* must have had more in it than yokes—it had yaks. It had a wonderfully accurate insight into the mind of a city fellow who yearns, with all the unbridled poetry of his pin-striped soul, for the good earth and the feel of the land—and it had an obviously first-hand and still painful knowledge of the trials of a city girl married to such a man. Or I never would have laughed until I cried when Claudette Colbert fell into the mud with the pig.

The Egg And I is a very funny picture.

Try to (*Continued on page 108*)



All the MacDonalds knew about chickens was that you could scramble their eggs. But then Bob (Fred MacMurray) decided he and his bride (she's Claudette Colbert) should live on a farm. Because it's such a healthy, simple life . . .

Are you in the know?



How would you discourage this?

- ☐ *Keep a cool head*
- ☐ *Tell him off*
- ☐ *Let your hair down*

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and everything's under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you can be sure of extra protection from that exclusive *safety center.* And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!



How can a newcomer find new friends?

- ☐ *Just sit and wait*
- ☐ *Go where they are*
- ☐ *Play hard to know*

You're a new gal in town? Don't let ol' rockin' chair get you. Go where the crowd goes: tennis courts, local ball games, church socials. You'll find friends by joining the fun . . . *whatever* the day of the month. Let Kotex befriend you; keep you cloud-deep in comfort. For Kotex is a softie at heart, with a *loyal* kind of softness (this napkin's made to *stay soft while you wear it.*) You'll be comfortable hours longer. What a welcome "plus" for your poise!



If you're a budgeteen, would you buy—

- ☐ *A good mink*
- ☐ *A "bargain" beaver*
- ☐ *A magnificent mouton*

You drool for mink, but it's too rich for your budget? Well . . . it's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem *days*, it's smart to select Kotex — because only Kotex offers you a choice of *3 sizes* to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. So too, when buying furs, choose what's best for *you*. In short, take the very finest mouton—rather than a third-rate beaver.

What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ *A smart beret-beach-bag*
- ☐ *A white bask-ground*
- ☐ *A hot bath*

Beauty and the Beach *can* go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown here — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?) You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.





More women choose KOTEX

than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX* NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

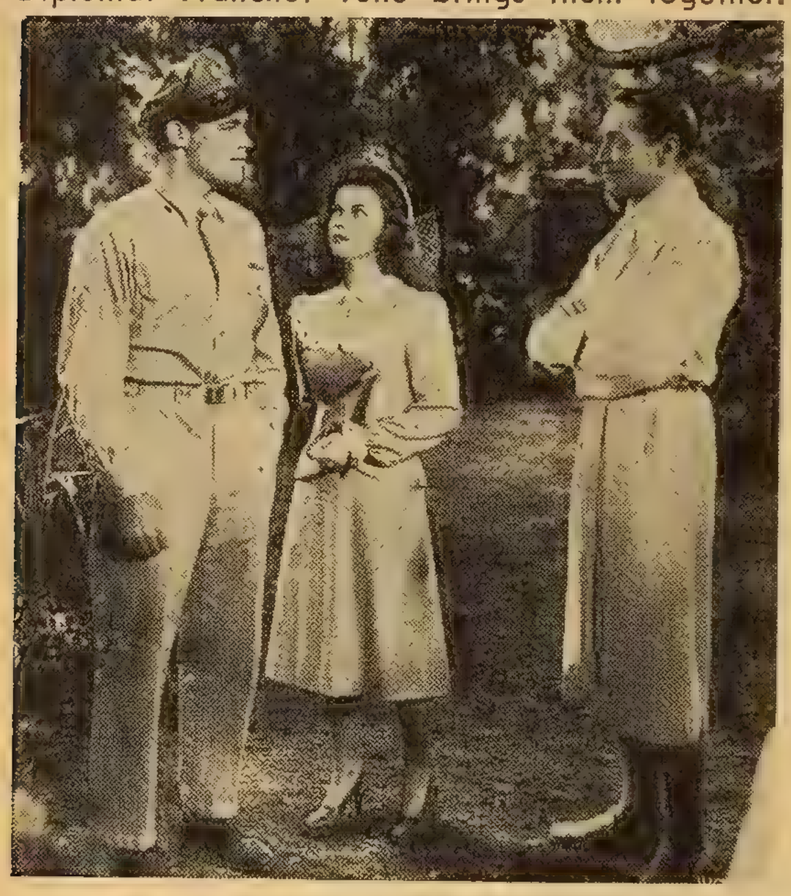
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

movie reviews

by
virginia
wilson

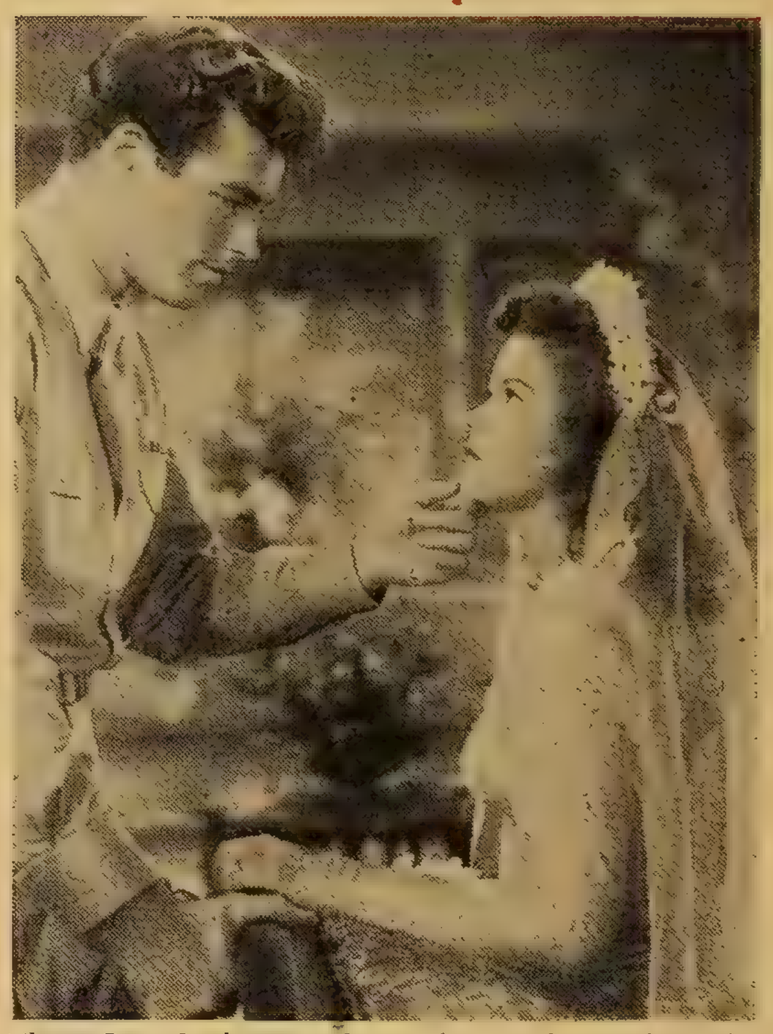


Guy Madison and Shirley Temple come to Mexico to be married—and nearly lose each other. Diplomat Franchot Tone brings them together.





After they bump heads in a pool, Shirley decides Franchot is the "fascinating older man" type she prefers to Guy. But Tone's engaged to Lina Romay and has no intention of cradle-robbing.



When Guy finds out about the pool accident, he brings Shirley to her senses—by dunking her in the pool himself! And so they are married . . .

HONEYMOON

■ Take the prettiest girl in the United States, played by Shirley Temple. And the handsomest man—that's Guy Madison. Get them engaged, and have them plan to be married in Mexico City. Then throw every possible complication in the way, and you'll have a picture called "Honeymoon." You'll also have a fine time.

Barbara (Shirley Temple) has dreamed for most of her almost-eighteen years of a wedding with dozens of bridesmaids, a long white satin gown, and the biggest cake in the world. But when Phil (Guy Madison), who's stationed in the Canal Zone, wires her to meet him in Mexico City and be married, she just packs a bag and takes the next train. But Phil's plane is grounded.

And so there's no one to meet Barbara, no place to stay, no nothing. She bursts in on the American Consulate, and tells its trouble-shooter, Flanner (Franchot Tone), her tale of woe. She even shows him a picture of "Phillsie-love" and then bursts into tears. Later she faints from lack of food, and Flanner takes her to lunch.

It's sad but true that in this world a good deed never goes unpunished. Flanner is engaged to a charming Mexican named Raquel (Lina Romay). Her father sees him lunching with Barbara. Raquel's best friend sees him dancing with Barbara—just to cheer her up, of course. He has to break a date with Raquel so he can take Barbara around Mexico City looking for Phil, who has arrived and is making a search for his girl.

When Phil finds her, things just go from bad to worse. They have no health certificates and the doctors are all at a medical conference. And on top of that, the dear girl decides she's in love with Flanner! It's a good thing Phil knows jiu-jitsu.—*RKO*

(Continued on page 18)

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"



"My Beauty Facials give skin fresh new Loveliness"

MARSHA HUNT

Star of
United Artists'
"CARNEGIE HALL"

A PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS
COMPANY



"I always use Lux Soap for complexion care," says Marsha Hunt. "Smooth the fragrant lather well in. Rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat dry with a towel."

"Skin is softer, smoother—*looks* so much fresher too!" In recent tests of these facials by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"IT'S SO WONDERFUL the way Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother—give appealing new loveliness!" says fascinating Marsha Hunt.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Try this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care Marsha Hunt recommends. It will make *you* lovelier tonight!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

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FIESTA

The most exciting thing to come out of Mexico since the jumping bean is Ricardo Montalban, who plays Esther Williams' twin brother in *Fiesta*. Besides this discovery-of-the-month, you will see the lovely Esther as a bull-fighter (honest!), plus plenty of music and Technicolor.

The greatest matador in Mexico used to be Antonio Morales (Fortunio Bonanova). When injuries force his retirement, he concentrates all his hopes on his son, Mario (Ricardo Montalban). Mario is much more interested in music, but he obediently learns the technique from his father. So does his twin sister, Maria (Esther Williams), who handles a cape expertly herself.

On the evening preceding the twins' twenty-first birthday, there is great excitement at the Morales hacienda. Next day Mario is to fight a bull under the exacting eyes of the great Barrios, manager from Mexico City. If he qualifies, he will be scheduled for a fight there in a few weeks.

Mario is calm about this prospect, but in a dither as to the fate of some musical compositions he has sent to the head of the Mexican Symphony Orchestra. Actually, news comes on his birthday that they have been accepted. But Senor Morales, fearful of anything which might deflect his son's interest from bull-fighting, keeps it a secret. Mario fights well and is approved by Barrios.

Then, on the day of his great debut in Mexico City, he discovers what his father has done. Grimly disillusioned, he walks out of the ring, and is branded a coward by the crowd. Mario disappears completely and even Maria doesn't know where he is.

She postpones her wedding to Pepe (John Carroll) and goes off secretly to fight under the name of Mario. She hopes to avenge her brother's honor and also believes that he will come back when he hears about this.

Akim Tamiroff is good as an aging banderillero who helps the twins. Mary Astor is effective as their mother.—*M-G-M*

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

A college professor who comes out with the statement that women like to be bossed shouldn't be surprised at anything that happens to him thereafter. But Professor Gilbert Sedley (Ray Milland) is surprised when his statement gets in the newspaper. He's surprised when reporters won't let him alone. He's even more surprised when one of them turns out to be a pretty girl named Kate (Teresa Wright), who does not like to be bossed.

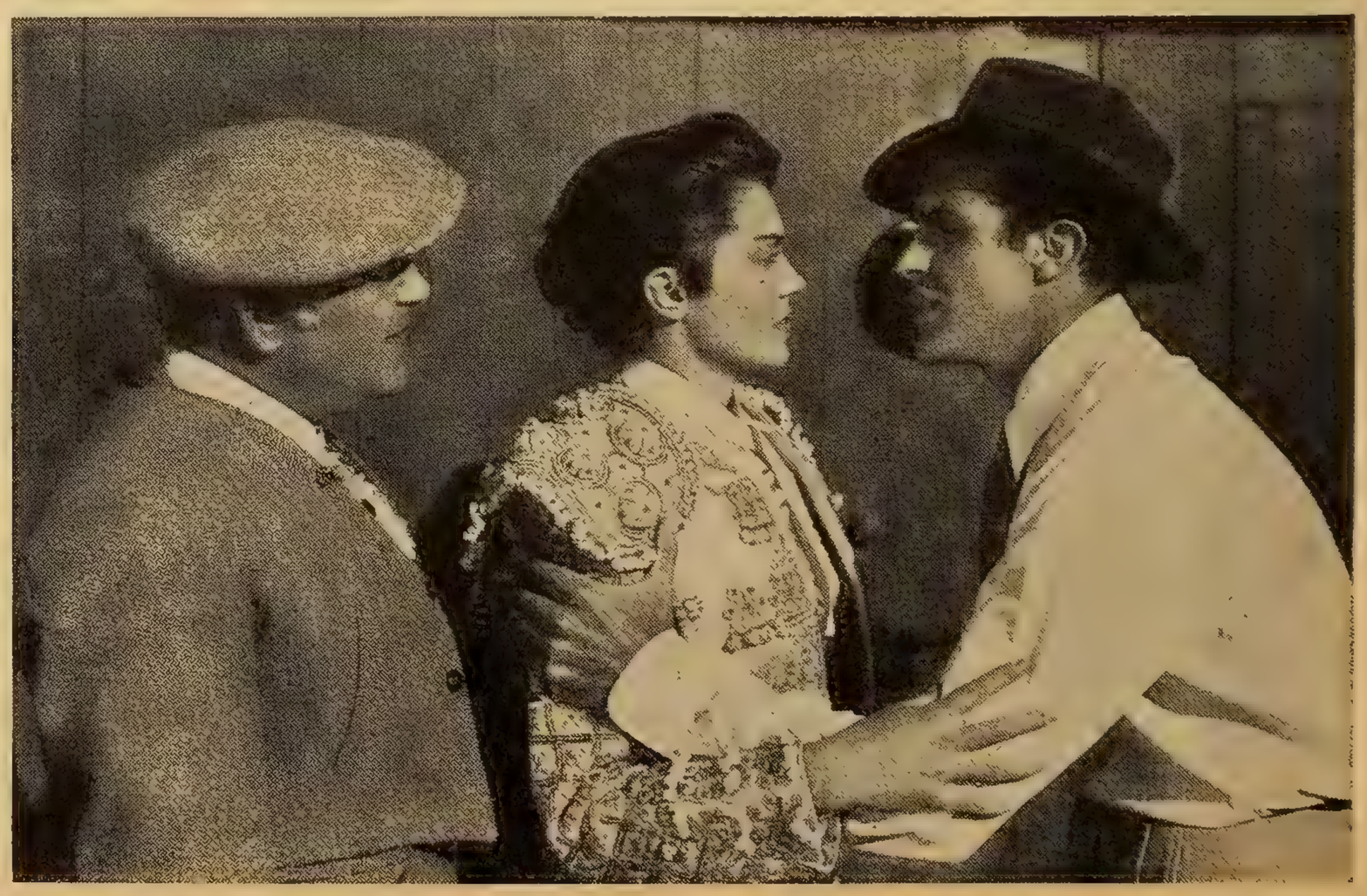
Gilbert has a fiancée, also professorial, Dean Agnes Meeler (Rose Hobart). But somehow Agnes has never had quite the effect on him that Kate does. Kate first meets him by pretending to be a maid bringing towels to his room. That was the only way she could get into the Men's Faculty Club. Her city editor, McBride (Brian Donlevy), has ordered her to get a story on Gilbert and McBride doesn't go for alibis.

While she's there, Gilbert's fiancée and a welcoming committee from the University show up. At that point, Gilbert and Kate are under the bed looking for his socks—a hard thing to explain to either a fiancée or a welcoming committee. And Gilbert infuriates Kate by ordering her to leave.

In order to get a story that will satisfy McBride, Kate bribes a man arrested for wife-beating to say it was Gilbert's theories which inspired him. This makes the front pages, natch, and Gilbert sues the paper for $300,000 libel. Kate thinks she can protect the paper by goading Gilbert into hitting her, thus proving he believes in violence. With a cameraman present, of course.

She enrolls in his new psychiatry class at the University and spends as much time with him as she can. This suits Gilbert fine, but pleases his fiancée less. "What I feel for this girl is just a temporary infatuation," Gilbert tells Agnes soothingly. "The more I see of her the sooner I'll get over it."

It's a good theory, but what has a theory got to do with a pretty girl like Kate?—*Par.*



Fiesta: The handsome bull-fighter is—Esther Williams! She's taken her twin brother's (Ricardo Montalban) place in the arena, which seems to upset brother Ricardo and Akim Tamiroff (left).

Which Twin has the *Toni?*

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)



The Toni twin—winsome Ella Wigren of Chicago, exclaimed "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins.*" (Can you tell their permanents apart? See answer below.)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Beautiful, deep, graceful waves — so smooth, so natural-looking. A Toni is truly lovely. And look how easy it is to give yourself a Toni Permanent—at home.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.

2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your wave is in — just the way you like it. By following the simple Toni directions you get the curl just as tight or as loose as you want. And your wonderful Toni wave is frizz-free from the start. For Toni Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful, easy-to-manage waves.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a beauty-shop permanent costing $15 or more. That's why — every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni. Take a tip from them and get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Ella, the twin with the Toni is on the right above. Did you guess right?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

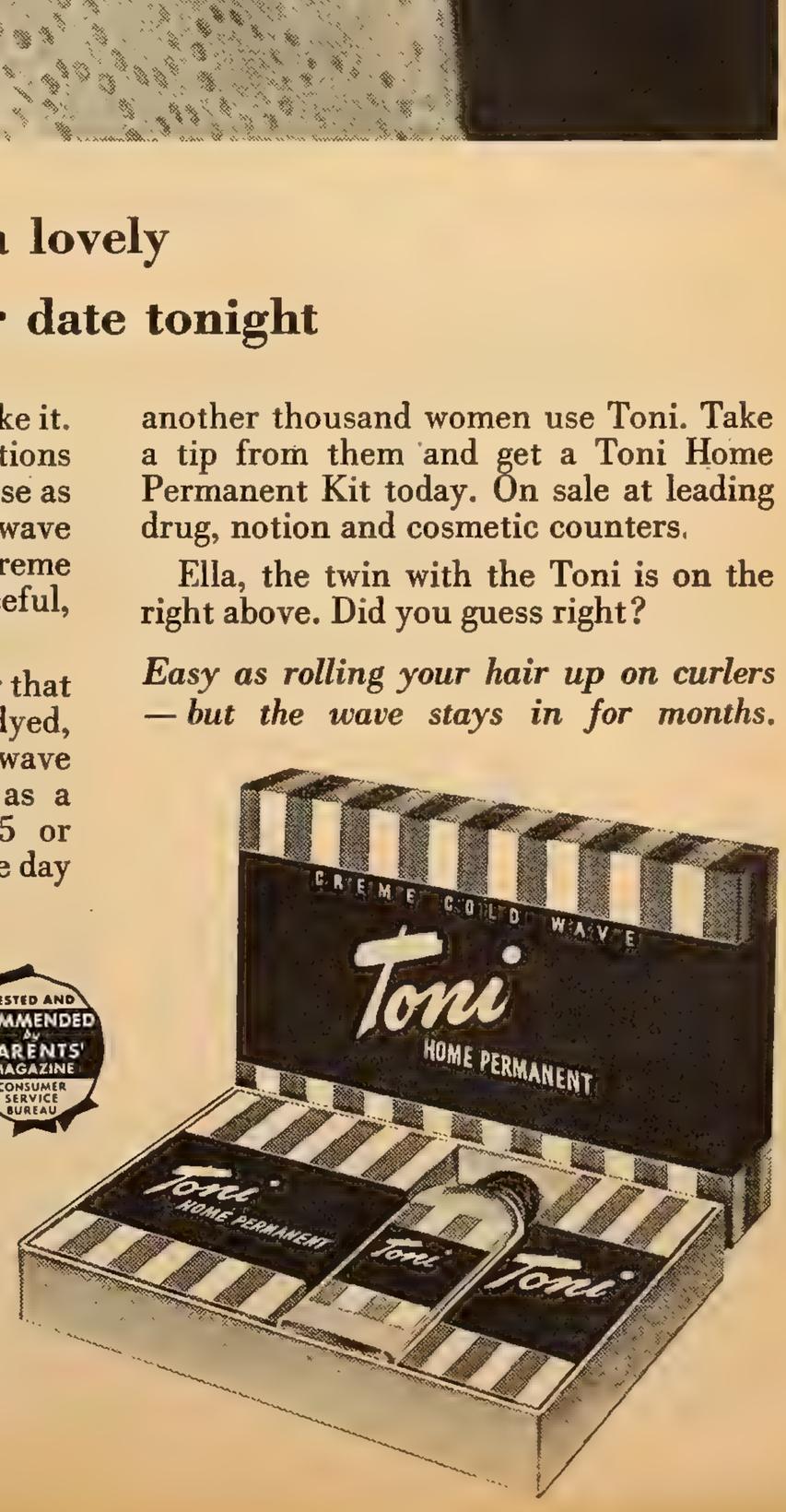
De Luxe Kit with reusable plastic curlers $2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers $1.25

Refill Kit complete except for curlers $1.00

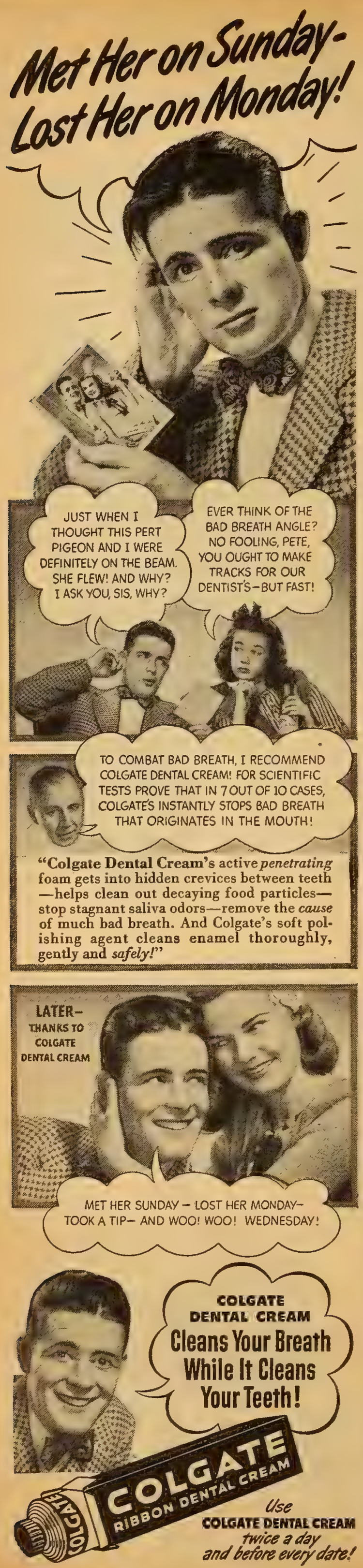
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Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE



MONSIEUR VERDOUX

If you were a middle-aged widow, a little plump, a little vain, a little rich, you would be enchanted by Monsieur Verdoux (Charles Chaplin). Deliberately enchanted, for widows like that are his business. He pays them compliments, charms them, marries them, takes their money, and kills them. All with the greatest neatness and efficiency.

For thirty years, Monsieur Verdoux was a bank clerk. Then came the depression and he was fired without ceremony. Not young, with an invalid wife (Audrey Betz), whom he adores, and a small son to support, he casts about for a new business. He hits, quite coolly, upon murder. The murder of women for money. This necessitates leading a double, even a triple, life at times. It's all very tiring and a distinct nuisance. But no sacrifice is too great to make for one's family!

Speaking of families, he always tries to select victims without any. However, one of his "wives" has a brother and sister who are sufficiently concerned about her disappearance to go to the police. Gradually the authorities realize there is more than coincidence at work in the sudden vanishing of so many women of the same type in the same general region. No bodies are found, which makes a charge of murder difficult.

Meanwhile, Verdoux is concentrating on two new prospects. One he has already "married." Her name is Annabella (Martha Raye) and she's younger than most of his victims. Also more stubborn—hence, she still has her money, and her life. The other, Marie (Isabel Elsom) is older and richer. An ideal prospect, really. But courting her is costing more than Verdoux can afford—unless he can get Annabella's little nest egg.

This is quite different from Chaplin's earlier pictures, though there are flashes of the old, wonderful slapstick technique.—*U.A.*

THE OTHER LOVE

High up on a Swiss mountain top is a very de luxe sanitarium. Its newest patient is Karen Duncan (Barbara Stanwyck), famous concert pianist. Karen knows she has tuberculosis, but she hasn't much idea yet what that involves. Dr. Tony Stanton (David Niven) tries to break her into the new life gradually, but soon the iron discipline that's necessary for a cure clamps down around her.

Rest in the morning. Rest in the afternoon. Go to bed at nine. Don't work. Don't worry. Don't think. Even her precious piano is forbidden. But for a while Karen doesn't mind all this too much. She even comes to like the quiet, restful life, the happiness of an occasional drive to the village with Tony.

Then, one day, she meets a handsome racing car driver, Paul Claremont (Richard Conte). He doesn't know she's a patient at the sanitarium, and he urges her to meet him for dinner after the big race Sunday. She refuses and returns from the village in a glow of virtue.

She's greeted by Tony with bad news. He has looked at her latest X-rays. There are to be no more trips to the village for awhile. No more anything but rest. Karen's next-door neighbor, Celestine (Joan Lorring), urges her to rebel. "You can come in here at all hours if you bribe the night watchman," she says airily.

So Karen goes to the village surreptitiously to meet Paul. When she steals in again, very late, Celestine's body is just being taken out. The shock is too much for Karen. She is terrified suddenly of the sanitarium and all it implies. She rushes back to Paul and goes with him to Monte Carlo. She'll lead her own life from now on, no matter what happens.

You must see the picture to find out whether it's worth it.—*U.A.*



Monsieur Verdoux: Charles Chaplin is a charming deceiver, forced by loss of his job to murder a series of rich widows, in order to support his family. Martha Raye is one of the widows.



Cynthia: Elizabeth Taylor dreams out loud about junior prom. Mary Astor is her mother.

CYNTHIA

When you're sixteen, going to Junior Prom is the most important thing in the whole world. Sometimes parents understand this and sometimes they don't. With Cynthia (Elizabeth Taylor), it's divided. Her mother, Lou Bishop (Mary Astor), knows how she feels, but her father, Larry (George Murphy), calls it much ado about nothing. "There'll be other dances," he says, in what's meant to be a comforting tone.

Of course, the story really starts a long while before that Junior Prom. Before Cynthia was even born. It starts when Lou and Larry met at college, and fell in love. They made great plans for the future. Lou was going to Vienna to study music. Larry was going to become a doctor. Instead, they got married, and Cynthia came along, and they settled down in a little Mid-West town. Larry went to work in a hardware store, and Lou was too busy with housework and the baby to think about her music. But she is determined that Cynthia shall have the rich, full life she herself has missed.

Cynthia has always been delicate. Even now, at sixteen, she has to spend more time at the doctor's than out with the other kids. The doctor is her Uncle Fred (Gene Lockhart), and she hates the very sight of his office.

She's never had any boy friends. They know that if they ask her for a date, she'll be sure to have a cold or something and not be able to go. But when Ricky Latham (James Lydon) comes back from the Navy to finish high school, he doesn't know that. And he thinks Cynthia is cute.

When a couple of miracles fix it so he asks her to go to the Prom, you can see how important it is for her to go. You can see, but her father and Uncle Fred can't. That needs another miracle!—*M-G-M*

CHEYENNE

In Wyoming, in 1872, bandits were as common as jackrabbits. They had some mighty fancy names, though, like "The Poet" (Bruce Bennett) and "Sundance Kid" (Arthur Kennedy). Jim Wylie (Dennis Morgan), gentleman gambler, has been hired by the Wells-Fargo outfit to track down "The Poet." No one



Oh, yes—you look sweet enough to kiss!

But kisses mean close-ups, so guard your charm with Mum

THAT'S a smooth make-up job, Honey. On you it should catch a man's eye, steal his heart.

But even tempting lips hold no lure when a girl is guilty of underarm odor. So why take chances? Be *sure* you're sweet with Mum. Remember, a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum checks perspiration odor

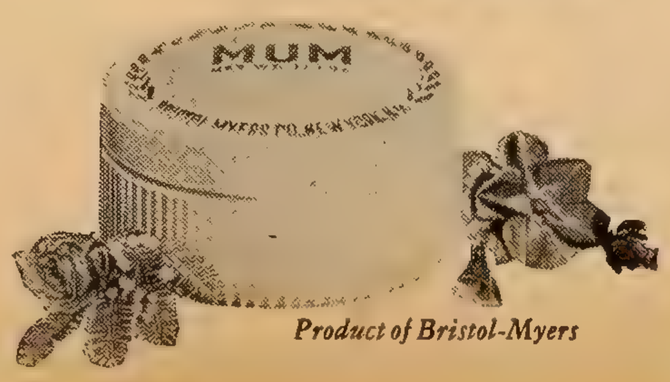
1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

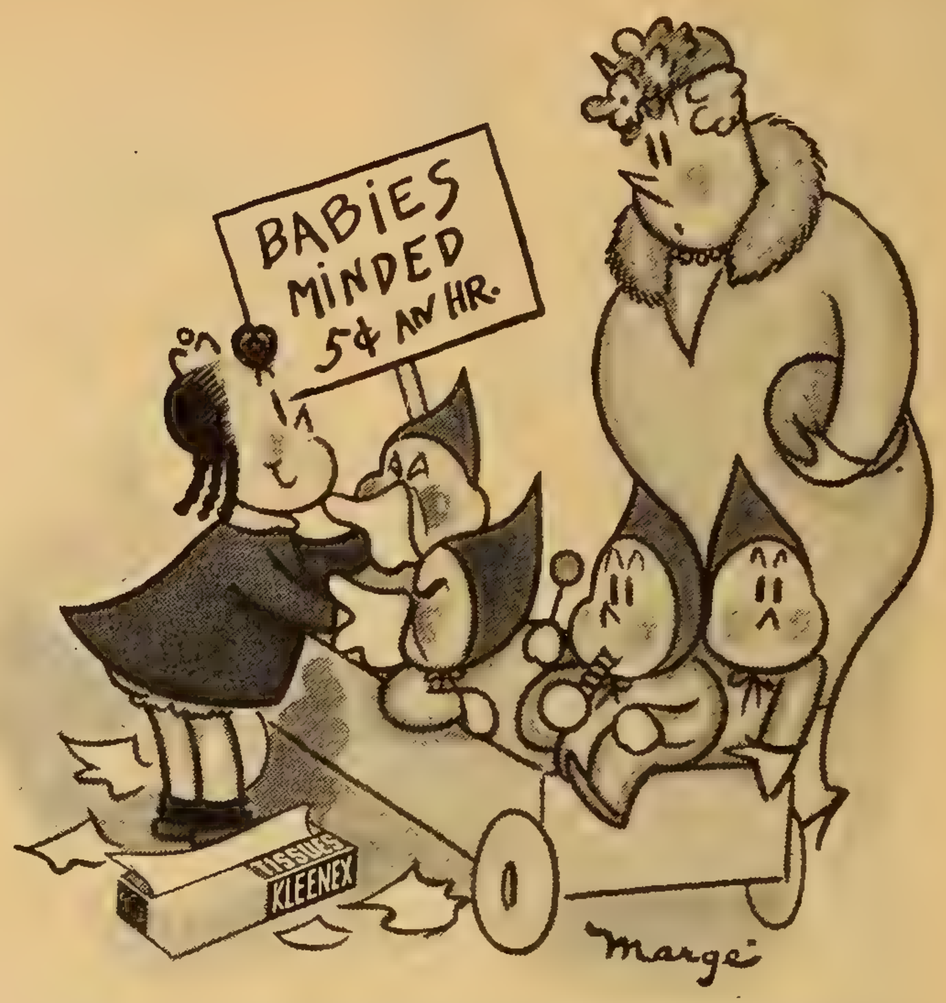
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For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

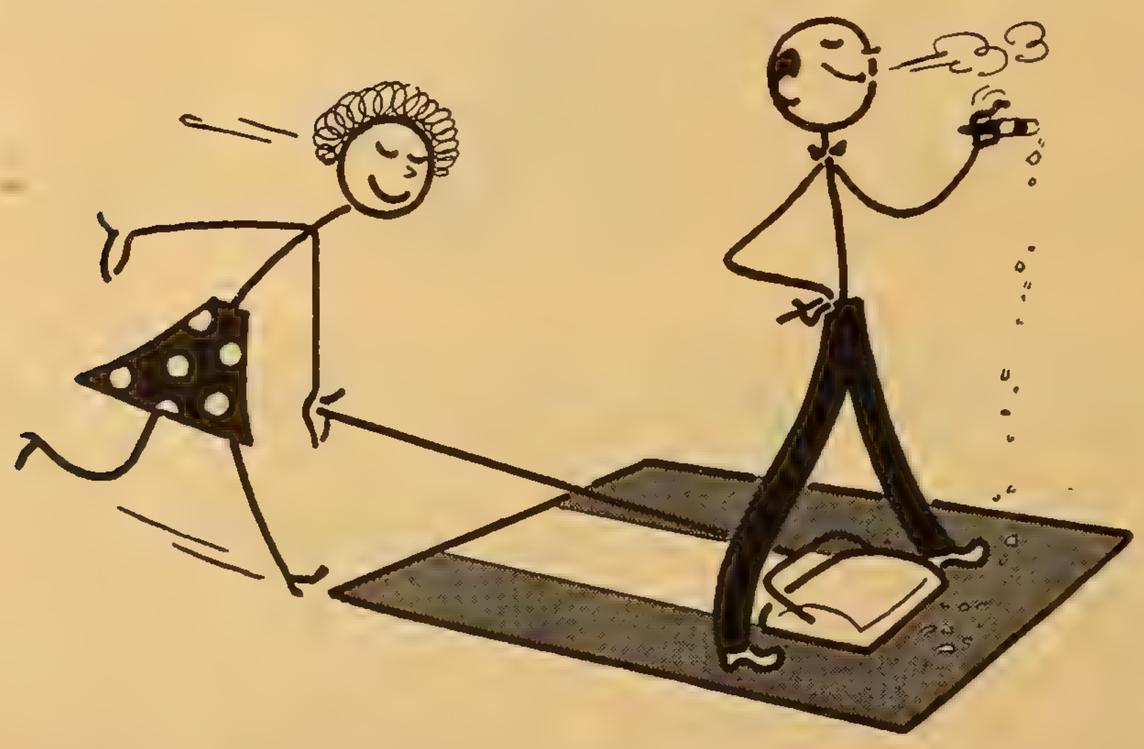
LITTLE LULU



"Just leave it to me and Kleenex, ma'am!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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NO "BEAR DOWN" WITH NEW BISSELLS*!

New "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle whatsoever!

Just roll this "BISSELL" sweeper lightly for perfect pick-up—on thick rugs or thin—under beds or under chairs! "Bisco-matic" does all the pressing down for you!

Available now in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only—complete with exclusive "Sta-up" Handle and the new, easier "Flip-O" Empty.

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-matic" Brush Action

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BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.



Cheyenne: Gentleman-gambler Dennis Morgan is out to get Jane Wyman's bandit-husband.

knows what the bandit looks like, but his hold-ups have been making quite a dent in the company's profits.

Jim takes the stagecoach from Laramie to Cheyenne, and sure enough, it's held up en route. This time it's Sundance's gang of desperadoes, but when they get the money box open, they find it's empty except for a bit of doggerel signed, "The Poet."

There are two girls on the coach with Jim. One is a dance-hall hostess, Emily (Janis Paige), and the other is Ann (Jane Wyman), whose past, present and future all seem rather mysterious.

That night, at a local gambling spot, Jim sees two of the men who held up the coach. He follows them and is led straight to the Sundance Kid himself. Jim bluffs, telling them that he is "The Poet." Sundance believes him and says, "Your wife is in the next room. She brought us your message." The "wife" is Ann, and to Jim's surprise, she doesn't deny that he's her husband.

He takes her home, and she tells him she'll make a deal with him if he'll split the reward with her. She says he can capture her husband in South Fork the next night. Instead, Jim is led into a trap and has to shoot his way out, killing Sundance. The tempo accelerates as Jim closes in on "The Poet," who has made the mistake of underestimating both his wife and his opponent.

Arthur Kennedy makes Sundance the real menace of the picture.—*War.*

COPACABANA

You know what a gay spot the New York Copacabana is. Full of beautiful girls, and columnists like Louis Sobol, Walter Winchell and Abel Green. Well, they're all in the picture, too. So is Carmen Miranda, Andy Russell and Gloria Jean, with Groucho Marx leading off this mad dance through the world of neon lights and champagne.

As Lionel Devereaux, Groucho plays the agent of Carmen Novarro (Carmen Miranda). They were formerly an acting team, but that led only to foodless meals. So Lionel decides to book Carmen solo into the Copacabana. If he can. Chewing his usual big, black cigar, he crashes the office of Steve Hunt (Steve Cochran), the Copa's owner. "This gorgeous little girl," he says, waving the cigar, "is just in from Brazil. She's terrific!" Carmen does a number called "Tico Tico," and Steve admits she's terrific. In fact, he hires her.

"Got any more clients I can use?" he asks Lionel. Of course Lionel *hasn't* any more clients, but that would be awkward to admit. So he hastily makes one up. Mademoiselle Fifi. When Steve insists on auditioning her, Lionel's in a spot. But he finally fixes Carmen up with a blonde wig, an Arab costume and a black half-mask. He presents her proudly. "Mademoiselle Fifi from Morocco. Only her husband may see her without the mask—and she hasn't any husband." Steve signs her, too!

So here's poor Carmen, doing a double shift in the new show, and switching from Portuguese to French so fast she's practically speaking English. Things get tougher when Steve decides he's in love with her instead of his pretty secretary, Anne (Gloria Jean). He's going to get that mask off if he has to marry her to do it! As a result, Lionel is arrested for murder.

You'll want to see this pot-pourri of nonsense.—*U.A.*

MOSS ROSE

Victor Mature and Peggy Cummins are an exciting combination in this smoothly eerie tale of London in 1905. It will remind you a bit of *The Lodger*. It begins in the chorus dressing room of a third-rate musical show. Pert Belle Adair (Peggy Cummins) has a date after the show with George (Patrick O'Moore), a bookie. She's a little envious of Daisy (Margo Woode), a sultry beauty. Daisy's date is no bookie; he's a "proper toff," as the girls put it. But none of them ever had more than a glimpse of him.

On this particular night, Belle hears his voice as he greets Daisy. "A lovely, educated voice it was," she tells George, who is unimpressed. Belle wants to become a real lady, but George wishes she'd relax—preferably in his arms—and be herself.

Next morning Belle sees "the toff" coming out of Daisy's room. When she goes in, she finds Daisy has been strangled. The police are called, and Scotland Yard sends over Inspector Clinner (Vincent Price). Clinner is a tall, leisurely man, who seems quite casual but misses nothing. The only clue to the murderer is a Bible, with a moss rose pressed inside it.

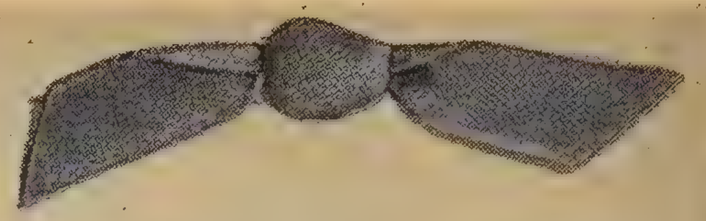
Belle's sharp cockney wits help her to locate "the toff." He is Michael Drego (Victor Mature). She follows him to his hotel and tries a spot of blackmail. It

(*Continued on page 124*)



Moss Rose: Peggy Cummins asks murder-suspect Vic Mature to teach her to be a lady.





Paul Frederick Brinkman, Jr.

APRIL 6, 1947

Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Brinkman

Jeanne Crain can't understand that special glow she feels inside her. After all, women have babies every day. This one *must* be different!

BY JANE WILKIE

First Born!

■ It was sort of a dream world for Jeanne. She realized vaguely that they were wheeling her down the hospital corridor. She couldn't see very clearly, because the anaesthetic hadn't yet worn off, but she was dimly conscious of passing white-coated figures as she progressed along the hall.

Then she was in bed in her own room, and alone for a few minutes before the phone rang. It must be Paul, she thought. It had to be Paul; they had given orders to put no one else through on the phone. With an effort, she reached toward the table and took the receiver off the hook. Her voice seemed far away, as though it came from another room.

"Hello?" she said.

"This is Sam Adams," said a man's voice. "I'm a reporter, and I wonder if you could help me. I heard that Jeanne Crain just had a baby. Is that true?"

Jeanne remembered then, and a sleepy smile touched her lips.

"Yes," she said.

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a boy."

"Can you tell me how much it weighed?"

"Seven pounds (*Continued on page 116*)



The stork caught the Brinkmans in the midst of house-building. Jeanne's taking care of Paul, Jr., herself—until she starts *Chicken Every Sunday.*

A Great Star Of Today Brings You The Life, Loves and
Thrills Of A Great Star Of Yesterday...As Betty Hutton
Portrays The Adventures–On Screen and Off–
Of Pearl White, Beloved "Queen Of The Serials"!



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THE PERILS OF PAULINE"

in TECHNICOLOR

Starring

Betty Hutton
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The spectacular life story of a star who risked a thousand deaths in chapter after chapter of the serial that helped make movies famous. Then sang and danced her way into the hearts of 50 million Frenchmen...only to find that love was the most perilous adventure of them all!

with

BILLY DE WOLFE
William Demarest
Constance Collier
Frank Faylen

Directed by
George Marshall

Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson and Frank Butler

VIRGINIA MAYO discovers New Improved *Drene*

At Last! The New Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair *Shine like the Stars!*

New! Leaves your hair dazzling as the stars! Take Miss Mayo's advice. Discover how new improved Drene's *richer, creamier* lather brings out *all* the glorious brilliance now hidden by dulling soap film!

New! Never leaves hair dried out! Proved superior in tests by hundreds of women. New improved Drene does not dry out hair. Instead, its *richer, mellower* lather actually leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange right after shampooing.

New! See and feel the difference, instantly, in the way new Drene lathers . . . the way it brings out all the beauty of your hair! Ask for new Drene today.



VIRGINIA MAYO

Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy,
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Miss Mayo says: "Thanks to new Drene, my hair is now so full of highlights it actually shines"



Now! For All Types of Hair

New improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.

Never before DRENE could any shampoo perform ALL of these Beauty Miracles

- ★ Reveals ALL the lustre in your hair
- ★ Does not dry out hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
- ★ Luxurious instant lather
- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance



IF YOU'VE WONDERED...

VAN AND EVIE DISCUSS THEIR AMAZING MARRIAGE WITH FLORABEL MUIR

■ In case you've been wondering how the Van Johnson-Evie Wynn marriage is coming along, I can report that, from where I sat by the swimming pool at their charming home watching these two healthy young people sitting in the sun after a gay gambol in the water, their wedded life seems to be definitely all right.

Van had been playing for an hour with a toy diving submarine someone had given Evie's six-year-old son. The kid hasn't had a chance at it yet. Van told me: "I guess when you see me playing with this thing, you wonder, Florabel, why I don't grow up." I told him it would suit me fine if he never did.

Then I asked him to go away and play tennis while I found out from Evie how it felt to be Mrs. Van Johnson. He said he'd leave if I promised to tell him what she said. He can read it here with pride because what she thinks of him ought to set him up as the number one husband of America.

"I never really think of Van as a big important motion picture actor," Evie told me. "There are a lot of picture actors in Hollywood you wouldn't want to be married to. But Van isn't one of them. He is really the kindest, most considerate (*Continued on page 92*)

■ Esther Williams is a home gal. When her cute guy, Ben Gage, dangled vacation folders before her eyes, she yawned at them and murmured, "Sunshine, a pool and exquisite cuisine we've got, so let's stay home." Then she spied some literature from the Arrowhead Springs Hotel. The expressive eyebrows shot up. The long slim fingers turned pages frantically. "This is different," she said, fascinated by the descriptions of the mineral spring baths. "What are we waiting for?"

They made reservations, packed bags and two hours later they were there. (It's sixty-five miles east of Los Angeles.) They took one look and decided that all it needed was St. Peter to make you *know* you were in heaven. No folders could possibly prepare you for the place. It is really a plush spot, surrounded by palm trees and set against a backdrop of hills and mountains. As the bellboy led them past wonderful Dorothy Draper-decorated rooms to their own lush quarters, Ben stage-whispered to Mrs. Ben, "Home was never like this."

It never was. Imagine a spot with dinner-dancing to the (*Continued on next page*)

Maybe it's the heat that has Esther Williams calmly submerging husband Ben Gage in Arrowhead Springs Hotel pool. The palm-ringed swimmin' hole is always 80 degrees!



Ben, an expert, taught Esther to play golf at Arrowhead. She encouraged his shots with, "Hit a good one, Pop;" then beamed at his 250-yd. drives as if they were her own.





LUSH, LAVISH, BUDGET-

BUSTIN'—THAT WAS ESTHER

AND BEN GAGE'S

DREAM VACATION AT ARROWHEAD,

WHERE EVEN THE MINERAL

SPRINGS SPRAY GLAMOR—AT

40 BUCKS A THROW!

modern screen goes to arrowhead springs





After the mineral bath, mud bath, steam cave and other assorted ablutions, Es was ready for a stiff massage.



Bingo was a nightly feature—with Ben playing no less than 8 cards at once. Esther found winning easier with one.

Reminiscent of her new picture, *Fiesta,* was this peasant skirt and blouse, which Esther wore to romp in the grassy slopes surrounding their hotel. When going got tough, Ben carried her back to their hotel.



arrowhead springs

(*Continued from preceding page*) tune of top-flight bands six nights a week, with swimming, golf, ping pong and badminton right in your back yard. A place where tennis courts are floodlighted after dark; where sixty-five miles of old Indian trails beckon to the horseback rider; and ski-ing on sun-drenched slopes is less than an hour away. All this in addition to the main event—the springs. (There are four, including The Pen-Yugal Springs, at 202°, the hottest in the world.)

Ben was less enthusiastic about these than Esther. She was mad for 'em, tried them all—including one for rheumatism, joint trouble, arthritis, neuritis, etc., none of which she has, of course. They (*Continued on page 106*)

Before rushing back to his spot on the Joan Davis show, Ben challenged his wife to one last knock-down fight to decide the badminton champion of the Gage family.



Es, who's too young and healthy to need 'em, insisted on trying *all* the baths, including the lush pine needle-CO_2 bubble bath at $3.50 per.



If Ty had his way.

would he marry Lana? Here is

a frank and unusual

interview with the only man

who knows all the facts—

Ty Power himself!

if Ty had his way . . .



Hedda Hopper, who calls the Power-Turner romance "the real thing," visits Ty's *Captain From Castile* set.

by hedda hopper

■ If Tyrone Power had his divorce from Annabella today, he'd marry Lana Turner tomorrow. That's the way Hollywood's number one star romance stacks up, in my considered opinion. I've never seen a pair of people more in love.

I called Ty as soon as he came back to Hollywood from Mexico, where Lana had flown to visit him twice.

"I'm not trying to muscle in on young love or anything," I kidded Ty, "but how about a date with a middle-aged lady who thinks you're pretty cute—meaning me? I'm curious as a cat about a lot of things—so come over and see me, and I won't breathe a word to Lana."

Ty laughed. "If you didn't breathe a word," he cracked, "you wouldn't breathe at all. I know you. Don't kid me!"

"You're absolutely right," I admitted. "But how about it anyway? I promise not to tell anyone—except maybe a couple of million people who read MODERN SCREEN."

When Ty stepped inside my doorway, it was hard to believe that this was the same grim guy I'd seen right after he'd split up with Annabella, his wife. Drawn, pale, nervous, he was then, with furrows between his eyes like hatchet marks.

This time Ty was still mighty serious-looking—but the beaten-up look had vanished. He seemed at least five years younger, gayer, handsomer, and that old jolly, interested sparkle was right back in his handsome black eyes. I came out with the only possible question.

"Young man," said I, "just (*Continued on page 89*)




Dixie from Dixie



Elementary, Dr. Watson! Nigel Bruce, famed Dr. Watson of screen and radio, lines up a putt. The guys—Bruce, Rex Harrison, Clark and David Niven—vacationed at Del Monte Lodge, went fishing or golfing daily.

When Hollywood's biggest star sends flowers to a newcomer, that's a friendly touch. But when he signs the card, "From your leading man," that's the Gable touch!

by deborah kerr

the Gable touch

watched a picture he had made several years ago, one of his favorites, *It Happened One Night,* I had to pinch myself to realize that I was seeing it again, in Clark Gable's own house in Hollywood.

I'm sure that never in a million years would I have dreamed of such a fantastic future the first time I saw *It Happened One Night.* At the time I had only vague dreams (*Continued on page 122*)

Jane thought an actress could go far on a pair of shapely legs and false lashes. But acting—she found—is born out of living. And living means being yourself.

By Ida Zeitlin

jane wyman life story



■ Jane was sleeping late that morning. Or so she thought, till the voice of Reagan broke through.

"This is it, baby—"

He spread the papers under her nose. Academy Award Nominations—Best Actress Division—Jane Wyman one of the five for her performance in *The Yearling*.

She drew a long breath and looked up. What could you say? Nothing. Ronnie stooped to kiss her. She knew right along she wouldn't get the Oscar. Said so then and stuck to it. Livvy was her candidate, Livvy had it coming. Of that she was so dead certain that she sat through the crucial moment on Academy Night without a quiver in her stomach.

If she never gets an Oscar, that'll be fine with Jane. She's made her point. Her point is, she's an actress. In M-G-M's *Yearling*, Sidney Franklin and Clarence Brown gave her her chance, and now she's come through. Picked among the top five. That's good (*Continued on page 66*)



If you were big enough for movies in 1937, you'll remember Jane Wyman's tiny part in *The King and The Chorus Girl,* starring Joan Blondell. Joan now says that was the pic she most enjoyed making.



Posing with cubs was—and still is—standard procedure for young starlets, and these two Warner babies were no exception. That's Jane at left, and the other ingenue? It's glamorous Lana Turner!



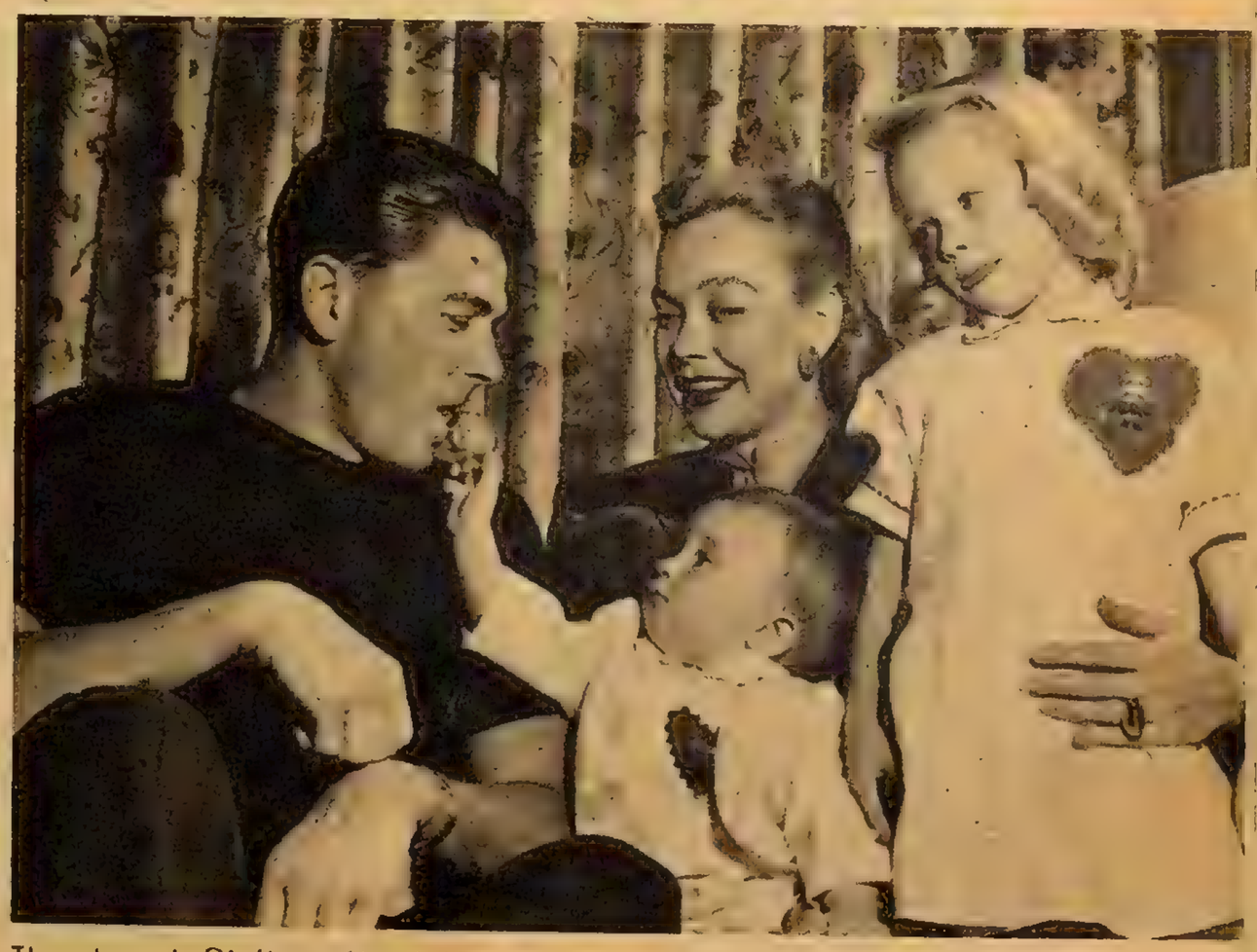
Ronald Reagan was just another hopeful at the studio when he caught Jane's eye. Pictured here at their wedding, Jane admits she "chased him till he stopped running, got his breath, and proposed."



For Maureen, born in 1942, Jane started collecting linen and silver, all monogrammed with "M." If the baby due in October is a girl, her name will begin with "M" also, in order to divide the loot!



What with her dancing class taking up so much time, Maureen hardly had time for her fifth birthday party. Jane believes in children playing with other small fry, so Maureen and her brother attend nursery school.



The star of *Stallion Road* [illegible] *Town* and *Cheyenne* (Mr[illegible] fun. If the new baby's

[illegible]ying with Maureen and Michael named after his pa—Ronnie.



No wonder Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier did such a good job in *Romeo and Juliet;* they're always rehearsing and improving their art.

■ I've seen Laurence Olivier play *Richard the Third, King Lear* and *Oedipus,* which critics have labelled the finest acting of our times. But the most exciting performance I ever saw Larry give, took place in my own house one night when I watched him carve a roast goose.

It was during the war in England. I was stationed with my family near Windsor, about ten miles from Denham, where Larry and Viv lived while Larry produced his film masterpiece, *Henry V.*

The goose was pure manna from Heaven. It arrived one day as a gift from relatives in Scotland. I immediately invited the Oliviers to dinner—but unfortunately I didn't stop there. In no time, I had twenty eager acceptances for a feast. When my wife took the goose from the oven, I almost fainted. It had shrunken sadly. Four hungry people, I realized, could murder that bird with ease. Larry saw the dismay on my face.

"What's the matter, Old Boy?" he asked calmly. I explained.

"Let me carve," suggested Larry. I handed him the knife and in no time the bones were sliced neatly bare and twenty plates were heaping with goose. I have no idea how he did it. But if there's been a greater commissary miracle since Moses I don't know what it is!

Another time, I saw Larry conquer another awkward situation—with a different sort of bird—by sheer force of personality and talent.

It was during the war, too, down at Aldershot, where thousands of British soldiers trained. One night he took a dramatic company to the stronghold of the British Tommy. Larry was a Navy man and so were his players. To make matters worse, they were dressed as British soldiers. He was greeted with the English version of a Bronx cheer, and believe me, a "bird" is just as loud and devastating (*Continued on page 106*)

Larry and Vic

SO YOU THINK

THE BRITISH ARE RESERVED?

THEN DON'T DISCUSS THE

OLIVIERS WITH

DAVID NIVEN—OR YOU'LL

BE DISILLUSIONED!





▼ The Olivier home in Chelsea has a small office where Larry and his secretary attend to business. He's inclined to be careless about money.



▼ While Larry was in England making *Henry V*, he and David Niven became fast friends. The two families got together and pooled food rations.



◀ When Larry got out of the Navy, Vivien complained about his ruddy appearance. "Do get pale and thin again," she teased. "Like a real actor!"

by David Niven

The battle of the lipstick was a clear victory for Elizabeth, but Mrs. Taylor is confident she'll win the war of the strapless evening gown—if her strength holds out!

Bringing up Elizabeth





Elizabeth's best friend, Anne Westmore (of the famous Westmore makeup family) is a frequent overnight visitor. They'll lie awake for hours planning the oriental trips they'll take when they're all grown up.



It's not unusual for the Taylors to entertain famous artists at dinner, for Liz's dad is director of the Francis Taylor Galleries. Here, Mané-Katz, noted French painter, gives Elizabeth a few priceless hints.



Her roles in *Life With Father* and *Cynthia* completed, Liz is permitted to hold open house for her friends Saturday nights. Mom and Dad do the barbecue-ing—and the butcher and baker do a land-office business!

■ The mother of one of Elizabeth's friends said something to me that I thought was very funny.

"I wish they'd invent a gadget," she said, "that would keep teen-age daughters hibernating till they're past teen-age."

Any mother of a girl in her teens will know what she meant. But that's only one side of the medal. To my mind, children need as much patience with their parents as the other way round. No matter how hard you try to stay young, you do forget. In my own case, I ride and swim and try to do all the things Elizabeth does, short of going kittenish on her. With some misgivings, I even joined her ballet class.

But whatever you do, there's still a gap of twenty years—or more—to bridge. Entering into your daughter's activities helps, but not enough. Staying young in spirit helps more—trying to project memory and imagination back to when you were fifteen. I must say Elizabeth's very sweet about the whole thing. She's never called me old-fashioned, and I wear that possibly negative compliment like a feather in my cap.

One question, applying only to movie children, has been put to me so often that I'd like to deal with it first. How do you keep a child normal when, being in pictures, she gets more than her normal share of attention? Well, Elizabeth was ten when she made her first M-G-M picture, *Lassie Come Home*, and by the time you're ten your disposition's taken roots.

As a tiny girl, she was extremely shy. Howard, three years older, had beautiful blond, curly hair; Elizabeth's was dark and straight. In England, where we lived for the first seven years of her life, people would stop on the street to admire Howard. "What a pity," they'd say to the nurse, "that she's not the boy and he the girl." She grew up, thinking, "Too bad about me . . ."

To overcome this shyness, we sent her to dancing class, but what helped her most was learning to sing.

We had just moved to the Pacific Palisades, and didn't have a *(Continued on page 93)*

by Mrs. Francis Taylor

you're all wrong about Mature!



Writer Carl Schroeder has known Vic for years. In fact, he was sitting at his desk (feet up, just like this) the day Victor barged into his office unannounced, demanding, "Get me in pictures!"



With Brian Donlevy and director Henry Hathaway, Victor discusses the *Kiss Of Death* script. Incidentally, author Fred Othman, in his new book, "Man On The Half-Shell," devotes a chapter to Mature.

■ I remember it like yesterday.

My office was a hole in the wall up over a pet shop on Hollywood Boulevard. A nice, quiet place. An editor could think there.

I was an editor, and quite a thinker. On a particular Thursday I was thinking that if I went out to Lakeside Country Club and put in a little work on my irons, I could straighten out that slice.

Then, without warning, all Hell broke loose.

Excuse the language. That is exactly what happened. Now I know that I will never cure the slice, and my life will never be quite the same.

The door to my office opened, and this guy walked in.

I went around behind my desk, put my feet in the top drawer, and snarled, "How did you get past my secretary?"

The tall, black-haired young man laughed.

"Easy. She was out in a dead faint," he said with a broad grin.

Without further banter, the fellow announced, "Look, Roscoe—I am a guy who wants to get into movies,



Vic, who's used to making his home in a tent, was forced to live in a swank New York hotel for the filming of *Kiss Of Death.* He relieved the stuffiness by reading the funnies on the carpeted floor.



Although it's said Vic will resume his romance with Rita Hayworth, he's been dating half a dozen New York girls. He took pretty Dorothy Bell (above, with Sherman Billingsley) to the Stork Club.

This story is for people

who get a knowing look

when they hear the name

Mature. If you're one

of them, watch out! It may wipe

the leer clean off your face!

By CARL SCHROEDER



and my name's Vic Mature." He waited for an answer.

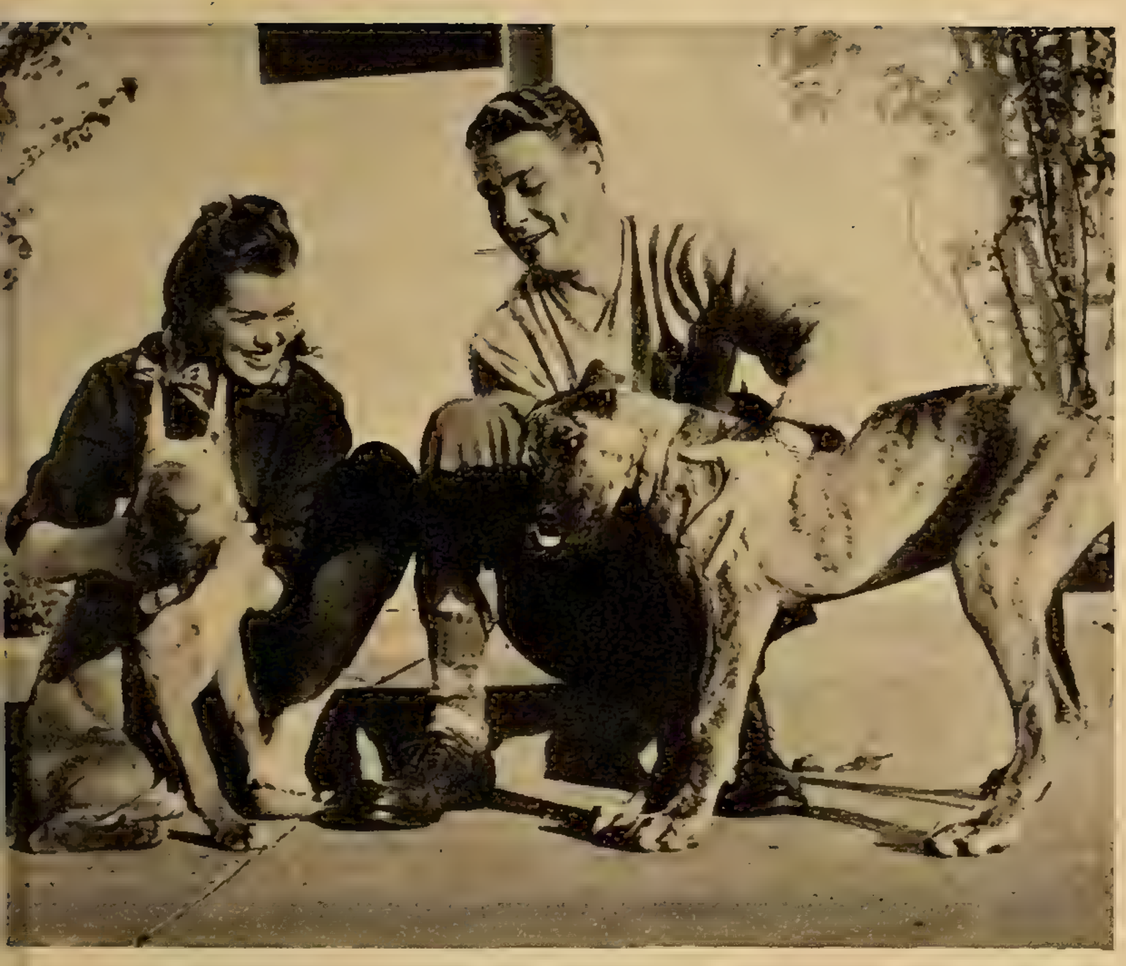
I told him that I didn't put people in movies, and besides anybody could pick a better name for an actor than Vic Mature.

"That's my real name," he said, "and I have it on good authority that if you'll put my picture in your magazine I will be a cinch to get a job acting."

I am a little guy. I resent characters who are six feet, four inches tall and think that everything comes easy. Something sadistic in my nature (*Continued on page 70*)



war baby



Neighbors Janis Paige and Michael North are mutually interested in the romance of her Boxer and his Great Dane. Neighbors at Warners, too, Jan is making *Wallflower;* while he's in *The Unsuspected.*

THE BOYS AT THE CANTEEN

WANTED JIVE AND GINNY SIMMS.

WHAT THEY GOT WAS OPERA AND SOME

UNKNOWN CANARY.

AND THAT WAS JANIS PAIGE'S

INTRODUCTION TO SHOW BUSINESS!

By Jack Wade

■ The doctor stared down at Janis Paige and shook his head. He thought, "What some of these young Hollywood stars will do for a career!" Because, before she'd fainted away in his office, Janis had gasped out a confession:

The last two days on *The Time, the Place and the Girl,* she'd come to work with a burning sore throat and had danced and sung both days in sheets of water, filming the "Rainy Night in Rio" scene. After which, she'd wobbled into his office with the worst strep throat he'd ever looked at—and promptly passed out, cold as a pickle!

Now Janis was in bed, semi-conscious, with a nurse and not too much chance to pull through. The streptococcus was in her blood stream. Glucose injections hadn't done enough good, nor 500,000 units of penicillin. She needed a blood transfusion, and that's why the doctor frowned. Only one in 5,000 were of her blood type. He'd ransacked Southern California for donors with no luck. In desperation, he called Warner Brothers, and in a few minutes the story crackled out over the radio. They had to put in an extra switchboard to handle the 3,000 calls that promptly peppered the studio. Luckily, a sailor on leave looked at his dog-tag when he heard the desperate appeal.

It's absolutely fittin' and proper that Janis Paige has GI blood (*Continued on page 99*)



A star in *Billion-Dollar Baby* and *Carnival in Costa Rica,* no wonder Vera-Ellen is swamped with mail. Fans and fan mail are crowding her and Mom out of their tiny apartment, so they're house-hunting.



OUT IN CINCINNATI, THERE'S A LITTLE RIVER, AND EVERY SPRING, IT TURNS INTO A WHIRLPOOL. ALSO FROM CINCINNATI IS A PINT-SIZED DANCER, VERA-ELLEN— WHO'S LIKE THAT ALL YEAR ROUND!

by Irene Greengard

TWINKLE TOES



■ Alma Rohe looked in at the door. Vera-Ellen was on her knees beside the bed, her flannel pajamas hanging loosely around her, her small, scrubbed face turned upward.

She was praying, but she didn't pray like other kids. Other kids asked for a brother, or a sister, or a tricycle. Vera-Ellen begged earnestly "—and please let me gain enough weight so I kin diet."

The thing about Vera-Ellen was that there seemed to be no possibility of a compromise between her tiny body and her huge zest.

For instance, her mother and father gave her piano lessons. They'd thought of it as a pastime, a pretty accomplishment.

They made her stop, after a while. They were afraid the piano would last longer than Vera-Ellen.

During her whole short life, her need to work has been almost as tangible as her work itself. (*Continued on page 101*)

▼ The Hotel Del Mar, 100 miles from Hollywood, was selected by Billy De Wolfe and Diana Lynn as ideal for Kirk Douglas' option party. Billy (in *Perils of Pauline*) was official host—because the party was his idea.



▼ To clinch the studio's lifting of Kirk's option (you'll see him next in *I Walk Alone*), the party-throwers (Betty Carey, Billy, MacDonald Carey and Diana L.) dipped Kirk, seat first, in the cold Pacific.



◀ Duel in the sand. Pistol-like device sets off toy plane. Kirk's wife, Diana, took advantage of Billy's bad aim: he'd shoot first, miss, and turn around to chase his plane. Then she'd aim, let him have it!

■ He made a nice dignified entrance, only he was standing on his hands.

Lindsay Durand, the pretty Paramount press agent, turned to Diana, the hand-stander's wife.

"It's okay," she said. "Paramount just lifted his option. And if you're real nice to me, I'll see if I can get his head examined, free."

Options, to the uninitiated, are those very important clauses at the end of a

option party



AN "OPTION" IS THE BOSS' RIGHT TO RENEW A STAR'S CONTRACT. KIRK DOUGLAS CELEBRATED HIS MIRACLE-OF-THE-OPTION WITH A GALA BEACH PARTY—INVITED MS!

star's contract which give the studio the privilege of keeping him on the payroll or dropping him like a dog. Needless to say, when a studio does take up the option of a new star, there is much rejoicing and dancing in the streets.

Kirk Douglas catapulted to his feet, and leered at Diana. "How does it feel to be married to a handsome, sought-after movie star?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll run out and ask Barbara Stanwyck."

Kirk considered that gravely. "She's in England."

"Okay," said Diana. "So don't wait up."

Then she kissed him.

"She's really proud," Kirk told Lindsay. "She's just being modern."

The telephone was ringing and Kirk finally answered it. It was Billy De Wolfe. *(Continued on next page)*





option party

"We're going to have a week-end party," he said. "You're as good an excuse as any. After all, it isn't every day that you have your option picked up."

Kirk, being a man of action, packed a bag, grabbed wife Diana, and met him. He—Billy—had Diana Lynn and the Macdonald Careys with him, and they were all heading for the Hotel Del Mar.

When they reached the hotel, everyone's behavior was exemplary. Except for Mr. Douglas.

The Del Mar has millions of old trees, the Pacific under its nose, and a breathtaking stretch of lawn.

Douglas proceeded to leap around like a drunken Nijinski. "It's like taking off G.I. shoes and running bare-footed," he howled.

Diana Douglas nudged Diana Lynn. "Let's walk on as though we weren't with him."

It was a lovely time. Charades, and bicycling, and aquaplaning, and fishing —Kirk caught a good-looking shoe-box—and a Grunion run . . .

Grunion are fish eight inches long, and they come up on the beach at high tide to talk things over, and then they rush back in.

If you intend to catch a grunion, you have to do it with your bare hands, because the State of California doesn't allow nets or pails.

When it was over, De Wolfe sighed. "I hate fish, myself."

"They sensed that," Macdonald Carey said bitterly. "Why do you think our luck was so bad?"

Later on, there was a bonfire, and hot dogs, and after a couple of sentimental old songs, somebody held up a Pepsi and said, "I give you Kirk Douglas."

"Don't give *me* Kirk Douglas," said Billy. "*I* wouldn't have him as a gift."

Mrs. Douglas grinned, looking very young and pretty in the firelight, under the stars. "You can give him to me," she said softly. "He's my type."

In their own version of charades, the opposing teams enact famous titles. Billy, D. Lynn, and Kirk (below) are baffling the others with *The Bartered* (Battered?) *Bride*. Diana plainly shows she prefers her role in *Variety Girl*.





This is *Suddenly It's Spring*, with Diana Douglas, Macdonald and Betty Carey, though Billy insisted Mac was enacting his new film, *Dream Girl*. The junket, incidentally, was Dutch treat, with Douglas' expenses shared by the rest.



Junie doesn't want Richard to fly, but he's taking off soon for Havana, for final scenes of *Assigned To Treasury*. J.'s finished *High Barbaree;* her next is *Good News*—in color!

Junie's a caution,

says Richard admiringly.

But what other wife

makes meat balls that bounce

and drives holes in the

golf course?

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE

secretly, he Loves her

■ He stood in the doorway, and watched her rolling on the floor.

"If I may be so bold as to point it out," he said, "you'll never gather any moss that way."

"Moss!" she said, sitting up straight, and dusting herself off. "Richard! I'm trying to train the dogs."

He shook his head. "I've never understood why people wanted dogs to roll on the floor in the first place."

"Oh, you'd just have uncouth dogs," June said scornfully, and went back to training the heck out of the two French poodles.

One's named Pat, and he's silver; one's named Casey, and she's black, and with June, it's like having children. She keeps discovering new and wonderful things about them; she respects their intelligence, and worries about their security.

Dick came home for dinner one night, and she met him in a state of hysteria.

"Richard!" she shrieked. "Pat can spell, Richard!"

"What does he want to spell Richard for?" asked her husband, happy as if he were bright.

"Oh, Richard," she cried impatiently.

He gave in. "Okay, tell me all about it."

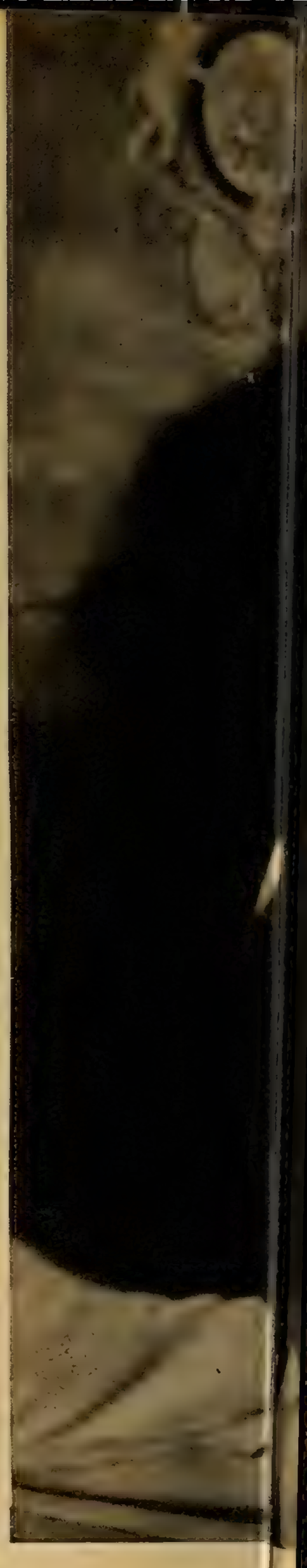
She told him all about it.

June had been talking to Tehru, the housekeeper. "I don't think we'd better (*Continued on page 87*)



Other little girls
went to market—the movie
market. But this little
Peggy Cummins stayed home
—in England—and the
movie makers came to her!

this little Peggy...



Victor Mature shared basket luncheons with Peggy both on and off the set, while working in *Moss Rose*.



Director Ratoff taught Peggy American slang—with a Russian accent! Fresh from *The Late George Apley* set, Peg still had her Boston "a."



by
gregory
ratoff

■ Thirteen years I am with Darryl Zanuck, and always he uses adjectives. There was the time when he saw Tyrone Power, and he said, "That will be my big star." But in England, he saw a little girl, Peggy Cummins, and this time he uses the biggest adjective of all.

As I say, for thirteen years I listen to Mr. Zanuck being enthusiastic about personalities, and usually he is right.

Only I remember that I can hardly believe what he reports about Peggy Cummins. Since she is seven years old, she acts, he tells me. She studies ballet; she plays Shakespeare. Now she is twenty, and she weighs ninety-eight pounds, and besides, she is beautiful.

And he is going to make her *Amber.*

For six weeks they shoot *Forever Amber* and suddenly production stops. The script is not right yet, and Peggy Cummins looks too young for such a worldly role, and *Amber* has to be re-shot.

But Mr. Zanuck still believes in the screen future of Miss Peggy Cummins.

This he proves when he puts Peggy into the feminine lead in *The Late George Apley,* and when the picture is previewed in (*Continued on page 121*)

The Pied Piper of

legend had an irresistible

way with children. But

even he could have picked

up a whimsical trick

or two from Gene Kelly . . .



By ROSEMARY LAYNG

pied piper

■ The windows in the big, bare room were open, and a dozen tousled heads peered through. "Yah! Yah!" came the small-boy chant. "Sissies. Sissies." Gene Kelly left his dancing class for a minute and stood in front of one of the windows. His hands were in his pockets and he rocked back on his heels casually, and no one could have known that his heart was beating like mad.

"Hi, kids," he said. You know how nice and easy his voice is. "Say, how about dropping over to the gym next Friday. I'd like to shoot some baskets before class. Any of you guys any good?" There was a sprinkle of "Yah's," and then a modest murmur of "Gee-no's," and after that the heads vanished.

Gene went back to his group of be-ribboned, be-laced little girls and reluctant (*Continued on page 97*)





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Manufacturers of PLASTIC PRODUCTS Established 1833



by
pandro s. BERMAN
as told to frank nugent

■ Something I ought to mention is that before writing this story I had my secretary dig through the magazine files at the public library to see whether any other Hollywood producers had been writing about stars they had worked with and, if so, what line they took. Not that I wanted to be a copy-cat, you understand! It's just that in this business you learn to keep an eye on the opposition.

My secretary didn't find many of these articles, but the ones she did locate were very revealing. In each case, the producer spent the first half of the article praising his star to the skies and the second half in subtly impressing the reader with the notion that the actress wouldn't have climbed higher than a bean-hill without his taking her by the lily-white hand and guiding her every step of the way.

Well, I'm different and so is Kate Hepburn.

Kate today is probably as high on the Hollywood ladder as she ever has been. She can have pretty (*Continued on page 119*)

the HEPBURN story

Being Katharine Hepburn, she couldn't show her real feelings. So she stuck out her tongue and sassed the whole world—when all she really wanted was to run away.

Broadcasting with Cary Grant, Kate asked if he'd mind her wearing slacks. Cary said yes, disappeared into an office, and came out wearing a wide grin—and a borrowed skirt!





Bill Grady, M-G-M executive and Edward Arnold enjoy conversation with Katharine Hepburn (now in *Song Of Love*) because she "thinks straight, and argues her point to a logical ending without dragging in personalities."



Capable of seeing herself objectively, Katharine takes advice gladly, especially from producer Berman. If she's not careful, she tends to overdo some facial expressions.

Spoiled kids are a dime a dozen. But a spoiled daddy,
who weighs his Dena every hour and gets mad when she's
untidy in the diaper department—that's Danny Kaye!

by KAAREN PIECK

Dena Kaye Spoiled

■ Dena is the best thing Sylvia and Danny Kaye ever collaborated on. She's their tiny, blue-eyed, red-headed daughter with fantastically long fingers and feet, exactly like her father's, and lungs just like her father's, from all indications.

She's a New Yorker—Park Avenue, instead of Bradford Street, Brooklyn, which was Danny's and Sylvia's old beat—because Sylvia's doctor was in New York, and Sylvia came East from Hollywood, and lived in New York until the baby was born.

Luckily, Danny wasn't with her all the time. Danny was impossible. He'd clutch her arm, when they were crossing the street. "Take it easy; go slowly." (*Continued on page 111*)

Dena Kaye couldn't possibly have seen her daddy in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,* but she's captured his famous facial expression and gestures like a trouper!





Sylvia and George Burns, at the Tony Martin Party in the Beverly Hills Hotel, kept stuffing Danny's mouth with weiners—to stop his bragging about talented Dena.





Cutex (wonderful new, improved Cutex) brings you beautiful new bowl-him-over "Applecart"



So spicy, so saucy, such a flattering red it's wicked!

"Applecart"—the bright young thing to wear with your sun-gold tan! You'll love the provocative new shade, "Pippin," too—dark and delightfully attractive.

And the beauty of it is—all the new Cutex polishes are so wonderfully well behaved.

New stay-on and-on-and-on! Improved Cutex can really take it—thanks to a highly talented ingredient found only in the new Cutex. This wonder ingredient defies chipping and peeling.

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NEW! NOW! LUSCIOUS CUTEX LIPSTICKS!

Yes, Cutex, the most popular name in nail beauty, now brings you heavenly new lip beauty!

Creamy-smooth, alluringly lovely lipsticks in shades that match or harmonize with your new Cutex nails. Only 49¢, at your favorite cosmetic counter.



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



24-hour protection with Odorono Cream

JANE WYMAN

(*Continued from page 40*)

enough for Jane Wyman. Her point is proven.

Without an Oscar, there were still plenty of thrills. The night Franklin ran the first rough cut for the Reagans, the Pecks, the Jarmans and Clarence Brown. Came the fadeout, and not a word out of any of 'em. Ronnie sat mum, Greta Peck sat mum, so did Jody's parents. "Will somebody," pleaded Brown at last, "kindly say something?"

Ronnie blinked and came to. "There's nothing to say. I can't figure if I've just been to church or ought to go there—"

The night of the premiere was world-shaking. Jane was working in *Magic Town* with Jimmy Stewart. Billy Wellman, the director, let her go home early. They had Milo Anderson and Erving Kaplan to dinner, and Erving brought her a wonderful gold locket, with Jane as Ma Baxter on one side, as herself on the other.

After dinner, there was the grand march to the door of Carthay Circle, where she'd gone to so many preems and was finally going to one of her own. The applause. The compliments. The party at Ciro's. She loved it all. She also loved the kidding next day on the *Magic Town* set, when Jimmy, Wellman and the others went down on their knees to her, bowing like mandarins. And the huge sign on her dressing-room door: THE QUEEN—MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY YEARLING. And Wellman snapping at her whenever she blew a line: "You stinkin' deerkiller, you—!"

salute to ma baxter . . .

But what gave her the deepest satisfaction was something she heard through Ronnie. On his way home from Warner's one day, he picked up a caddy waiting for a hitch. The youngster eyed him. "You're Ronald Reagan, aren't you? Say, I go to the government dramatic school for GI's, and they sent us three times to study your wife's performance in *The Yearling*. Don't think I'm just saying this," he continued earnestly, "but I could go twenty times and learn something new. *That's* acting."

As far back as memory goes, Jane had charted her course for independence. Most kids look forward to stepping out on their own, but with her it was a passion.

Her brother once told her a thing she never forgot. "If you study hard, you'll get knowledge. With knowledge, comes wisdom. With wisdom, you can stand on your own two feet." And that became the goal of Janie's existence.

Meantime, life went smoothly enough in St. Joe. Summers, you'd hunt turtles through little caves by the river, and gorge on those wonderful things called paw-paws—a cross between bananas and passion fruit. Winters, you'd build snowmen and play chase-the-fox. Then at Christmas time there'd be a trip to the orphanage, Mother carrying baskets of goodies, Jane her last year's toys that were just-like-new. Maureen does the same in California today.

Though Jane and her mother could hardly be called pals, there was something else they always did together. On Saturday afternoons they'd lunch downtown and take in a play at the Lyceum Theater. This led to a minor stock company in the stable behind the house where Dad kept his horses. She never thought of herself as a future Duse, though, but clung to just one dream—the dream of standing on her own two feet.

When her father died, they moved to Los Angeles, where Jane's sister had al-

ready set up a small law office. Jane's day consisted of lessons. Piano and dancing she'd always taken—the latter from LeRoy Prinz's father, who ran a school in St. Joe. Though by now their means were limited, her mother insisted that Jane take dramatic lessons, too—not with the idea of stage or movies, but simply because she thought they'd be good for her.

The Jane of those days was a plain little high-school kid, whose long brown hair went round her head in two braids, whose clothes had no oomph, who went straight home from school every day. At the end of her junior year, love, the miracle-worker changed all this . . .

There was a boy every girl in the school had her eye on. Let's call him Pete. He was a senior, one year ahead of Jane. She thought him divine.

On his graduation day, she stood outside the building with a couple of girls, when HE came up.

He looked straight at Jane. "Could I see you a minute? There's something I'd like to tell you."

They wandered through the lanes around school. Pete said, "I've been noticing you. You've got such big brown eyes. But I thought you were snooty till a fellow in your class said I had you all wrong."

Before they parted, he'd given her his fraternity pin.

young love's dream . . .

For two years it was an idyl. Their names are still carved on a tree in the school grounds. Pete started his college course in Los Angeles. Jane finished high school and took one year of college. As classes let out, he'd come by and pick her up. They couldn't afford night clubs or restaurants, but maybe once a week they'd climb into his jalopy and drive to Santa Barbara, making plans for their home.

The home never got beyond paper. At the end of two years, Pete changed to an out-of-town college. For a while they wrote—every day, every other day, once a week. Then the letters stopped . . .

Jane can't imagine being married to anyone but Ronnie. But until she met Ronnie, Pete was the only boy in the world.

What helped her get over him was her first job.

"How about taking me on as office girl?" she asked her sister.

"Jane, I couldn't pay you to empty the waste-paper basket. But I'll keep my ears open."

A few days later she phoned. "How about working at Manning's Coffee Shop?"

They started her in the pie department, but the pies had to be cut into even hunks, a knack Jane couldn't master. At the end of six weeks the boss laid her off.

"I'm sorry, Miss Wyman, but we've got too many girls and you've had the least experience."

Jane grinned. "I'll go quietly. You've been darn nice to keep me this long."

A couple of weeks after Manning's gave her the gate, she ran into a girl she'd gone to school with. It seemed this girl was dancing in a Goldwyn musical.

"They're *crying* for hoofers, Jane. If you can do a timestep, you're in."

She was in, by the skin of her teeth, and one dancing job led to another. She wasn't flooded with calls exactly, but at $66 a week when you did work, and with apartments renting for $25 a month, you could manage if you watched your step. Jane managed.

This went on for a couple of years, in the course of which she met show people. One day she was lunching at Sardi's with Vince Barnett's wife. Bill Demarest, in the agency business then, with Small & Landau, came by to say hello to Mrs. Barnett and took a look at Jane.

"There's my card," he told her. "Look

—that Always-Fresh look



says **LOUISE ALLBRITTON,** featured in the Universal-International Picture "THE EGG AND I"

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"Want skin captivating . . . for *your* close-ups? Beauty-cleanse *my* way . . . with Woodbury Cold Cream! It's different . . . so clean-cleansing make-up whisks off . . . and skin's beauty-clean." Four rich oils in Woodbury—*deep-cleansing* oils that free skin of powder, rouge, grime. Try Woodbury . . . for that "Always-Fresh" look!





Luscious Louise dines with husband. "First after work, my date with Woodbury . . . to cream away that worn *dry* look. Instantly, skin's fresh . . . *velvety!*" Thank Woodbury's *rich softening oils!* Girls . . . to soften skin lovely-smooth . . . it's Woodbury Cold Cream!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

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DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks dewy-fresh, younger!

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me up if you're ever looking for a movie job." "What can I lose?" thought Jane.

Demarest got her an interview with LeRoy Prinz, and Prinz sent her to the dramatic coach, to find out if he thought she could do a line here and there. The coach said no, she wasn't for pictures, her face didn't go with her voice.

"How right you are," agreed Jane.

But she did a lot of musicals with LeRoy, made herself a nice bit of change, and watched it melt away as the musical drought struck. The drought lasted long enough to give her visions of herself back in Manning's Coffee Shop. From that fate she was snatched by *Anything Goes.*

A girl she'd hoofed with told her they were calling interviews for a big Alice Faye musical.

Janie went, did two steps of a rumba and was hired.

By this time she had bloomed into her natural self—a peppy young colt with a dry and salty wit who attracted notice. Another agent approached, and this one was a wizard. He got her a date with a flesh-and-blood producer. Jane promptly went to town on herself. To be an actress, you've got to look like an actress. At the beauty parlor she had her hair dyed black and ordered an eyelash job—the kind you have to stick in one at a time. Shopping around for an outfit to sock 'em in the eye, she came up with a black crepe and red georgette. Her shoes were adorned with outsize cut-steel buckles, and she hung enough rhinestones on to frighten a train.

Five minutes in the producer's office, and they asked her to leave. A few minutes later her agent tottered out, so chalk-faced he scared the daylights out of his client. "What's wrong with *you*?

"Know what that guy just said? If I brought any more cold fish like you around, he'd bar me from the lot."

There were other interviews. All they netted her was a line in *My Man Godfrey.* Meantime, she went right on hoofing. At rehearsal one morning a girl kept looking at her. "Mind if I give you a tip, Jane? Here you are with no makeup on, and you look so much better than with all that junk on your face."

She went home, took a good gander, and by the time her agent had another date lined up, the dye was out of her hair, the eyelashes ditched. But she hauled out the black-and-red again and, with thirty bucks, added a cape of red foxtails.

This date was with Max Arnow of Warner Brothers and he asked her to read for him. At which point even the red foxtails drooped. She'd never read before . . .

But again, what could she lose? Assuming a bright professional air, she asked if she could take the script home overnight. In the living room she put on a show for Cheri, her roommate. "Does that sound right?"

"Sounds like you're reading, not talking."

As with the makeup, a hint at the providential moment showed Jane the light. Enough, anyway, so that Arnow said next day: "You read very well. We might use you." She didn't believe him.

A couple of weeks later, she answered the phone and heard her agent say she had a contract with Warners, and then the lid blew off!

no more kidding around . . .

Now she turned dead serious. These people must think she had the makings of an actress, or they wouldn't be forking out good dough every week. Okay, she'd be an actress and she'd be a good one.

Eventually they gave her a small role with Glenda Farrell in *Smart Blonde.* She registered. Before the picture's release, Max Arnow sent for her. Mervyn LeRoy had just come on the lot to make *Fools For Scandal* with Lombard and Fernand Gravet, the big French star.

"It's the chance of a lifetime, Jane, and I don't think you'll get it. But we'd like him to use one of our contract players, and somehow you remind me of something foreign. Think you could play a French girl?"

"Sure," said Jane, who'd have brazened it out in Choctaw for this.

By appointment next day, she tapped at LeRoy's door. "I am Jane Wyman," she said in her French accent.

"Oh. You speak French?"

"Oui."

She didn't fool LeRoy, but she did get the part. And it did the trick. Lo-o-ve that little French girl in the restaurant scene, yelled the fans. *Fools For Scandal* was followed by *Mr. Dodds Takes the Air,* which was followed by *Brother Rat,* which was followed by more ups and downs than most of us could take and still come out fighting. Jane lost lots of battles but, with *The Yearling,* she won her war.

We've told the whole story in past issues of MODERN SCREEN, and we've kept you up-to-date on the happy married life of the Reagans. The one tale we've never told is how Jane got her man.

As we've mentioned, there's nothing coy about Wyman. She did the chasing, and doesn't give a hoot who knows it. When she and Ronnie met, he, too, was nursing a romantic scar, only his was fresher, and he thought he was through with girls.

One day, as she lunched at a table for two in The Green Room—this was after *Mr. Dodds* and before *Brother Rat*—in he walked. A voice halted him. "Would you like to sit here?" She gave him the full benefit of the big brown eyes.

He told her he'd seen *Mr. Dodds* in Des Moines, and liked her. Glenda Farrell came by. Glenda Farrell's a good egg. "We ran *Smart Blonde,* Janie. With you in the same studio, I'll have to watch my step."

Jane was feeling a little top-heavy anyway. After all, she'd done thirty pictures to this character's two. "He must think I'm a great gal," she informed herself and went in search of a certain Mr. Arnow.

"Look, you're always working on publicity for people. Sending them out to the night-spots together and so on. How about working it on this Reagan and me?"

"No. You ought to go out with a bigger name than your own. So should he."

Little girl, what now? Well, she was moving to her own apartment. Her beloved friend, Betsy Kaplan, was fixing it up for her. "When it's ready," said Betsy, "ask him over for cocktails."

Jane called him. "Let's have cocktails at my place."

"What for?"

Which stumped even Jane.

a new campaign . . .

She knew when she was licked, and after that she laid her next campaign more cleverly. Ronnie spent most of his time with a bunch of his fraternity brothers. Swimming. Golfing. Riding. To Jane, the beach was a place where you got a suntan, but a girl can learn. She wormed her way into the graces of two fraternity brothers. All of a sudden she was a bug for outdoors. Ronnie started hearing what a swell scout the Wyman kid was. Before he knew it, she was one of them.

He proposed in a hospital room, after sending her roses with the loving message, RONALD REAGAN. Really sunk this time, Jane had shoved the roses off her bed and turned her face to the wall. That night Ronnie made the big discovery. All he wanted was to drive the sorrow out of her eyes. Suddenly, the world righted itself for them both.

The year of *The Yearling* is also the year of Jane Wyman, and not only because of the laurels they've crowned her with. It's the year of *Stallion Road,* her husband's first post-war release. When the sneak preview was over, the audience whooped it up for their old favorite and the beam on his face was another kind of award. Since then he's copped one of the year's prize plums—*Voice of the Turtle.*

Before the year's out—in October, to be exact—they're expecting another baby at the house on the hill. Maureen can hardly wait. Mike's too young to get excited.

For a while, they'd been hoping to add to the house, but that's out while things are so high.

"Let the kids double up," says Ronnie. "I roomed with my brother and shared a bed, and it never stunted our growth."

"Let's pile 'em ten deep then," agrees Jane, "so's they'll all turn out like you."



"Up they go again—eight months before Christmas."



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Helen Neushaefer

harmonizing NAIL POLISH and LIPSTICK

YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT MATURE!

(*Continued from page 47*)

went to work. I told this boy Mature that he should go away somewhere and study to be an actor for a couple of years. If he did that, I would make him famous.

The naïve lad from Louisville, Kentucky, took the bait.

"All right," he said. "I will do that little thing. I will keep my word, and I expect you to keep yours."

We now dissolve to a time two years later. My feet are still in the same desk drawer. The telephone rings. It is publicist Jules Selzer. He says—

"There is an actor over here who lives in a tent and stays alive by eating two hamburgers a day."

I said: "It's a corny gag, Jules; but life is pretty dull, so the cameraman and I will come right over.'

Mr. Selzer took us to the tent.

A big tall guy came out.

"You!" he exclaimed. "You're the guy who was going to put my picture in the magazine. I did like you said. I have studied for two years at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. I have appeared in 87 plays, mowed two lawns a day and I expect you to keep your word."

I did.

I printed his picture in the magazine. The title of the story was, "What Hollywood Needs Is a Man." There was a big picture of Vic with arms outstretched. Under one hand was a little picture of Tyrone Power, and under the other, an equally small Bob Taylor. For four months, the magazine was full of pictures of Mature.

By that time, Vic was saying "Stick with me, bub, and you'll be wearing diamonds."

We decided it was time to put on a little front. Why not get two more guys to go in with us and rent a house in Beverly Hills? Split four ways, we could live like kings, and Mature could move out of the tent. I collected the $48.74 which he owed for the first month's rent and told him that he was the luckiest actor in Hollywood.

Chez Mature, he called our place. We hired a housekeeper who was a genius with fried chicken. Her fame was so great that we had dinner guests every night, most of them blonde. Such hospitality! Nobody could eat before shelling out 67 cents.

In spite of the big front, however, Vic was not becoming an overnight sensation, as planned. One night we sat down and talked it over. "Joe," he began, "things are not going so good." He calls me Joe because my name is Carl. "Maybe they are not going to pick up my option. How the devil am I going to become a big name?' "

"Easy, Joe," I counseled. I call him Joe because his name is Victor. "Just have a terrific romance."

"All right," he agreed. "Fix it for me."

The next afternoon a nice girl by the name of Betty, who was giving me no time at all, called up and said that she and a friend of hers didn't have anything to do in the evening, if I would care to go to the public library, or a night club, and bring along something tall, dark and handsome.

We went to a Russian rendezvous called Madame Sonja's—Betty and I, Mature, and an eyeful named Lana Turner.

Joe got his romance without trying to stage one.

A few days later the columnists all reported that Mr. Mature and Miss Turner were taken with each other. The romance lasted for six weeks, but they secretly hated each other for five.

the hunk on broadway . . .

"I was thinking," he remarked one evening, elated that the big romance had worked so well. "I think I will go to New York and do a play."

"Great idea," I agreed readily, thinking what a time the rest of us would have with his little black book of phone numbers. "After a smash hit on Broadway, you can name your own price in Hollywood."

Lady in the Dark, in which he subsequently strolled around in pink tights, made love to Gertrude Lawrence and was dubbed the "gorgeous hunk of man" by Moss Hart, made Vic a celebrity!

But he was still Joe to me—a friend who had plenty on the ball, but could use an auxiliary brain. I was sure of that when he told me over long distance phone one night that he was going to get married.

"Fine!" I howled. "Wonderful. Get married. Throw away a career. Think of the publicity you'll get, sitting home nights with the little woman."

He said he guessed he wouldn't get married after all, and two days later the newspapers announced his marriage.

Pretty ridiculous, I thought.

His marriage to Martha Kemp took place on June 18, 1941. It lasted less than a year. I had a little ranch in the San Fernando Valley where I lived with my parents. Joe moved into the garage.

He liked that place. He said he couldn't stand the elegant Hollywood life. He was afraid he'd go soft.

Then he did something I really approved of. He fell in love with Rita Hayworth.

He did something else. He enlisted in the Coast Guard.

Of an evening, when Joe came up from San Pedro where he was stationed, we'd sit around at Rita's place, playing records and gabbing. He was not long for such fun. Joe got orders to report for duty on a Coast Guard cutter called the *Storis*.

Eleven months later, my telephone rang at midnight.

"Presque Isle, Maine, calling," the operator said. Then Joe was on. "Joe," he said, "what's this about Rita?"

"I wouldn't know, Joe," I replied.

"Well," came back a strained voice, "if you don't know, I guess nobody would."

That was that.

And Rita Hayworth married Orson Welles.

Joe was now Chief Boatswain's Mate. He went back to the *Storis* and the North Atlantic. I still have a stack of letters he wrote, and during those months in the North Atlantic, I guess that in them I learned more about what sort of guy he really was than I ever knew before.

I can tell it better through an incident which happened in the grill of a midwestern hotel shortly after he'd been flown back from Londonderry, Ireland, to join a bond tour. The Treasury Department needed a power house to boost payroll deductions. Joe was being sent around with Major Allan V. Martini, the great air ace, who had four Flying Fortresses shot out from under him during missions over Germany, and Johnny Basilone, first Marine to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.

three guys named joe . . .

The three had become fast friends and were on their way to an important meeting. As they passed a table full of male civilians, somebody sitting there said, *sotto voce*, "Look at the heel with the two heroes!"

Basilone and Martini wheeled around. Mature took two steps more toward the door, being accustomed to nasty remarks. Then he turned around and saw tables being turned upside down and heads being cracked. Then he joined in.

A few minutes later, the three of them, straightening their ties, met the Treasury official in the lobby.

"What held you men up?" he asked.

"Mature," Basilone said. "We were helping him with autographs."

When The Character, as I sometimes call Joe, arrived back in Hollywood after his first long hitch overseas, he got himself a date and joined my wife and me at Mocambo.

Somebody at the next table said, "Seems mighty peculiar to me the way all you actors fight the war in night clubs."

Joe turned around and saw he was the only actor within earshot.

He said: "I hate to ask a man to apologize, but I guess I have to."



"Oh, dear, did I forget the napkins again?"

The other guy replied with a sneer.

"In case you don't say you're sorry," Joe snapped, "I'm going to ram that fat head of yours down your throat."

"You and five other actors couldn't do it," was the reply.

Joe did it.

Last year, Joe, fresh out of uniform, bought a house. $13,500 it cost him, and in a neighborhood far removed from movie star mansions. Joe simply wouldn't be hijacked by the famous California black market in rents. Back of that is a sense of good citizenship.

Sure, I say these things because we've been friends for a long time. I like him.

I know of no other actor who arrived in Hollywood broke, yet really had a fortune behind him. His father, who died several years ago, was worth over a half million. When Vic decided to become an actor, he refused any financial help from home. He used to return, uncashed, checks his father sent him. When Vic made good, no father was ever more proud of a son.

Still, Vic didn't accept his legacy. He turned it all over to his mother. He spent all the money he had saved having a good time with friends while on leave during the war. He backed a buddy in business, and they both lost their shirts.

Meantime, his name in headlines stood for almost every crazy thing an actor can do. People constantly are surprised when they get to know him, and exclaim in amazement, "Why, he's really a nice guy."

Actually, his name in headlines means nothing to him, except to prove that a guy can start from scratch and become famous without using "pull," hurting anyone, or discarding his friends.

He is involved in endless plots to do something special for people he likes. On one occasion, he talked Moss Hart into giving a cocktail party for me in New York. Every big celebrity of the literary world was there. I was used to movie stars, but in the presence of playwrights and authors I was as helpless as a beached halibut.

lifesaver . . .

A prominent Los Angeles physician credits him with saving my father's life.

Dad had gone to the hospital for an operation, and at the last moment the doctor said the case was inoperable. The man was too far gone. He'd lost all his fight.

Advised of the situation, Vic was indignant.

"That's silly," he stormed. "You can't lick a guy like that." Promptly, he sent off a barrage of telegrams to my father. The wires were all urgent, ridiculous and demanded an answer. Three hours later, the old man was sitting up in bed dictating replies to a nurse.

Next day, the operation was a success.

Vic's romantic life is confusing because he looks on almost every girl as a potential bride. Not that he is in a tearing hurry to get married again. He just has a normal desire to have a home and a family of his own. Usually, he is attracted to girls not generally considered attractive, and he forever chides his friends for pursuing beautiful women. "The trouble is," he says, "you prefer a mirage to the real thing."

A singular exception to the theory was Rita Hayworth. Somehow, I can't shake off the idea that life may twist around until they get back together again. I had the thought again this morning when I read that Rita would probably be separating permanently from Orson Welles.

Yet, I know that my friend Joe is seriously interested in a girl whose name has barely been mentioned. She is not an actress, and I won't divulge her identity.

Whatever happens, the results will be spectacular, and you'll be reading about it in the headlines.

Sunny Mackay, **Adorable Cover Girl,** Says



Beauty's My Business

So I changed to the Gentle **FLOATING LIFT** of **SWEETHEART SOAP'S** Extra Lather!



Discover SweetHeart's 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* Care! Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . .* looks more *radiant!*

• "I thank my lucky stars for this amazing SweetHeart Care," says Sunny. "It leaves my skin soft and smooth as creamy satin."

Be lucky, too! Discover this glorious beauty care! For pure, mild SweetHeart Soap gives up to *twice as much lather* as average beauty soaps. And this soft, rich lather has a gentle *floating lift*. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* it.

Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift* off — *float* away — dirt and dry skin flakes—revealing the smoother, more radiant loveliness that is rightfully yours.



Try Sunny's beauty secret. Then you, too, may dance and dream and be adored for your lovely SweetHeart complexion.

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous.

So new it leaves you breathless!

Woodbury

Fiesta

...powder, lipstick, rouge!



Never... ever...
such adventure-in-color!

In all your life, no powder
did so much for you.
Fiesta lives, breathes, pulses
with excitement. It wakens
your skin to a glow with
spirits-of-roses!
Add lasting *cling* . . .
color-*freshness* . . .
heavenly *fragrance*.
All yours in this
new new shade. Be first
with Fiesta today!

Cyd Charisse
featured in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Fiesta"

Woodbury FILM FINISH Powder

WOODBURY
MATCHED MAKE-UP
With Fiesta Film-Finish Powder
you also get Fiesta Lipstick and Rouge
All 3 in the dollar powder box-
ONLY $1.00

Fiesta and 8 other exciting shades come in Matched Make-up $1.00; "Purse" size Powder 25c and 10c. (All prices plus tax)

Free! TRY FIESTA ... Free!

Seeing's believing! See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin. Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler; get Fiesta, eight other flattering shades, plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.
344

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only)
*Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

STOP SMEARING SINATRA!

(Continued from page 4)

only offensive to countless patriotic citizens, who, like Sinatra, had been given this physical rating, but it was also incongruous: Mortimer, who, without previous military experience, had been given an Army commission, sat out the war safely in New York City night clubs. If it is conceded that this happened for reasons beyond Mortimer's control, it must also be conceded that Sinatra was adjudged physically unfit for reasons totally beyond *his* control.

What Mortimer deliberately failed to establish, at any time in his writings, was the fact that Sinatra had done and was doing a magnificent war job, at all times—entertaining in U. S. Military hospitals, sandwiching in flights to cities where War Bond sales were lagging, aiding the Red Cross to raise money, singing at Army camps and Navy bases, and on the side, doing a fine job in curbing juvenile delinquency by addressing classrooms in person and through the medium of such a fine movie short as *The House I Live In*, a sincere plea for tolerance. It was a splendid American job, one that reflected honor on Sinatra and the entire movie industry.

Fresh opportunities for abuse of Sinatra developed when he met Lucky Luciano, at Havana, Cuba, although at the time, men high in Cuban society were inviting Luciano to their homes. Luciano openly attended the racetrack, the best Havana hotels and cocktail bars. At this exact moment, too, Walter Winchell broadcast the story, later denied, that the American government was about to present the Legion of Merit to Luciano for undercover aid he had rendered during the war.

There is no doubt that Sinatra should not have punched Mortimer in the eye. But how many other self-respecting men would have endured the ridicule that Sinatra took for two years, without lashing out?

For redress, Mortimer can exhibit his punched eye to a judge and jury, in an attempt to collect substantial damages. For additional redress, his paper and allied papers can subject Sinatra to a daily parade of injurious statements, without too much concern for their accuracy.

Mortimer is making a good thing of his talent for righteous indignation. Don't get me wrong. I applaud righteous indignation. But I think it's high time that Mortimer and his kind developed a conscience about the gross indignity of attacking Hollywood performers who cannot possibly strike back—except, perhaps, with some hot-tempered physical violence.

Veronica Lake . . .

soon to be seen in Paramount's *Saigon*. Veronica poses for MODERN SCREEN in a sweetheart of a dress which answers all this issue's challenging fashion questions: How crisp can you get? How cool? How summery?

Here Veronica wears red and white striped chambray, iced with eyelet, and pulled by a circular drawstring to a draped neckline. Pretty as can be. And high-fashion, because it has the long torso look—absolute latest! Also blue, green or brown. Sizes 9-15.

By Laura Lee — About $8.95.

To find out where to buy dress, hat and jewelry, please turn to page 86.

modern screen

fashions

By Connie Bartel,
Fashion Editor

how

CRISP

Know how crisp celery is?
That will give you an idea.
Laugh off the sun in this seersucker worn by Veronica Lake. Red and white stripes—scalloped sleeves, nice swingy skirt. Cute? Also brown, blue. 7-15. By Minx Modes. About $10.95.

WHERE TO BUY
see page 86



can you get?





Look as though you'd
just stepped out of an icebox—
and stay that way all day!
Try on (for crispness)
this checked dress
worn by Veronica Lake. Dan River's
Starspun gingham, in red,
blue or brown. Sizes 10-18.
By Queen Make. About $8.95.





how

Cool as the kiss of a fresh little breeze—and graceful as Karin Booth, new find who'll dance and act her way into your affections in M-G-M's technicolor *The Unfinished Dance*. She wears a one-piece playsuit, plus a flounced skirt over the pants. Dan River gingham in aqua, pink, gold. Sizes 9 to 15. By Juniorite. About $8.95.



COOL

can you get?



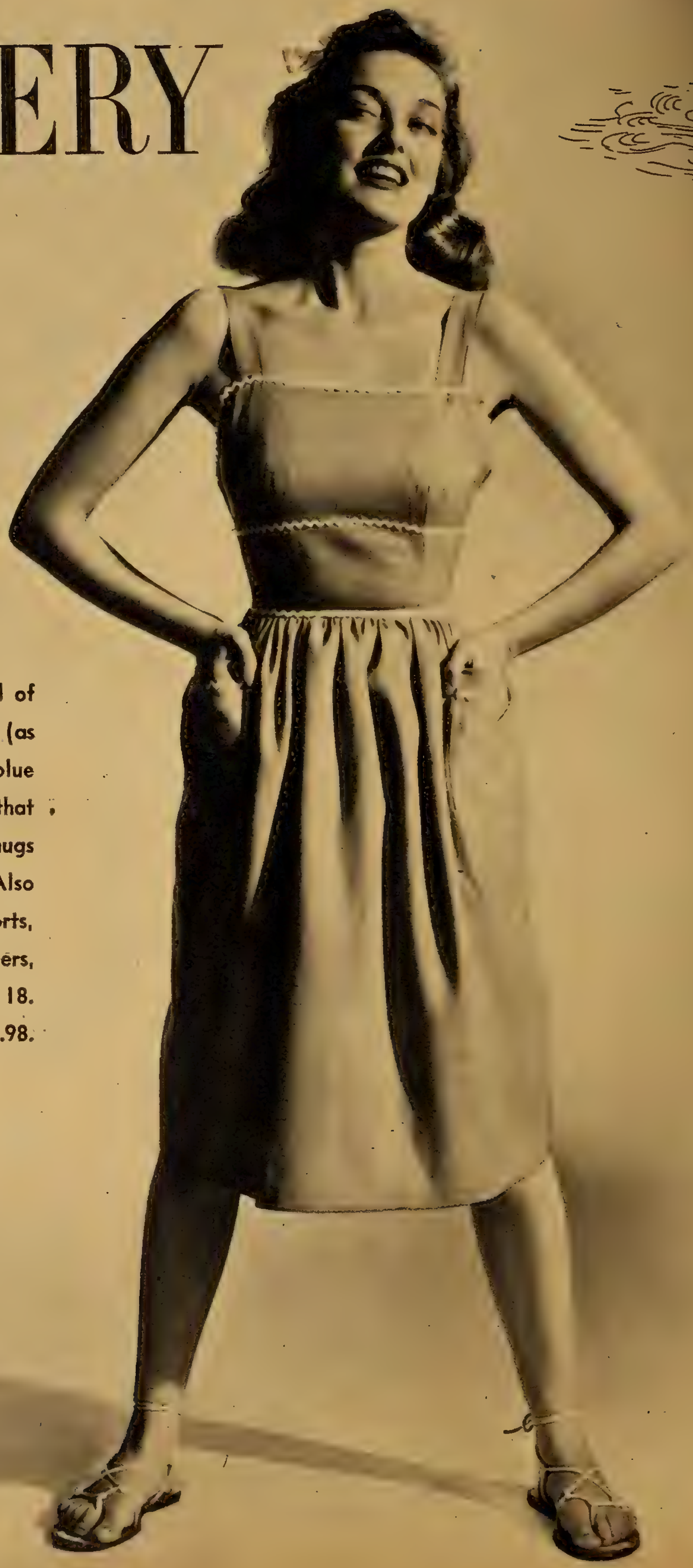


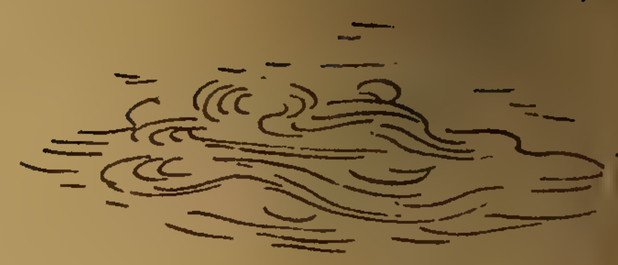
Cool as a bare-armed, bare-legged patio dress can make you! Karin Booth wears a flounced cotton print in dreamy shades of copen, rose and lime. We wish you could see it in color. Also aqua, red, gold. Sizes 10 to 18. By Mayflower. $7.95.

how

SUMMERY

can you get?





You'll look like the soul of a blue July day (as Karin Booth does)—in a blue denim playdress that bares your shoulders, hugs your waist. (Also available—matching shorts, jacket, pedal pushers, overalls.) Sizes 10 to 18. By Jane Irwill. $5.98.



WHERE TO BUY
see page 86

Modern Screen shops for you

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE



Calico cologne makes you feel as fresh as your newly-laundered dress—like the one on page 77 for instance. The perfect combination—half spice, half sweet. By Minx Modes, $1.50, plus tax, Saks-34th St., N. Y.



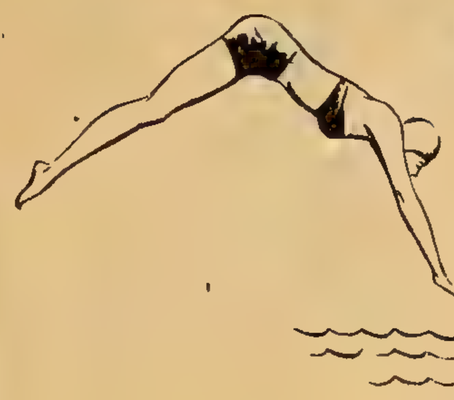
A darling leather wallet made just for you with your first name or initials in a contrasting color. Holds pictures, change. Zipper closing. $3.35. Order from Crown Craft Products, 246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.



A link bracelet with a dangling compass—to let you know where you stand! Accurate? It's government reject paratrooper's escape kit equipment. Gold or silver. By Jordan, about $2, plus tax, Saks-34th St., New York.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

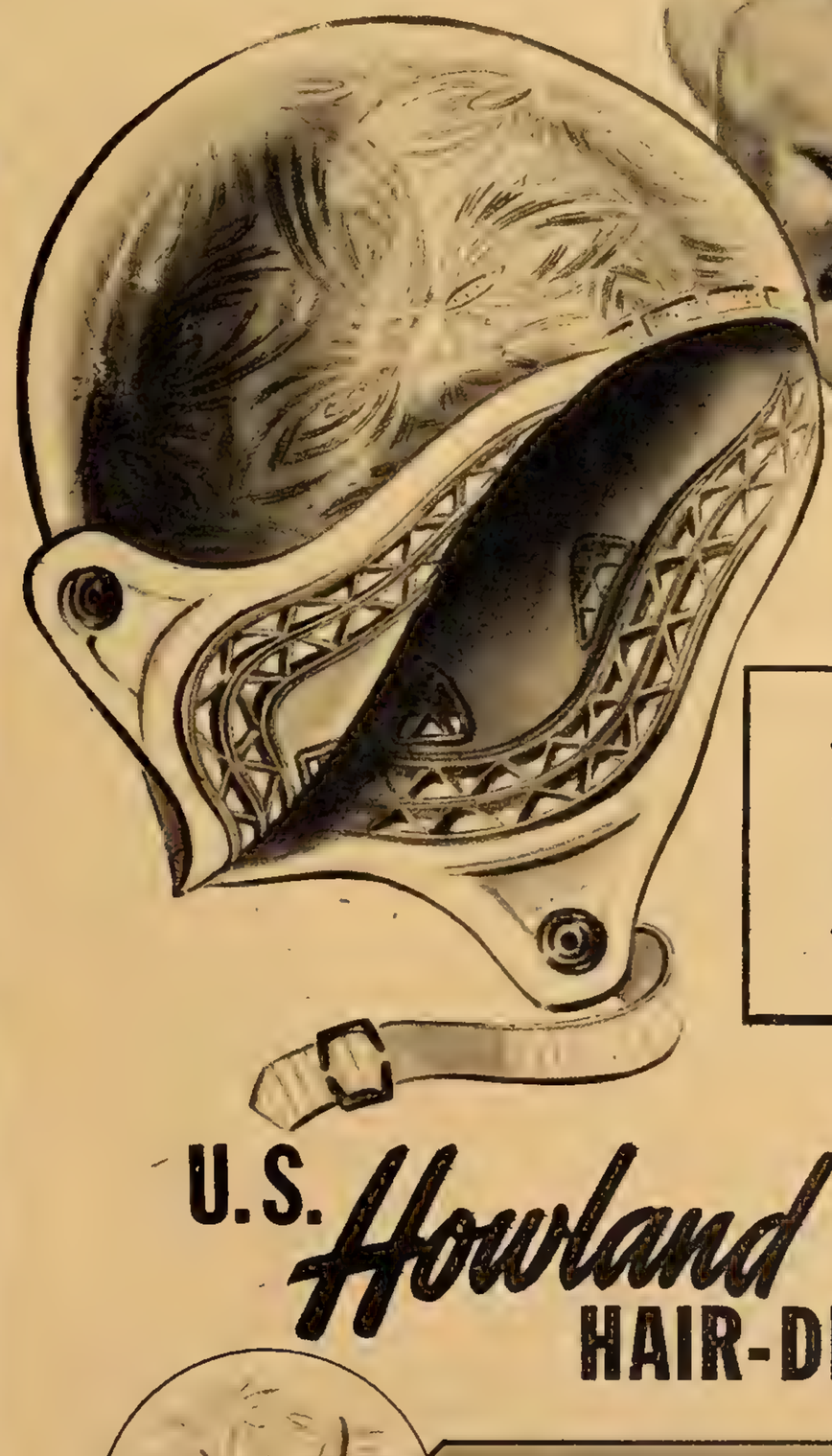
Dive and Swim... TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT



Really enjoy swimming this summer, knowing that your hair will stay soft and dry. This wonderful swim cap, selected in your correct size, keeps your hair party-perfect.

At department or specialty stores





WATER LOCKED OUT
CAP HOLDS DOWN
FOR EAR PROTECTION
fitted in sizes like a hat

U.S. *Howland*
HAIR-DRY SWIM CAP



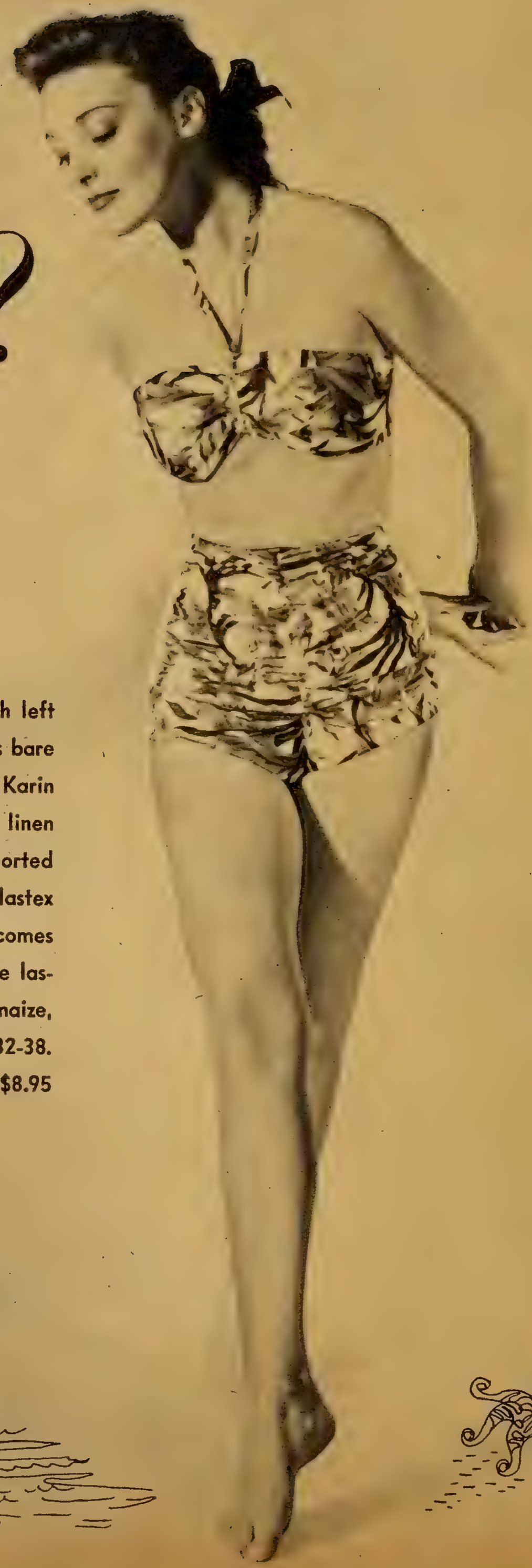
WITH THE EXCLUSIVE *SNUG-FIT FEATURE*

Only U.S. Howland has the patented V-shaped reinforcing ribs that turn flaps inward to make a perfect seal.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N. Y.

how much can you

BARE?



Tan every inch left uncovered by this bare minimum suit, modeled by Karin Booth. It's printed linen in front (the real imported thing!)—clinging lastex in back. The print comes in luscious multicolor—the lastex in black, red, maize, white. In Sizes 32-38. By Sea Goddess. About $8.95

WHERE TO BUY
see page 86

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Know what? We've got a crush. Have had for a long time. Guess who. No, not Van or Guy or James Mason (although we'd walk a mile on broken glass to see any one of them). *Our* crush is on—the American manufacturer of American fashions. Honest.

Did you ever stop to think that nowhere in the entire world can you buy such wonderful clothes at really low prices—as you can in the U.S.A.? It's true. If you were a chick in China, say—or a young thing in Spain, or a cute trick in England—you could scarcely keep yourself *covered* with the money that will buy you a whole wardrobe here. Girls in those countries would think they were in heaven if they could plunk down eight dollars for a playsuit—or twelve for a dress—or two dollars for a dreamy hunk of costume jewelry.

But in these United States you can actually build a best-dressed rep on an average budget. And the man who makes it possible is the American manufacturer. It's he who turns out hundreds and thousands of good fashions for low prices. And we mean *good*—not just cute. Good fabric. Good construction. Seams that stay sewn, buttons that stay put. Colors that stay their original shade. Zippers. (They're *luxuries* in lots of places).

As for style—did you know that some of the most budget-priced manufacturers have some of the highest-priced designers? Well, they have. Some of the most expensive boys and girls in the business sketch and drape and pin and cut—all to make your twenty-five dollar suit look like a million.

That's why more and more manufacturers are sewing their designer's names into the clothes they make. They're proud of their fashions, and they want you to know it.

So when a dress or coat has a label which says something like "By Susan Sparks" or "A Marjorie Minton Original"—you can be pretty sure that it has been made by a manufacturer who is knocking himself out to offer you the best for the least.

Same goes for fashion photos. When you see a dress you like in a magazine, and the caption says it's "A Jeannie Junior"—by all means mention "Jeannie Junior" to the sales girl when you go to buy the dress in a store.

Catch our drift? We mean—mention the trade name, and end up with what you really want. Look for the label, and come up with the cutest clothes in town. And while you're at it—look for Modern Screen's cute pink and green tag, too!

Yours for fashions that are proud of their name,

Connie Bartel



"Eye-Lure"

New glamour accent . . . beautifully enameled pin and matching earrings.

each 25 cents *plus tax*





ONE OF EACO'S MANY STYLES

at your local 5 and 10

EACO

EASTERN JEWELRY MFG. CO.
NEW YORK • PROVIDENCE

GROW

long lovely eyelashes

Take a tip from Movie Stars and Models — acquire long stunning eyelashes that everybody admires. Long eyelashes add so much to your attractiveness. Now, You too, can enjoy the glamourous feeling of long silky lashes and bright sparkling eyes by using Long-Lash a Doctor's Discovery, GUARANTEED to make your eyelashes grow longer or your money refunded. Try it for a few days and watch those admiring glances. Only $2.00 per tube (tax inc.) and that is all you need.

Long-Lash

333 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 528-K
Chicago, Ill.



New Scientific "GUZZLIN CHARLIE"

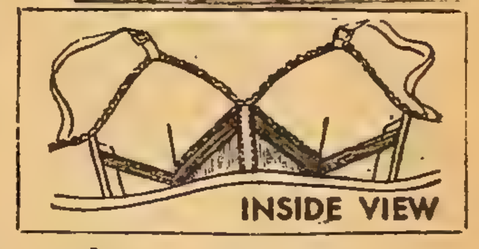
Mystery Drinking Bird with Roly Poly Eyes

$1.95 Complete with glass and stand. No springs, no gadgets, no wires, not mechanical. Amazing "Guzzlin Charlie" drinks and drinks; he is always thirsty. You won't believe your eyes. Young and old go wild over him. Mail your order today. Write for catalog.

BERNARD FINE CO.
581-6th Ave., Dept. BM, N. Y. 11, N.Y.



for the girl with a SMALL BUST



INSIDE VIEW

PATENTED

Lucille Garden BRA

NO PADS • NO PUFFS

The simple-to-adjust Patented feature inside the Bra gives you the fuller bust you so desire and require to be in fashion.

- For very small bust: AA200
- Small bust: A200
- Average bust: B200

$2.00* Sizes 30,32,34,36

- Small bust—with 2 inch band—A250
- Average bust—with 2 inch band—B250

$2.50**

*In NYLON—$2.50 **In NYLON—$3.00

At stores everywhere, or write: Dept. MS

GARDEN FOUNDATIONS, INC.
45 White Street, New York 13, N. Y.

For unblemished loveliness ask to see
Those unsurpassed Nylons named RIVOLI

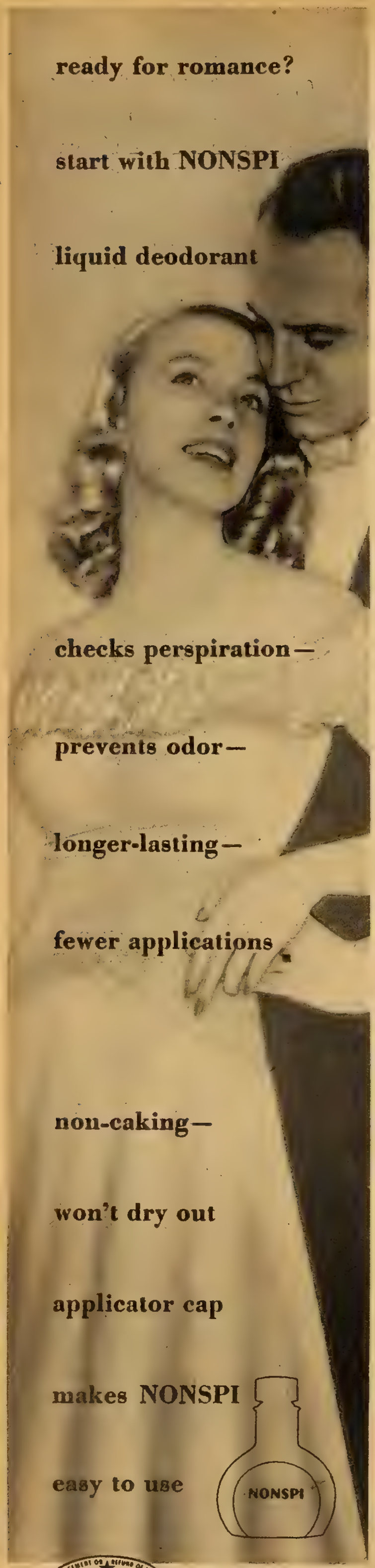
ASK TO SEE

Rivoli

NYLONS



At fine stores since 1900.
RIVOLI HOSIERY CO., Inc. 292 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1





accent your lips

says Veronica Lake! She has happy ideas that are bound to inform us about beautiful lip designs

By CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

■ "A man likes a woman's lips to look kissable! No thick coating, exaggerated outlines . . . or red smears on her pearly teeth." Such definite talk makes a Beauty Editor take notice. Too, it was Veronica Lake talking! We were at New York's 21 Club.

Veronica is enthusiastic about lipstick, says it should be used to best advantage. Think of your audience; don't start shudders by painting lips rose blue when you're wearing russet-checked gingham. Save the rose blue lipstick to team with your navy suit. An orange-red lipstick will be happier (and prettier!) with the russet gingham.

Veronica owns the largest lipstick wardrobe in Hollywood! Collect yours by realizing there are three basic tints, true red, orange red and blue red. Know the *intensity* best for your complexion. For example, a blonde uses light shades of true red, blue red and orange red. Her brunette sister will take all three in deeper shades.

Variety is possible because of the large selection of lipsticks on your cosmetic counters. Prettier colors are always coming up! Six divine new lipsticks in "golden" metal containers are being shown by a firm that makes wonderful nail polish. Another house has metal-cased lipsticks. Each case tip is painted red to show the shade of lipstick inside. You'll find plenty of help in accenting your lips!

* * *

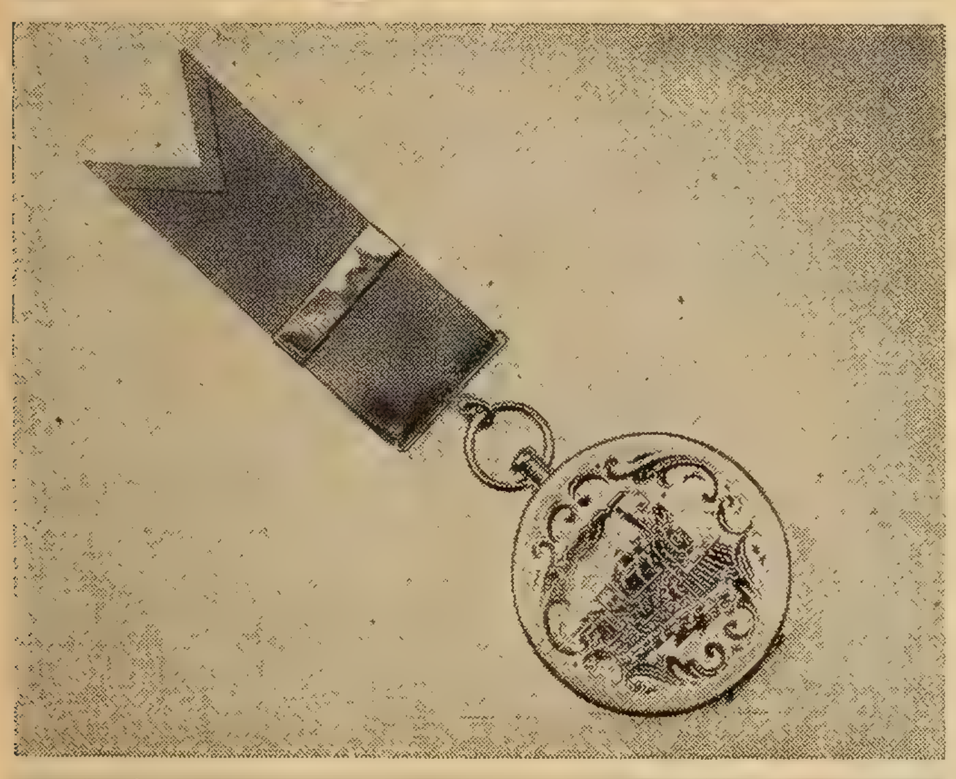
"You Can Be Charming!" Find out how in our pamphlet of that name. To get your copy, send 5c and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Veronica Lake, whom you'll be seeing in Paramount's *Saigon* has beautiful lips.

modern screen shops for you

A great big flattering beach hat that has no carrying problem. Folds up when you're not wearing it. Called "Hollywood Halo"—name fits doesn't it? About $3.50, at The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.



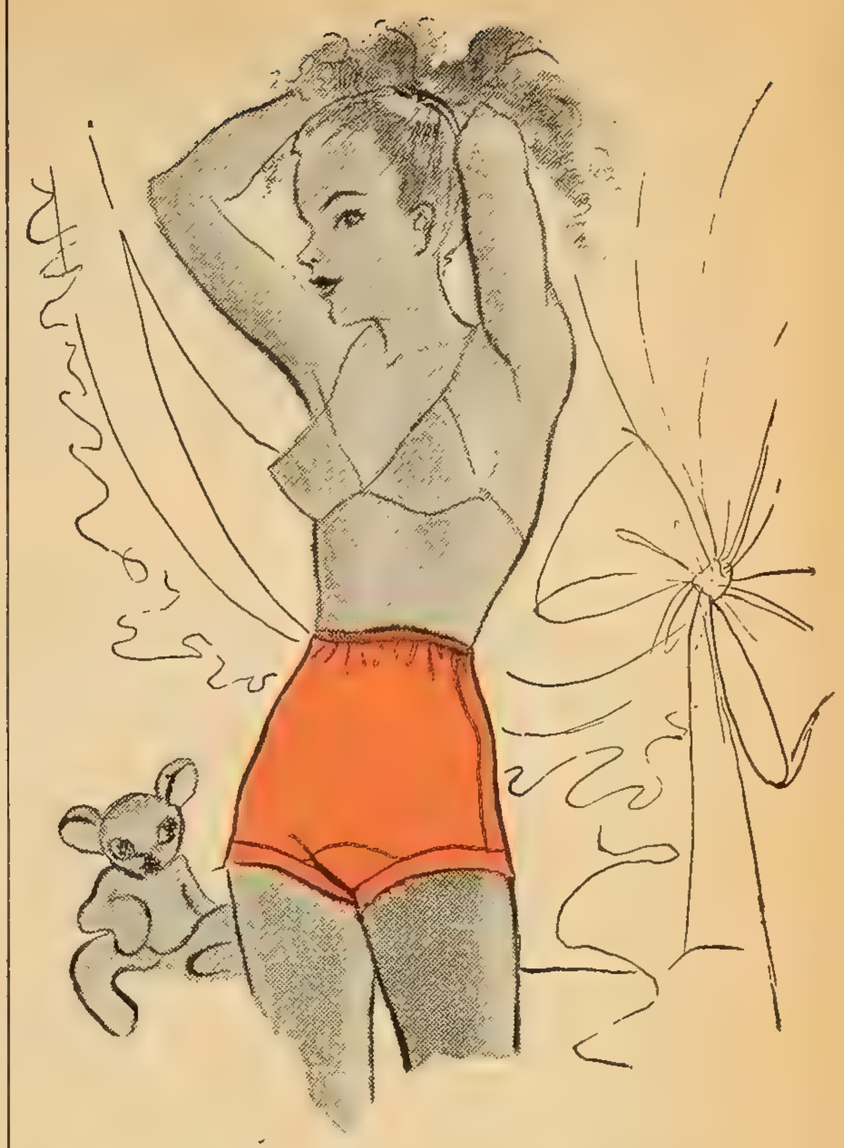
A compact that looks just like Grandfather's watch. You press the stem to open. Comes on a bright red ribbon fob that you can pin to belts or pockets. By Wadsworth, about $3, at McCreery's, N. Y.



Who ever gets enough playshoes? Only $3—how's that for a real bargain! Greggies cute fabric ones have a rope sole for extra bounce. Greg Shoe Co., Inc., 26 N. Kentucky Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.



Rhinestone initials to make any man ask what's the name—and probably the phone number too! A nice way to add extra sparkle to you. By Omar, $1, each initial, plus tax, order from Lane Bryant, N. Y.



Smart girls say...
"McKay Lingerie!"

The versatility of the "undie-world" is proven time and again by McKay. Clever styling to please every type—from the petite to the statuesque.

Now with summer coming on, women everywhere request them—because they're so trim ...so free...so cool...so easy to wash!

Made in an attractive variety of luxurious rayons that make them your favorite budget buy!

To be found at S. S. Kresge Co., S. H. Kress & Co., and Sears Roebuck and Co.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie!"

McK McKay LINGERIE

Empire State Bldg. New York



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Red and white striped long torso chambray dress worn by Veronica Lake in the full color photograph (Page 73)

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Seattle, Washington—Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Missouri—Famous & Barr Co., Teen Town Department

Large white off-face straw hat carried by Veronica Lake in the full color photograph (Page 73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.
St. Louis, Missouri—Famous & Barr Co.

Daisy comb and bracelet worn by Veronica Lake in the full color photograph (Page 73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Philadelphia, Pa.—N. Snellenburg & Co.

Striped seersucker dress with scalloped sleeves worn by Veronica Lake (Page 74)

Atlanta, Georgia—Davison-Paxon Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Brothers
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Checked gingham dress with button-trimmed yoke worn by Veronica Lake (Page 75)

Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Brownley
Oakland, Calif.—Kahn's Dept. Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Portland, Ore.—Olds, Wortman & King
South Bend, Ind.—Robertson's Dept. Store

Shoes worn by Veronica Lake by Johansen Two-piece gingham playsuit worn by Karin Booth (Page 76)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

Printed cotton dress with deep hem flounce worn by Karin Booth (Page 77)

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's

Blue denim sunback dress worn by Karin Booth (Page 78)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Detroit, Michigan—Demery's
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Norfolk, Va.—Smith & Welton, Inc.

Two-piece lastex and printed linen bathing suit worn by Karin Booth (Page 80)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins

Leather thong tie playshoes worn by Karin Booth (Pages 76, 77, 78)

Baltimore, Md.—N. Hess Sons

SECRETLY HE LOVES HER

(*Continued from page 56*)

give Pat any more candy," she'd said. "He's getting too fat."

Pat gave her one wounded look, and flew out to the candy box.

The next time she broached the subject, she spelled candy. "C-a-n-d-y," she recited, being a well-educated girl.

Pat gave her one wounded look, and flew out to the candy box.

Richard listened politely to this startling story, and then he said, "I'll tell you something, doll. I just bought Pat a year's subscription to the New Republic."

His wife moved her eyebrows haughtily. "Be sarcastic," she said. "At least Pat isn't mean about my cooking."

Neither is Dick, really. But then, she doesn't cook for him, so he never gets the chance to be.

She cooked for him once right after they were married.

She'd planned a simple dinner. Meat patties, they'd have, and boiled potatoes, and carrots, and a salad.

The boiled potatoes got water-logged. This isn't unusual. The salad wilted. Some people like salad fatigué. The meat shrank into hard little bullets. That happens sometimes. But those carrots— To this day, she can't figure what got into those carrots. One was soft, and one was hard, straight through the whole batch. She guesses she must have struck some rare scientific formula that might even be valuable.

But it wasn't worth much then.

Dick stared down at his plate, knowing she'd burned her fingers three times, and she wanted it to be so good, and now she couldn't eat a mouthful.

follow the bouncing ball . . .

He picked up a meat patty, and tossed it in the air. "Who cares about a little old bit of meat?" he cried gallantly. And waited for the meat patty to bounce back onto his plate.

It bounced on the brand-new couch, instead. It spattered forty-six grease spots all over, and June burst out crying, just like brides do in the movies.

Distressed, Richard went to her, and lifted her chin. "Honey, don't. I'll buy you more meat. I'll buy you more couches. I'll buy you—"

"Go away," June sobbed. "I'm a bad wife."

"But I *like* bad wives," he said. "Honest I do. The worse they are, the harder I fall for 'em."

She grinned up at him shakily, through big, wet eyes. "Richard, you're such a beautiful man."

After that, she didn't cook any more. Now she's working on a couple of other accomplishments.

The last few months of vacation have been a boon, as far as learning golf was concerned. In some ways, that is.

Every morning, June would sally forth with the clubs, and the will, and the fervent desire.

Every night, she'd stagger home with a broken heart.

Dick would arrive to find her glaring at her golf sticks. "I'd like to break them," she'd be muttering. "I'd like to smash them in a hundred thousand pieces and bury them deep in the ground. I'd like to beat that laughing caddy over his fat head!"

Dick plays a wonderful game, so of course, he won't play with June. She's humble about it; she doesn't expect him to. "You'd go crazy, waiting around for me, wouldn't you?" she says wistfully.

He says, "Yes, I would," and that ends that.





WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

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Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Brothers
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

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Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Brownley
Oakland, Calif.—Kahn's Dept. Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Portland, Ore.—Olds, Wortman & King
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Pat gave her one wounded look, and flew out to the candy box.

Richard listened politely to this startling story, and then he said, "I'll tell you something, doll. I just bought Pat a year's subscription to the New Republic."

His wife moved her eyebrows haughtily. "Be sarcastic," she said. "At least Pat isn't mean about my cooking."

Neither is Dick, really. But then, she doesn't cook for him, so he never gets the chance to be.

She cooked for him once right after they were married.

She'd planned a simple dinner. Meat patties, they'd have, and boiled potatoes, and carrots, and a salad.

The boiled potatoes got water-logged. This isn't unusual. The salad wilted. Some people like salad fatigué. The meat shrank into hard little bullets. That happens sometimes. But those carrots— To this day, she can't figure what got into those carrots. One was soft, and one was hard, straight through the whole batch. She guesses she must have struck some rare scientific formula that might even be valuable.

But it wasn't worth much then.

Dick stared down at his plate, knowing she'd burned her fingers three times, and she wanted it to be so good, and now she couldn't eat a mouthful.

follow the bouncing ball . . .

He picked up a meat patty, and tossed it in the air. "Who cares about a little old bit of meat?" he cried gallantly. And waited for the meat patty to bounce back onto his plate.

It bounced on the brand-new couch, instead. It spattered forty-six grease spots all over, and June burst out crying, just like brides do in the movies.

Distressed, Richard went to her, and lifted her chin. "Honey, don't. I'll buy you more meat. I'll buy you more couches. I'll buy you—"

"Go away," June sobbed. "I'm a bad wife."

"But I *like* bad wives," he said. "Honest I do. The worse they are, the harder I fall for 'em."

She grinned up at him shakily, through big, wet eyes. "Richard, you're such a beautiful man."

After that, she didn't cook any more. Now she's working on a couple of other accomplishments.

The last few months of vacation have been a boon, as far as learning golf was concerned. In some ways, that is.

Every morning, June would sally forth with the clubs, and the will, and the fervent desire.

Every night, she'd stagger home with a broken heart.

Dick would arrive to find her glaring at her golf sticks. "I'd like to break them," she'd be muttering. "I'd like to smash them in a hundred thousand pieces and bury them deep in the ground. I'd like to beat that laughing caddy over his fat head!"

Dick plays a wonderful game, so of course, he won't play with June. She's humble about it; she doesn't expect him to. "You'd go crazy, waiting around for me, wouldn't you?" she says wistfully.

He says, "Yes, I would," and that ends that.



INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



ARTHUR KENNEDY, who scored as the accused man in BOOMERANG!, *was born in Worcester, Mass., on Feb. 17, 1914. He is 5' 11", 162 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He's married to Mary Chaffee. Write to him at Actors' Equity Assoc., 45 W. 47th Street, N. Y., as he is currently starring on Broadway in* All My Sons.



Also in BOOMERANG!, *as the cub reporter, was brown-haired, brown-eyed JIMMY DOBSON, who was born in Greenville, Tenn., some twenty-odd years ago, on Oct. 2nd. Jimmy is 5' 11" tall, weighs 155 lbs. and is unmarried. He can be reached at Fox, Beverly Hills, for a photo.*



RAY McDONALD returned from service to appear as Allyson's dancing partner in Till The Clouds Roll By. *He was born in Boston, Mass., on June 27. Is 5' 11" tall, weighs 145 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married to Elizabeth Fraser, and they have one child. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City. Next pic,* Good News.

Victor Morales, N. Y.: Charlotte Setzer, 635 Chestnut St., Janesville, Wisc., has the Richard Webb Club; Yvonne Mickle, 238 W. 106th Street, N. Y., has Rudy Wissler's.

Helen O'Connell, St. Louis: When stars free-lance, it means that they aren't with any studio. Thus, address the star care of Screen Actor's Guild, Hollywood. EVERY screen player is registered with the Guild, and can be reached there when he has no studio.

FREE OFFER: For each of the following, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope: (a) Questions on any of your favorite film players or pics (b) Instructions on starting a fan club (c) Score of *Humoresque* (d) Entire Academy Award list since origin. Address your letters to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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She's terrific at tennis, though, and also she's been gardening passionately.

To her surprise, flowers are actually growing where no flowers grew before.

Dick can't keep a straight face when June talks about her garden.

"I watched her one day," he tells people. "She dug a lot of holes in the ground, and then she put a lot of seeds in the holes, and then she admires the seeds sitting in the holes for a while, and after she was tired of that, she came over to me.

" 'See those piles of dirt I dug out of those holes?' she said. I said 'yes.'

" 'Well, Richard,' she said, 'what do I do with all that dirt?'

"You could have knocked me over with a short-handled spade. I told her to put the dirt back in the holes, and she beamed as if I'd given her an oil well. She's brilliant, my wife. I should give *her* the subscription to the New Republic."

In spite of the contempt which Dick professes for June's gardening ability, amazing progress is manifesting itself. Pansies and camellias sprout up like out of an Olsen and Johnson show, with frantic disregard for the way proper pansies and camellias sprout up, and June brags to Dick.

"I did it. Me, myself."

"Anything'll grow in California," he says. "You're the only living object I know that stopped at a scant five feet."

Whereupon she goes in the house and puts on four-inch heels, so Richard will be sorry he ever hinted she wasn't majestic.

She knows exactly where to find her four-inch heels, too. When Richard designed the closets for the house, he designed her a shoe closet, a sweater closet, a glove closet, a purse closet, a slack-and-blouse closet—you name it, and they've got a closet for it. In one closet, there is nothing but seven identical hats.

The reason for this last is simple. Before Christmas, Dick and June were going to make a short trip to New York. June never wears hats; she dislikes them, and usually Dick doesn't care. But this time, his sense of fitness rose up and smacked him.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you need a hat."

He went shopping and came home with a small sort of taxi-driver's-cap number, and she tried it on.

"It looks pretty good," he said proudly.

She admitted it looked as good as a hat *ever* looked on her, so he went out and bought six more, in six different colors.

She never wore them.

"I wouldn't say she was stubborn," Dick says, defending her staunchly. "At least, I wouldn't say she was stubborn where she could hear me."

Dick has his own stubbornnesses. They center around flying, mostly.

He loves it; June detests it. And never the twain shall meet.

. . . into the wild blue yonder . . .

Almost every week-end, they fly down to Palm Springs, or up to Santa Barbara, or out to God-knows-where, and meet a whole lot of other sprightly young couples who own planes, and they all talk about altitudes and instruments and stick time. Excepting June, who listens in glum silence.

Dick used to have an Ercoupe; now he has a Navion, and he's working up to a two-engine baby. Two engines would undoubtedly be still safer, but June's irrational about planes. She figures if she gets one headache from one engine, ipso facto, ergo, and two engines means two headaches.

She isn't one of those people who just hates to take-off, but is fine in the air. Or one of those people who's fine in the air, but can't stand landing. She simply hates the whole process from the minute she gets in until the minute she gets out.

Dick, who is flight-happy, is making a picture called *Assigned to Treasury,* and the last scenes take place in Havana.

"Maybe the studio'll let me fly down myself," he says, his face all glowing, and June sits there, dying.

Or he'll outline his plans for the near future. "I'd like to fly to Little Rock, Arkansas," he says. "And then I'd like to fly to Washington, and then I'd like to fly to New York."

"I won't let you!" she says. Adding, sadly, "But you will."

He worries about her the way she worries about Pat and Casey. He worries about her eating and her sleeping and her working, and whether or not she goes to the dentist.

For three years, he's been saying, "Go to the dentist and get your teeth checked, while you still have some teeth."

Finally, three weeks before she started *Good News,* she went, shaking with fright. What price, years of neglect?

this won't hurt a bit . . .

She told herself she deserved anything she got, but that wasn't much comfort, and when she sat down at last in the dentist's chair, her hands were wet, and her heart was banging.

She volunteered some information. "I had four fillings before," she said.

"Yes." The dentist was poking around with a little instrument. "I think we'll change those four."

"And what else?"

She sounded as though her voice were changing from boy soprano to girl bass, and back again.

"Nothing else, Miss Allyson," he said. "You have fine, strong teeth."

Currently, June is sitting around in her dressing-room at Metro, and feeling her four new fillings with her tongue. She looks so smug about the operation that someone will occasionally be cruel. "You know it isn't really such a sensational achievement to go to the dentist."

"It is for me," she says, and goes right on looking smug.

Part of the smugness could be on account of the dressing-room, of course. It's a new one that she decorated herself. It has red chairs with black legs, and a sort of aquamarine couch, with plump cushions, and a lamp with a frothy white shade, and the whole place is papered gaily. Naturally, it has very unusual closets, too—Dick designed them.

June loves it, and she and Betty Carlson, her secretary, spend spare hours there.

Dick found Betty Carlson for June. "She's a terrific girl," he said. "She used to be a French teacher."

When June met Betty, she was delighted, and the deal was closed. But that night, at home, June cornered her husband. "That Betty Carlson's awfully pretty," she said.

He laughed till he looked like a lobster with a crew-cut. "A jealous wife!"

"Well, she is," June said. "Awfully pretty."

June's supposed to speak some French for *Good News,* so Betty's tutoring her. Betty's accent is beautiful; June's is not, but it's fun anyway.

The only thing June doesn't love about *Good News* is the Technicolor makeup. She can't bear a lot of grease on her face, and for Technicolor you need it.

The very first day of shooting, her little dressing-room was so filled with flowers she could hardly turn around.

There were flowers from Chuck Walters, the director, and there were flowers from Peter Lawford, her co-star.

"Don't worry about a thing, Junie," Peter's card read. "I'll carry you through the entire picture."

And while she was chuckling over that, another long white box came, and she opened it, and it was full of red roses.

She picked up the card. "Happy picture," it said. "Husband." That was all.

But for Junie, that's enough.

IF TY HAD HIS WAY...

(*Continued from page 32*)

what is all this—love?"

Ty wasn't grinning when he said what he said, because it wasn't a kidding remark.

"If it isn't," answered Ty, "then it's the nearest I've ever come to it. She's a wonderful girl, Hedda, and I want you to know her."

"For heaven's sake, Ty!" I exclaimed, not believing my ears this time. "I do know Lana Turner." He shook his head.

"I don't believe you do, Hedda. I don't think anyone has ever tried to know her."

"Well," I began, "I understand she's pretty spoiled, and—"

He stopped me with another vigorous headshake. "Put that in the *past* tense," corrected Ty. "She's not any more."

Now this Tyrone Power has never tossed me a curve in any department and I decided—playing a quick truth-and-confessions with myself—come to think of it, he was right as rain. I certainly had never "tried to learn to know" Lana Turner. I thought the answers to Lana were fairly obvious. Maybe she'd been fooling me all these years—just as she'd fooled me not so long ago; in fact, the first time she'd appeared publicly in Hollywood with Tyrone Power.

That was at a party Otto Preminger, the director, gave. Ty brought Lana—and that's what I'd missed and Lana knew I'd missed it—that's why she wore a smug proud-to-fool-you-Hedda look. Well, I take off my best hat to a gal who can slip one like that over on me.

Ty had seen Lana before that. Here's how they discovered each other, just as Ty Power told it to me the afternoon he dropped by my house.

it all began . . .

It was at Romanoff's, last winter just after she came back from her South American tour, just before Ty flew off on his. He came in after dinner at the party both were invited to and the first person he saw was Lana, sitting by herself in a booth. She smiled invitingly and patted the empty seat beside her. Ty strolled over, feeling a funny pounding inside his shirt. Before he left, he'd found himself asking Lana's telephone number, and getting it. He drove by her house the next afternoon and they took up where they'd left off. Then Ty flew away on his "Filthy Five" all-male barnstorming tour of South America. When he came back, there was plenty to talk about concerning the romantic land they'd both visited. And when Ty Power came back things were very different with him. His marriage rift, already a fact, was announced in New York.

And since the formal separation was now known Ty felt free to follow his heart. It led straight to Lana Turner.

Lana found out in the very beginning that her new love was all man. She had her eyes opened once and for all when she flew to meet Ty in Mexico City. Ty was working there, making *Captain From Castile,* and Lana was on vacation. She was out for fun; Ty was working. They went to Ciro's, at Mexico City's Reforma Hotel, the first night. After dinner, it was late but Lana was just starting her evening. "Let's stay and dance," she said, but Ty shook his head firmly.

"No," he said, "I've got a four o'clock call and I've got to get some sleep."

"I want to stay," pouted Lana, and that pretty pout had always worked before.

Ty rose from the table and Lana placed her hand on his arm. That had always worked, too. "You're not going," she whis-



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pered. "You're going to stay and dance with me."

"You don't know *me*," said Ty. He paid his check, walked out and left—by himself. Lana had to call a cab. But I don't think she was so mad as she was surprised, and probably pleased. I doubt if anyone had ever done that to her before. Anyway, Lana liked what she discovered, because she flew to Mexico City again against M-G-M's wishes, right in the middle of *Green Dolphin Street.*

"I guess I don't know the Lana you describe," I confessed to Ty after a few minutes' chat, "and I want to know her. Why don't you bring her here for dinner?"

"Love to," he smiled. "I think you'll be surprised."

hedda goes overboard . . .

I was. I certainly was. In fact, after one of the most pleasant evenings I've had in a long time with the most handsome and utterly love-struck couple I've seen in ages, I'm prepared to go a bit overboard. Not only do I think they'd be wed tomorrow if Annabella had her divorce—but I think they'd stay married.

It wasn't necessarily the perfect picture they made together—although that was as flawless a matched male-and-female vision as I've ever seen. I've always thought Lana Turner one of the world's really great beauties. She had her naturally taffy silk hair darkened for *Green Dolphin Street.* It made her even more striking.

"I'm going to try and keep it this way," she said. "Do you like it?" I nodded. "I'm glad," said Lana. "I love it this way." Then she added what was most important. "Ty does, too."

That recurred like the theme in a symphony as we sat and talked until midnight. What Ty thought, what Ty did, what Ty said. And when Ty spoke, it was about Lana.

We chatted about Mexico, and all that Lana had seen was through Ty Power's eyes. They'd both collected a golden tan together which made them look younger and fresher and more alive. Ty's was a darker hue. Lana's a honey-gold. And every other moment it was "Ty did this and Ty showed me that." Through Ty, it was plain, Lana saw things that just wouldn't have been there otherwise.

They went to Acapulco, the heavenly seaside resort where Mexico's mountains meet the blue bay. To Lana, with Ty it was the most romantic spot on earth. "You've never seen such stars, Hedda," Lana marvelled. "You could reach right up into the velvet sky and pluck them out, they were that big!"

I couldn't help asking, "As big as the stars in your eyes?"

"Does it really show that much?" Lana smiled, startled.

"It certainly does, my dear," I told her. "And it's very becoming."

It was, too. Everything is more becoming to a lady when she's in love. Lana seemed more at peace to me, quieter, lost in a dream. I saw what Ty meant. Maybe I didn't know this Lana. She wasn't restless. She was content to sit and hold his hand all evening.

We talked of pictures and both Lana and Ty wanted to talk about one they'd like to do together. Together. We talked about their living problems. Ty has moved out of Annabella's house and he's camping with his friend, Watson Webb, until he can find one he wants to buy. He looked at Lana when he said that "I want"; I took it to mean "we." It was not long after Easter then and Ty and Lana told about their own particular Easter Day, about the identical bonnets Lana had had made at John Fredericks for herself and her daughter, Cheryl. "They looked like twins," chuckled Ty. Lana said Cheryl was crazy about the chocolate Easter eggs, chicks, and bunnies Ty brought over. It all sounded like a cozy understanding.

"What about you two?" I asked them. "What about wedding rings and things?"

"We can't discuss that until after Ty's divorce, Hedda," said Lana.

Said Ty quickly, "Of course, you know Annabella's getting it very soon."

Later Lana told me, "It's just as though all the past romances in my life had never existed. Ty is the only man I've ever loved."

There was a time when I would have smiled pretty skeptically at that remark, coming from Lana Turner. But it suddenly occurred to me that Lana certainly could *well* mean what she said. Not only did every word and gesture she made that night in my house back her words, but for the first time I realized Lana Turner was in love with a man who matched up. Probing my memory through the men in her life, I knew Lana had always consistently picked the wrong kind for the girl she is.

"I'll bet," I told myself wonderingly, "if Lana and Ty had met and fallen in love at the start they'd be settled happily down now with a bunch of kids!"

But they didn't meet at the start.

There isn't space enough here to go into the Romances of Lana Turner. But the ones that flashed through my mind that night all fell smack in the same wrong-guy-for-Lana groove. Greg Bautzer, the lawyer-man-about-town, for instance, whom Lana thought she loved and would have married, only Greg liked his independence too much to be tied down. And Artie Shaw, the band leader, whom Lana married.

Then there was her unfortunate, spectacular marriage to Steve Crane. You'll remember the hideous mix-up when it turned out that his divorce had not been final when he'd married Lana. The one bright spot in this brief, ill-starred alliance was Cheryl, Lana's darling little girl.

There was Howard Hughes, the brilliant millionaire aviator who's never married anyone of the Hollywood stars he's beaued. Howard flew Lana across the continent and went out of his way to show her the Grand Canyon. It was deep enough to swallow their romance, because when they landed in Hollywood they never saw each other again. There was a South American swain supposed to be captivating Lana with Latin love and lavishness when she took her flying trip to Rio. He was supposed to send her a race horse, as I recall, but that horse, like the romance, melted into the mists.

All the time, I know, Lana wanted to get married, and maybe that was why she circulated, stayed the party girl even though she was a mother—until Ty Power came along.

Ty Power matches Lana in more ways than just being an extremely handsome guy perched on a Hollywood star's throne. He, too, had been unlucky in love. Furthermore, though he has an acting tradition in his family, he came through in Hollywood almost as suddenly as Lana did when she put on her first fatal sweater. They're both—Lana and Ty—Young America who came through—and I've always thought Young America should team up together to make a marriage work.

Well, that sums up the reverie I slipped into while I talked to Ty and Lana over coffee at my house and watched them hold hands like a couple of puppy lovers. They used to save a table for Turner every night at Mocambo, and she usually showed up with some pretty boy or other. They don't save it any more. Ty and Lana go out to dinner and to parties, of course—they aren't ready for slippers and a rocking chair yet, by any means. They came together to one I gave the other day for Col. Robert McCormick, the Chicago Tribune's publisher, and Lana proved she hasn't lost any of her wonderful flair for elegance when she wants to use it.

She wore a sable-black dress with diamond earbobs, rings and clips and a perfect black hat with flowers. I appreciated her dressing up for my party. I knew Ty would have to run Lana home to change to informal clothes, because they had another informal dinner engagement later that night. But she knew I wanted the Colonel, on his first Hollywood visit, to see Hollywood's most beautiful star at her most glamorous.

I'm not quite sappy enough to think Lana Turner will ever settle down to making apple-pan dowdy with flour on her face, or anything—don't misunderstand me. But I think with a quick divorce action there might be something very solid for Lana and Ty in a Hollywood union that would blend successfully with two very flourishing careers.

the waiting game . . .

But the path of true love never did run smooth—in Hollywood or anywhere else—and there are clouds that hang today over Ty and Lana's hopes and plans. For one, although Ty and Annabella's property settlement is all signed and sealed, the divorce has been delayed until she returns from Paris.

Everyone who is interested in the happiness of these two hopes the way will be clear for their marriage before long.

For if time drags on, say another twelve months or even six, then the danger curve for Cupid rises, day by day. There are too many psychological termites boring away at a love affair in Hollywood, and anything can happen to a drawn-out romance.

When they said "Good-night" at my door that night I told them right out what I thought, no matter what they admitted or didn't admit about wedding talk. "You've got companionship, and love—and that spells marriage to me," I said. They didn't say no, at least . . .

What I didn't say was something I thought, as I watched the handsome jet-and-marble male features of Tyrone Power blend into the darkness with the lovely ivory-and-gold beauty of Lana Turner:

It was, "If they only *were* married, those two, think of the beautiful babies they'd have. Why," I mused, as I closed the door on my disappearing dinner guests, "that pair could found a whole divine new dynasty of movie stars if they had the chance!" I hope they do.

DOIN' WHAT COMES NATCH-ER-LY!

Naturally, Lana Turner doesn't walk down the main street of your town every day in the week. But we've hardly heard of a movie fan anywhere who doesn't have at least one eye-witness story to tell about meeting a real, live movie star in person. If you're one who's "seen it happen," you just naturally want to tell the whole world about it, don't you? That's the idea behind our "I Saw It Happen" Department. So, how about sending us your experience? First, of course, you'll want to read the "Happen" boxes in this issue so you'll see that we want short, unusual and true anecdotes. Mail your entries to: "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And—naturally!—there'll be a check for $5 waiting for every entry we use.*

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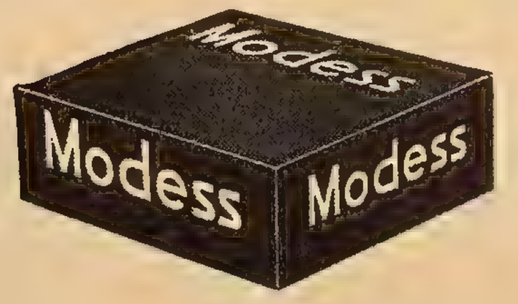
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IF YOU'VE WONDERED . . . By Florabel Muir

(*Continued from page 27*)

person I have ever met anywhere in all my life. He constantly amazes me. I wonder how anyone can be so thoughtful. It isn't only with me or with his close friends. He's that way about people he scarcely knows. The other day he read about the death of a man he had met once or twice. To my surprise, he sat down and wrote a letter to the widow and sent her flowers. A little boy from down the street came here the other day to play with my son and Van took their pictures. Then he got the idea of how much fun the kid would get out of an enlarged picture of himself and how his mother would like it. So he spent the whole afternoon getting that picture finished. There isn't ever too much trouble if he can make someone happy. Is it any wonder that I love him?"

She told me she couldn't really say when she began to love Van. It was something that grew first with a great friendship, then a deep affection and finally the realization that here was the man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with.

"I am essentially a woman who wants a home and the security and peace that should go with it," she explained. "Like every other woman, I wanted a husband who would share the home with me. I guess we all want some one to play house with us from the time we're in pigtails.

"That's why I fell in love with Van. He noticed all the little things I did around the house. He knew when I had a new dress or changed the style of my hair. If I felt depressed or blue he told me something funny that would make me laugh till the tears rolled down my cheeks."

Evie wouldn't say anything at all about her life with Keenan Wynn, but she didn't need to tell me why she didn't find happiness with him because I've been watching these two for a long time in Hollywood, and although I am very fond of Keenan and admire him greatly, I wouldn't want to be married to him, either. I'm sure, although he appreciated the lovely home Evie made for him and the children, that he would have been just as happy living at the Lambs Club. I've seen them night after night together in the gay spots and nearly all of the time he would be table hopping, talking animatedly with his friends, while Evie sat alone at their table, twiddling her thumbs.

One night she and a girl friend went to Ciro's with Keenan, and he left them sitting while he galloped off to talk to everyone in the place. I heard the friend tell Evie she was silly to stand for that, and when Keenan didn't come back for too long a time the friend went and got him. Since he and Evie have been divorced, he goes out with many a pretty girl. But they all wind up sitting at the table alone while he table-hops.

He doesn't want to play any games that a girl could play, either. He is happiest when he's off dashing about the country on a motorcycle. Up and down hazardous roads, over hill and dale he rushes. And, of course, when he gets home, he's too tired to be entertaining or amusing to a wife. It wasn't in the cards that their marriage could last.

"I hesitated a long time about getting a divorce, though," Evie told me. "I didn't want to hurt Van with those wonderful people who idolize him. It has been like a miracle to me that our marriage hasn't changed them. And they're so nice to me, too. But I do wish they wouldn't keep thinking about me as a woman older than Van. We are just about the same age, you know."

And she didn't look like an old woman, sitting there with her feet tucked under her, in a bathing suit, her short hair tied back with a blue ribbon.

"Pretty cute kid, huh?" said Van pushing her into the pool. "You'd never believe she's the mother of two kids would you?"

a party for evie . . .

Van was planning a party for Evie's birthday, which was May 8. He made up the guest list, planned the menu, ordered the food, and then he suddenly realized that he was doing everything.

"Hey, this is your party," he told her. "Why don't you get some ideas about this affair, too?"

"You seem to be doing so well. Why should I bother?" she asked.

She told me that she hasn't bought one single thing for the house unless he was with her.

"He'd kill me if I did. He wants to see everything we get even if it's only an egg beater from the five- and ten-cent store. We've spent hours in furniture stores and drapery shops together. Every time we go shopping, it's like the circus for him. He has such a good time.

"And I used to think I was neat and orderly about the house, until I came to live with Van. He's Swedish, you know, and has the almost fanatic urge to be clean that Swedes have. He sees a speck of dust no bigger than a fly and is always polishing things. Never leaves his clothes lying around.

"On the cook's day off, he makes my breakfast, and he wants to cook dinner too, when we're by ourselves. And, of course, he washes the dishes. You should see him shine the glasses. He told me that he got used to helping around the house because his grandmother who raised him wasn't young and strong. He loved her so, he wanted to save her from any extra step. You've no idea how wonderful it is to be waited on like this. It's heavenly."

I asked her if he notices her clothes or the way she wears her hair.

"Notice them? He tells me what to wear. He likes to choose the dress he wants me to wear when we go out and he's fussy about my makeup. It was on his orders I had my hair cut shorter."

I told Evie that friends had noticed that Van wasn't moody any more like he used to be. He even stays at parties until everybody else has gone home.

"Have they noticed that, too? He has changed. He used to be so restless. No sooner did he arrive at a party than he wanted to leave. He often used to desert the girls he took out and say he had a headache or something. It was just that he couldn't be bothered." Van joined us at this point and explained why he used to duck parties. "It was because I felt so inadequate. Never had anything to talk about but my acting job and who wanted to hear about that? Now I have lots to talk about. My house, my wife, my car and my tennis. I can entertain people for hours. Guys tell me about their houses, and I tell them about mine."

When Evie left us alone, I quizzed Van about her.

"You know, Florabel, I've always felt like a fool talking about anything that I cared deeply about. I'm just one of those inarticulate Swedes, I guess. But my happiness frightens me. I realize my great responsibility. I hope I can measure up to it. I want to make Evie and the children so happy. Maybe I'll stumble occasionally in my efforts. But I guess Evie will always know I mean to do the right thing."

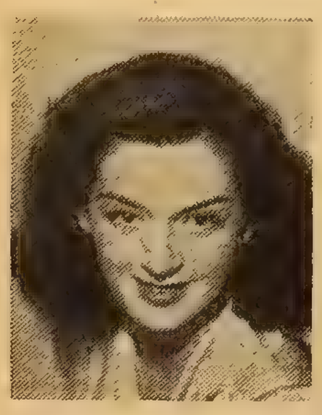
Since their marriage, Van has been vacationing. But he has to report to the studio soon to start a picture, and he dreads it.

"I used to hang around the studio all the time," he said. "That little old dressing room was my home, pal. But it's different now. I guess I'll be thinking up excuses to stay home. Gee, I hate to leave this place for a whole day. Why do I have to work for a living? Why can't I just sit here and relax by the pool for the rest of my life?"

"You'd go crazy," his wife told him.

"You're so right. Say, let's go down to La Cienega and buy us one of those tent things to put over here in the corner by the pool. I saw just the one we ought to have driving by there last night." So off they went on another shopping spree, like two kids on the way to their very first circus.

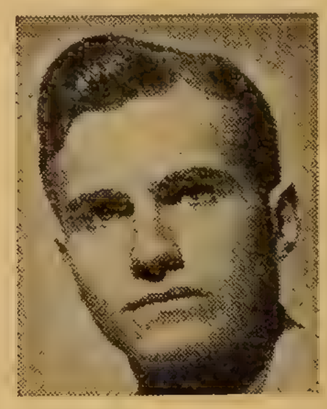
I SAW IT HAPPEN



As I was nervously waiting to interview Sister Kenny for our school paper, a tall, beautiful woman entered the room. She asked me if I were waiting for Sister Kenny also. I said yes and, as she seemed so friendly. I told her how scared I was about the interview. "Would it help," she smiled, "if I went in with you?" Just then Sister Kenny came out and said to her, "Why, Miss Russell, how lovely of you to come to see me." Yes, it was Rosalind Russell. She went in with me and I was never so proud in my life as I was to have the reel Sister Kenny sit beside me, while I interviewed the real Sister Kenny.

Louisa Foss,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The movie company of The Stronghold *was on location at the Courthouse here in Quebec, and I went downtown for my first view of a film in the shooting stage. When I arrived on the scene, a policeman stopped me from getting very close to the action. I was very disappointed because from where I was standing I could not see too much. Just then Helmut Dantine, one of the stars of the picture, came by, saw my plight and took my arm. "Let the lady through," he told the policeman. "She's my girl friend." Of course, it was just a scheme to get me through the lines, but I certainly appreciated Mr. Dantine's kindness.*

Gisele Charest,
Quebec, Canada

BRINGING UP ELIZABETH

(*Continued from page 45*)

piano. "If we could get an old second-hand one, anything"—I said to my husband —"maybe I could teach her a few nursery songs." Up until that time she hadn't been able to sing one note. He found one and we started and it looked pretty hopeless for a while. But, before too long our noteless Elizabeth had developed a sweet coloratura. We'd put a record on, and she'd take it with Lily Pons. Lily would stop, and there'd be Elizabeth still holding this note, looking so happy that Daddy and I would laugh till the tears rolled down our cheeks.

Singing seemed to do something for her. Out of her shyness, she blossomed into the gayest of children. Indeed, it was her voice that first attracted interest at M-G-M. As for acting, she loves it, but it's made no essential change in her. If there'd been any tendency toward self-inflation, her brother would have squelched it. To Elizabeth, Howard is king, and like most older brothers, he considers it his mission in life to keep her from feeling that she's so much. Which we think is fine.

For example, they were running a girl-ask-boy dance at Beverly High. I should explain that, while Elizabeth goes to school at the studio, Beverly High, where Howard's a senior, is her second home. Most afternoons you'll find her at the canteen, having malted milks with her friends, and the school dances are the only ones she's allowed to attend.

wanted: one fixer-upper . . .

On this occasion she appealed to Howard. "I might ask someone who's accepted another bid, and I'd hate to be turned down. Could you sort of find out for me?"

Howard was incensed. "You mean go round asking fellows, have you got a date? Not me! Go ahead and take a chance on being turned down. The other girls do."

If anything, her work's made Elizabeth a stricter conformist. Acting is different enough. In all other respects, she must be even more like the rest. At 15, there's apparently something so horrible about being different that it's almost a crime. I have to go out and buy hideous sloppy-joe sweaters and those wretched angoras that shed all over the house. One day I caught a gleam of hope. Flittering through a fashion magazine, my daughter gave a startled yip. "Look, she's wearing her sweater inside her skirt. That must be the latest."

She tucked her own sweater inside and ran across to Ann Westmore's. Ann's not merely her bosom pal, she's the law and the prophets. When Elizabeth returned, her sweater was pulled out again. "What happened to the newest trend?"

"Oh, I got razzed. Ann said the magazine must've lost its mind."

It was while she was working in *Life With Father* last summer that Elizabeth grew clothes-conscious. She was 14, playing 16, and all of a sudden it was anything to make her look older. Little waists, tight belts, high heels. Pleated skirts are tabu. "Oh, they're so juvenile, Mother." But the big battle was the battle of the lipstick.

In *Life With Father* she wore makeup for the first time and loved it. The makeup men, with only kindness in their hearts, gave her little jars of pomade, and she'd try to get around me by pointing out that, as these were gifts, it was the part of courtesy to use them. That didn't work. One night she came home with Howard from a basketball (*Continued on page 95*)



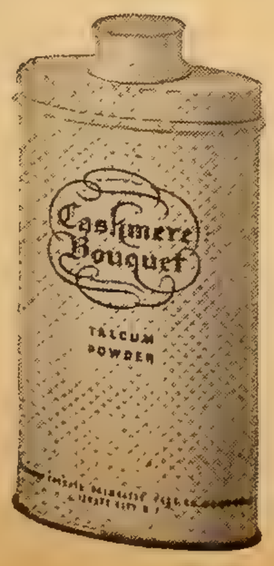
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with the fragrance men love

93



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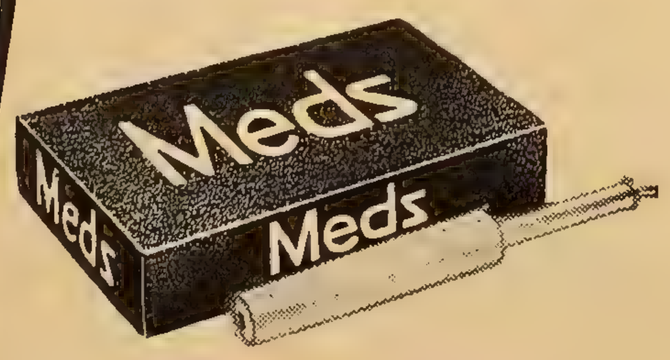
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the fans



MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

Here it is—at last! The month of the big Hollywood Fan Club Convention. It is the sincere wish of the Modern Screen Fan Club Association that this convention will be a successful one, and that every delegate will work whole-heartedly to contribute something worthwhile and beneficial. Because we know that for most of you this will be a new experience, we'd like to mention a few of the "pitfalls" of which we hope all of you will steer clear: 1. Keep in close contact with convention headquarters at all times, so that you are sure of which event will take place next, where and when it will be held, and how to find your way there. 2. Obey carefully whatever instructions are given for the conduct of delegates. Remember, rules are made not to *inconvenience* you, but to *protect* you. 3. This will not be the time for petty jealousies, personal squabbles or destructive criticism and action. Always conduct yourself in a well-mannered, orderly fashion.

THE CONVENTION PROGRAM

Monday, June 23

12 p.m. Luncheon—Open Forum

Evening. Radio Shows

Tuesday, June 24

Afternoon. Sight-seeing tour, via bus

Evening. Dinner in Colorful Olvera Street

Wednesday, June 25

All-day Outing

Thursday, June 26

Morning. Radio Broadcast

Evening. Theater Party

Friday, June 27

Open

Saturday, June 28

4 p.m. Tea and Presentation to Charity at Ambassador Hotel

Sunday, June 29

9 p.m. Fan Clubs' Representatives' Ball at Ciro's

Note: Delegates who are under 18 and attending the Convention from out of town, *must have the written consent of their parents, and be accompanied by a guardian, or they will not be seated at the Convention.*

CLUB BANTER: Martha Farrington's Jeannette MacDonald Club has inaugurated a Sunshine Committee, headed by Peggy Murphy. Object: to send cards and notes to clubbers who are either ill or celebrating gay occasions . . . the "Baby Sitter Brigade" of Dixie Gibbs' Jack Smith Club in Rochester, Indiana, is a novel idea in fan clubs. When prexy gets a call from a frantic mother in need of a sitter, she taps available mems to fill the job . . . Darryl Hickman (McCreight) Club's "Favorite scene" Contest is a new twist in club contests . . . Betty Grable, Dale Evans, Bill Williams and Barbi Hale will be the stars honored in the next Four Stars Journal . . . Girlfriends of the "Boyfriend" (Vic Damone) wrote to Arthur Godfrey of the Talent Scout Program, inviting him to be an honorary (because Vic was winner of one of his contests) and Art was so pleased, he read the letter and accepted over the air . . . Sid Ceasar threw a private party for his club (Joan Schneider and Anne Cohen, co-prexies) in the rehearsal hall of the Roxy Theater, during his p.a. . . . Bobby Beers' Club made half a column (Harve Fischman's) in the Chicago Times . . . for the first anniversary of his club, Danny Scholl entertained prexy Lenore Larson and other clubbers at his radio guest shots and the theater . . . Theresa Smith, prexy of the Skip Homeier Club, was the subject of a feature story in the Wilmington Star. All about her activities as a one-woman drive against racial prejudice . . . Walter Goldby, of Lois Carnahan's Barbi Hale Club (and 29 others) draws sketches for Jane and Ronnie Reagan's daughter, Maureen. She likes to color them . . . Beatrice Gussin (Gerry Kee's Ladd's Legionnaires) painted an oil portrait of Linda Darnell and won a top prize with it in her high school art contest . . . Dorene Granade is offering free memberships to all veterans in her James Gleason Club . . . Any prexy (or group of prexies), preferably with club under 500, interested in purchasing a used portable mimeo machine, please inquire MSFCA, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Here they are: the current club leaders in the fifth lap of our Trophy Cup Contest. League One (clubs of 600 members or over): Nelson Eddy Music Club, 1350 points; Gene Autry Friendship Club, 800 pts.; June (Allyson) Bugs, 700 pts.; Shirley Temple Club, 650 pts.; Dick Haymes Associates, Ernest Tubb Club, 600 pts. League Two (clubs of 200 to 599 members): Bob Crosby Club, 1050 pts.; Dennis Morgan Club, 950 pts.; Ginger Rogers Club, 800 pts.; Charles Korvin Club, 750 pts.; Gene Kelly Club, 600 pts.; Larry Douglas Club, Gloria Jean Club, 600 pts. League Three (clubs with under 200 members): Sinatra Club (Wolfenstein), 850 pts.; Bill Williams Club (Demers), 750 pts.; Basil Rathbone Club, 700 pts.; Richard Jaeckel Club, 650 pts.; Carole Landis Club, New Stars Club, Sinatra Club (Beattie), Joe Cotten Club, Sinatra Club (Chiappari), 600 pts.

THIS MONTH'S WINNERS: THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. ea. to club. (Individual Prize, Gift set, FABERGE's sophisticated APHRODISIA Perfume and Cologne for the girls; FABERGE's WOODHUE Men's Cologne for the boys): Iris Perry, Sinatra (Pacilio) C.; Amena Peacock, Vincent Price C.; Mildred Avarado, Allyson C.; Arthur Holden, Ginger Rogers C.; Robert Waste, Stardusters C.; Herb Pease, Bob Crosby C. CANDID CAMERA CONTEST: (First Prize, 100 pts. to club; Beautiful TANGEE TRIP KIT for travel) Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman C. (Others: 50 pts. to ea. club; surprise package of four DELL MYSTERIES to winners) Barbara Feit, Sinatra (DiMattia) C.; Berenice Olson, Gene Autry F.C.; Dianne Beresford, Dennis Morgan C.; Ronnie DeArmond, Glenn Vernon (McCarthy) C.; June Sams, Ella Mae Morse C. BEST JOURNAL EDITORS OF MONTH, 250 pts. ea. to clubs. (Individual Prize: Special assortment of lovely PONDS Cosmetics for girls; Year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, 4 Dell Mysteries to Dave) Marianne Gitzler, Carmen Cavallaro C.; Marion Oppenheim, Bette Davis C.; Dave Hanson, Allyson C. BEST ORIGINAL PIECE OF ART WORK, 150 pts. to club. (Individual Prize: Year's subscriptions to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM and 4 Dell Mysteries) Phil Steriti, Sinatra (Delaney) C. BEST COVERS, 250 pts. to ea. club: June Allyson Journal; Ginger's Gems; (tied) Stardusters and Johnnie's (Johnston) Gay Notes. MOST WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES, 250 pts. to ea. club: Gene Autry F.C.; Dennis Morgan C.; Sinatra (Pacilio) C. BEST JOURNALS, 500 pts. to ea. club: Nelson Eddy Golden Notes (Music C.); Jive (Bob Crosby C.); Swooner's Corner (Sinatra C., Chiappari). GREATEST MONTHLY PERCENTAGE INCREASES IN MEMBERSHIP; 100 pts. to ea. club: No qualifications in League 1; Bill Williams (Chandler) C.; A. Ladd (Pearl) C. BEST MSFCA CORRESPONDENTS, 50 pts. to ea. club: Mary Susan Leonard, S. Temple C.; Annette Russell, Baritony C. (Ray Heatherton-Jerry Cooper-Jimmy Farrell); Josie Ciabattoni, Marian McManus C.

(*Continued from page 93*) game, and spoke to me firmly.

"Mother, I was the only girl at that game without lipstick on, and it made me look different. You wouldn't want me to look different, would you?"

"Yes, I would. I'd want you to look clean and scrubbed, and show the whole world you don't have to wear makeup."

"But Mother, you don't understand." (That cry of the teen-ager—Mother, you don't understand.) "The girls don't see it that way. They think you're a square."

Well, she confused me. It was probably that word "square," which they use as if it meant leprosy or worse. I finally agreed to lipstick within reason, and I've just flatly picked two shades she's allowed to use, and no others—Hildegarde Rose and Seashell Pink, which are almost the color of her lips.

If I have any rule, it's the rule of compromise. You give a little, and you take a little. The one thing I won't take is back-talk. Reasonable argument, yes, but no impudence. Elizabeth doesn't talk back, but for doggedness in trying to get her own way, any teen-ager could give cards and spades to a mule.

With her, the most effective method of showing displeasure is to stop talking to her. Elizabeth can't bear it. On the set one day, we had a little difference of opinion. You know how young girls wear their hair all over their faces? It irritates me, makes me think of a sheepdog. I'd push it back, and she'd flick it forward. In the end, I just walked off the set, which worked better than any number of words. When I came back, she was an angel.

on her it looked good . . .

I have no more use, however, for an arbitrary parent than I do for a self-willed child. In New York last fall, we went through the phase of the black party dress. For a girl not yet 15, black seemed to me absurd. I said certainly not. No sooner had I said it, than they brought out this heavenly black velvet and Elizabeth went mad. "Oh Mother, just let me try it on."

Once I saw her in it, I realized there was no reason why she shouldn't have it, except that I'd just said no, which isn't much of a reason. So I changed my mind and said yes.

On the other hand, I *can* be adamant. On the subject of strapless evening gowns, for instance. A dozen times it's been, "Oh Mother, you don't *know*. *All* the girls wear them. You want me to look like a teen-ager, don't you, Mother?"

And a dozen times, weary but holding my own, I've said: "What the other girls wear doesn't concern me, Elizabeth. *You're* not wearing strapless evening gowns." I believe she's beginning to be convinced.

We're also firm about going along to premieres. We let her accept a date, but her father and I are in the party. Of course, we bring up the rear, and they always manage to photograph her and the boy, so that no one could possibly know we were around. But Elizabeth knows it. And doesn't always relish it. She did her best to wangle it to the Academy affair alone. Her date was Marshall Thompson. Let me say that you couldn't find a nicer boy in the world, nor one we'd rather have her be with. But if a girl of 15's allowed to go unchaperoned to these big affairs, we just don't see how you can keep her from feeling blasé later on.

"Oh *please*, Mother," she begged. "It looks so much more grown-up, stepping out of the car with just your date."

"That's exactly the point, darling. You're *not* grown up, and we'd rather you didn't try it before your time."

She goes out only with boys whose families we know. Or if Howard knows the family and brings the boy home, and

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Elizabeth meets him at the dinner table. Weekdays, she's allowed no dates unless it's a special premiere, and then only when she's not working. If she's on a picture, her dinner's served in bed, after which she studies her script.

If she goes out Friday night, she stays in on Saturday. Maybe asks her crowd over for a barbecue, the advantage being that we can send them home early. On parties, we set a 12 o'clock deadline. Several times she's put up an argument about that and, when it's seemed reasonable, we've yielded.

On party nights, we make sure the refrigerator's well stocked, and encourage the children to bring their friends in for a snack. If we left milk and sandwiches out, it would be a bore. But if they can raid the icebox, and the boys can fix bacon and scrambled eggs, that's fun. Especially if they burn the eggs and let the hot chocolate run over.

I'd now like to record a small miracle worked in our midst, which may interest other mothers. Elizabeth had no sense of money values, so we hesitated to increase her weekly income of a dollar. After talking it over, we decided to put her on a clothes allowance and see what happened.

What happened was a revelation. She used to want everything she saw—from junk jewelry to mink. On our first shopping expedition with her own money, my daughter became a changed woman under my nose.

Elizabeth had turned 15 on February 27th, and by request had been given money for her birthday. "To spend foolishly—because I've never been allowed to spend money foolishly." This birthday check was also tucked into her bag. First thing she sighted was a handpainted blouse—price, $45. "Oh mother, how divine! *I* know! That'll be with my foolish money." I didn't say a word. Folly, after all, had been the purpose of the check. But Elizabeth hesitated. "Let's look around first." The upshot was that she found and bought an equally effective blouse at $5.95. What really floored me, though, was her approach to the purchase of an Easter outfit. "I'm on an allowance now," she confided to the salesgirl, "so don't bring me things that are too expensive. Have you anything on sale?"

We have two other problems that are harder to handle. One is untidiness. Never will I forget the day when a photographer was coming to do a home sitting. It was during the war and we couldn't get any help. Twenty times I'd impressed it upon Elizabeth that her room must look particularly neat. When the photographer arrived, the place was in apple-pie order, everything shone. Why the bed had to be moved, I don't remember—for my sins, I suppose—but moved it had to be for a certain shot. There must have been fifty comic books under that bed, face tissues, shoes, even clothes—oh well, why go on? The photographer laughed., wanted to take pictures of it, but my own humor failed me. Over my dead body, I told him.

crime and punishment . . .

I doubt if Elizabeth's ever stowed anything under her bed since. But unless she's watched, sweaters are still thrown in drawers any old way, and her dressing-table's a mess. I've experimented with all sorts of corrections. Correction's her word, by the way. To me it sounds awful, but she prefers it to punishment.

At last inspiration came. The radio! Unless the radio's blaring, she's lost. Now I just leave little notes on the bedroom door. Notes, I find, are more effective than talk—also less tiring. It's my profound belief that the fewer words you use with teen-agers, the better. They've got such a long list of arguments, and so much more energy. So I leave a note. "Sorry, darling, there'll be no radio this evening. You didn't hang up your clothes." That does it for a while.

Our second, and only real trouble is time. Time doesn't exist for Elizabeth. Her timeless world is really something I haven't been able to cope with. It drives me crazy. Take baths. Unless I'm standing right there, she'd stay in her bath till tomorrow morning. Take school. At first, seven seemed a reasonable rising hour; gradually it got to be 6:30; then six. She'd play with the cat; she'd get the chipmunk out of his cage; then he wouldn't go back; then she'd have to feed him. One evening I found myself setting the alarm for 5:30. To save *myself*, I had to put a stop to that.

I tried letting her be late to school, thinking that would embarrass her. Not at all. I talked to her teacher. We decided to keep her double the length of her lateness after school—triple the length. All we accomplished was to wear the teacher out.

And it's not that she doesn't like school. She does. Certainly, she adores premieres, yet exactly the same thing goes on. We'll be downstairs, me wilting in my fur coat, with my orchid threatening to follow suit —"We're all waiting, Elizabeth."

"Don't get upset, Mother, I'll be right down."

Long minutes elapse, to the tune of rumblings from Daddy. At length, he erupts and starts up after her.

"I'm just ready, Daddy; I'm just coming." And our daughter appears, sweet and smiling, at the head of the stairs.

Nothing helps. No correction corrects. If any mother anywhere can tell me what to do about time and Elizabeth, four Taylors will be everlastingly in her debt.

ADVERTISEMENT



"She's not a model really—that bag's full of Pepsi-Cola."

PIED PIPER

(Continued from page 60)

junior Astaires and knew in his bones that *next* week things would start looking up.

When he'd taken this job teaching at the dancing school sponsored by a Pittsburgh synagogue, he'd pictured himself surrounded by dozens of kids, and his heart had warmed to the thought. With some guys, it's horse-racing. With Kelly—now as then—it's kids. He's nuts about them. That first day the small, uninspired turnout was a real kick in the teeth, but the next week, a dozen of the ten- to twelve-year-olds showed up, in addition to the original group. They started out eyeing Gene as if he had two heads, but after fifteen minutes of shooting baskets with him, they relaxed and began to have fun. By the end of the afternoon, they weren't quite on Strauss waltzes, but Gene had them all doing dance steps reminiscent of Doug Fairbanks in his palmy days. And when the kid they called "Duckfoot"—a small-scale Eddie G. Robinson—mopped his brow and said admiringly, "He-eey, this is strictly a work-out," Gene knew with a quick stab of joy that he was "in."

Getting the teen-aged boys to come to dancing class required a different approach, but Gene was close enough to his own teens to know exactly what to do. He stopped one of the smoothies on the street one day. "Hear you're having yourselves a ball up at the high-school," he said.

"That's right," said the kid.

"Want to be the best dancer at it?" Gene said. "Oh, I don't mean just *good*. I mean really sharp stuff."

"Well, I guess I wouldn't mind."

a hit with the mob . . .

The smoothie brought a friend for moral support, and the news got around that this Kelly guy was terrific. After a while the gym wasn't big enough to hold the mob that flocked to learn from The Feet, and there wasn't a happier man in Pittsburgh than Gene.

At that point Gene, although only a kid himself, had been teaching dancing for years. He and his mom had organized a dancing school when he was in his teens, and he'd put himself through college on the proceeds. Teaching was his first love, and he'd still rather be a teacher than a dancer. If his pupils were kids, that is.

For Gene, teaching always meant more than fun. It was so very gratifying when some of his pupils became fine dancers, but there was a deeper satisfaction to his work than that. Some of the youngsters came from lonely neighborhoods or farms where there were few children. These shy ones used to suffer when they first attended the class. They hung back in a corner most of the time, and when Gene asked them to do an exercise, they melted in embarrassment. Under his gentle guidance and encouragement, they began to bloom, and when they suddenly found that they could dance just as well, and perhaps a little better, than the others, they'd hold up their heads with a new-born confidence. Remembering his own shy childhood, Gene got a kick out of watching the half-pints knock down their own defense mechanisms.

There were the sick kids, too. Several doctors sent paralysis cases to the Kelly school. They shared Gene's feeling that dancing is often not only therapeutically good for crippled children, but wonderful for their morale. It gives them a pretty fancy feeling to know that even though they're lame they can dance a little bit.

In connection with this work, Gene told me a story about a little crippled girl he'd worked with, and then he said, "Hey, you'd

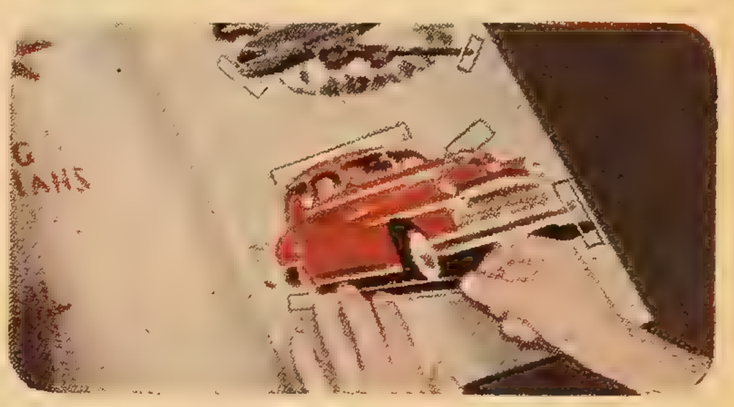


Now, let's see you kick the covers off, Glamour Boy!

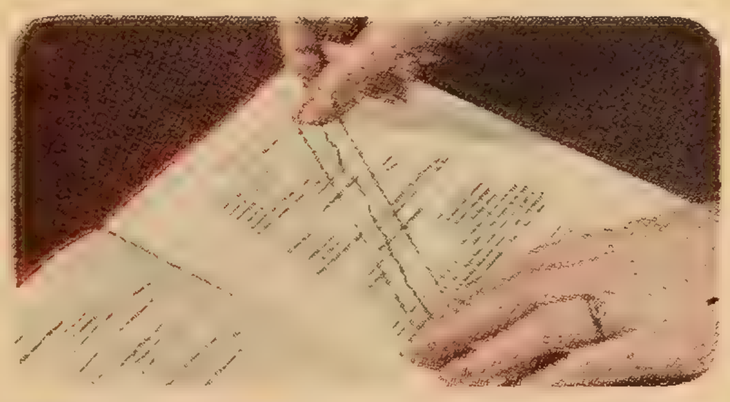
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better skip that. It might embarrass the kid if she reads it." But you know, Mr. Kelly, I can't skip that story. It needs to be told because of the encouragement it will give to hundreds of youngsters. I've changed the little one's name so that she can't possibly feel bad, and Mr. Kelly, you old softie, please don't be mad at me.

We'll call her Joan, this five-year-old Gene discovered in one of his classes one morning. Her right leg was considerably shorter than the left, and she was so painfully conscious of her deformity that at first she wouldn't even look at Gene. His big heart went out to her. He flopped down in a deep chair and stretched his right leg in front of him; then rose from the chair standing on that one leg.

"Joan," he said, "can you do this?" Joan watched him, a brief wistful smile on her face, then she dropped her glance shyly.

"When you can do that, Joan, I'll teach you a dance step. Will you try?"

Well, she practiced for a week, awkwardly at first, her face burning with embarrassment, and there came a beautiful morning when she could do it quite easily. She tugged at Gene's arm, too excited for mere words, and he watched her go through the exercise feeling his own pulse pound. When she'd finished he discovered that he had no words either, so he just gave her the old prizefighter salute, his hands clasped over his head. She became one of his star pupils, and in time her leg lengthened almost to normalcy.

he's been around . . .

Gene's really traveled since those early days in Pennsylvania. From Pittsburgh he went to New York where he started at the bottom of the ladder in show business. He danced in *Leave It to Me.* Then in *One for the Money,* he did a solo, some songs, and had a line or two. He dabbled briefly in summer stock, came back and appeared in *The Time Of Your Life,* which won the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics Award, and established Gene as a legitimate actor. *Pal Joey* cinched that fact, and then he staged the music and dancing for *Best Foot Forward.* Now, after a few solid years as a Hollywood star, he's back where he started —teaching kids. And still getting results. It's like this.

For his new picture, *Living in a Big Way,* he does a dance called "The Pied Piper" with a bunch of small sprouts. In order to select them, he asked the casting department to send him a couple of hundred boys and girls. In they trouped one morning, all like small Eleanor Powells and Fred Astaires, and executing entrechats for Gene. They left him very cold, so he called Casting again and asked them to send him kids who couldn't dance a step as he wanted to teach them himself. Out of the second batch he was able to salvage a few normal unstage-struck youngsters, and his experience in the Pittsburgh synagogue school held him in good stead. Inside of an hour, he had them all crazy about dancing—all but this one straight-haired, snub-nosed little boy who was much more enchanted with playing in the half-built house that was one of the props. During an intermission, Gene took him aside. "Bet your mom misses you this morning, Joe," he said companionably. The kid eyed him silently. "Kinda hard on her with you gone all day." The kid swung by his knees from a beam. "So I think I'll let you go along home," Gene finished quietly. No scolding, no loud voice. Just that. And when the youngsters lined up again, Joe was right there in the front row dancing like absolutely crazy, meek and obedient as a lamb. He was like that from that day forward. When you see the movie, look for the kid with the halo—that's Joe. The Kelly touch with children is still deft.

In fact, his touch in all the art forms connected with dancing is deft, and as a choreographer, he is little short of a genius. Unlike other artists, he doesn't have a studio or a canvas or a piano; his office is in his head, and he spends silent hours working out his dances in introspect. Once in a while he does use mirrors to get the effect of line. All ballet is based on as long a sweep as possible, and he must be certain that his steps don't include awkward angles. Sometimes the steps he designs are divine when viewed head-on; and then the director will decide to shoot a portion of the scene from overhead or along a line of legs; whereupon, Gene will have to revise them. To the tune of hours' more work.

loves his work . . .

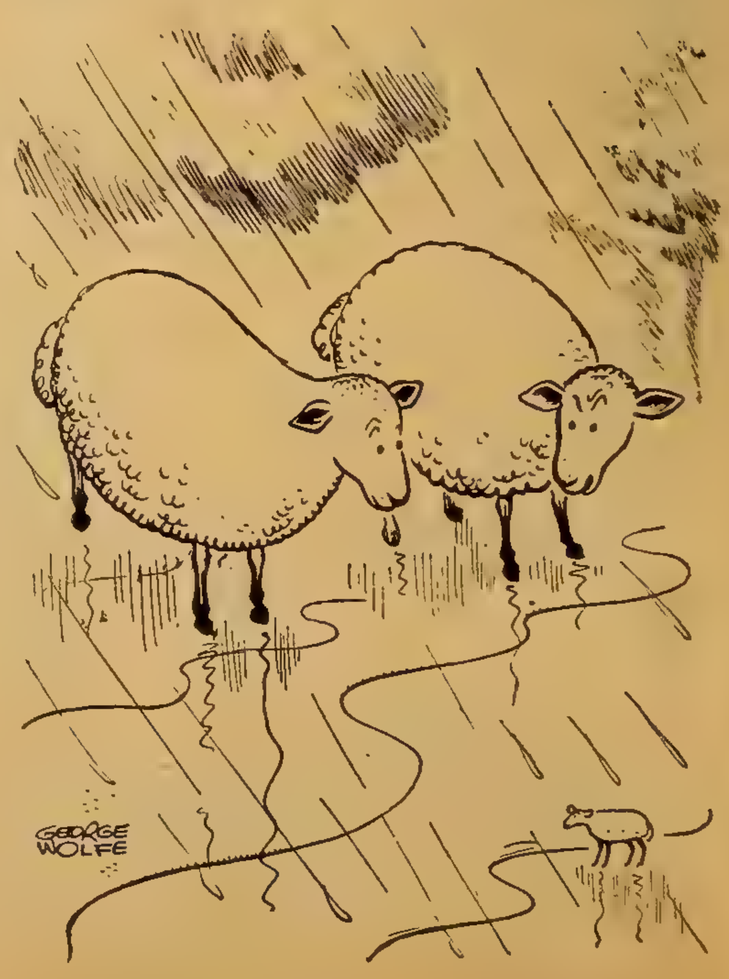
Incredibly, dancing and all its difficult ramifications are for Gene the sheerest fun. There's an exhilaration to his work that can't be put into words, that only another dancer could understand. In addition to this exhilaration, he feels that dancing gives a person a certain animal grace which is a great social asset if, says Gene, you care about social assets. He stresses the importance of avoiding overtraining. He has seen some dancers who walk continually on the balls of their feet, giving you the feeling that they're about to spring at you, a habit directly resulting from two much training. Not that some training isn't advisable. Gene does a great deal of swimming, which is excellent for dancing, and very little walking, which slows you down because you land on your heels, pulling the back leg muscles. He eats more or less what he wants, but has stopped smoking since his discharge from the Navy.

Gene admits that dancing today is highly commercialized, yet he feels that it still opens up worlds of appreciation to a child, bringing with it music, painting, and even literature. With that in mind, he has taught Kerry, his own little girl, a few dance steps. He does sort of hope she'll be an artist of some sort when she grows up, but whether it's a painter or a writer, or a musician or a dancer he doesn't much care. Nevertheless, if she hasn't evidenced any terpsichorean instincts by the time she's eight, he thinks he'll weasel her into it.

He doesn't think parents should force children to dance, but he does wish they'd at least let them try it.

"Remember me," he says. "I hated it, and now I'm not only having fun, but they pay me for it!"

MODERN SCREEN



"I don't see why he should shrink—he's supposed to be 100 percent wool!"

WAR BABY

(*Continued from page 49*)

chasing along in her lovely veins. She's a Hollywood War Baby if there ever was one. Service guys discovered Janis, named her, adopted her and spread her fame to the far corners of the globe. They gave her the experience she needed in hundreds of camp shows, and finally they saved her life.

If any girl had the right to pinch Elsie Janis's last name for her movie monicker, it was Donna Mae Jaden. Elsie, you know, was the dream girl of World War I.

One of her prize possessions is a tattered picture of herself that a marine sent her from Guam. He'd taken it off a Jap he'd killed, who obviously looted it from a dead Yank. Another Air Corps flyer fan buzzed into a ravaged Chinese village and found Janis, glossy and grinning, pasted in 8 x 10 likeness in the town hall by a Japanese invader. "You certainly get around in this man's war," he wrote.

Small wonder that when she gets in a jam, she doesn't hesitate to reach back and grab an idea out of her old wartime duffel bag. There was her appearance at New York's Strand Theater, for example.

She'd never been in Manhattan in her life, and she'd never been on a real big-time stage. The morning she opened—Friday the thirteenth, of all days—she gave a quick look around the Strand—and she had an idea. The house had a low, flat stage, like the one at the Hollywood Canteen. All during the war Janis' biggest hit was her number where she dragged a mike around singing first to a red-faced soldier and then to a grinning gob—night club stuff, but they loved it. Why not now?

her knees wobbled . . .

The manager tossed up his hands. "Let me try," begged Janis. That night her knees were shaking under a long dress as she grabbed her mike and whipped into her favorite GI sigh-song, "Embraceable You." She sang to a bald head in the front row—then to a slicked-up wolf, a curly-headed college kid, spreading herself around. When she was through, they whooped, whistled and yelled. The manager said, "I've been running Broadway theaters twenty years—but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it." But then he hadn't seen Janis before.

Since she was knee-high to a gnat, Janis was in there pitching for a career. She was only four when she learned "My Blue Heaven" from a phonograph record. A few years later she made the church choir. All that took place in Tacoma, Washington, where Janis was born, about twenty-three years ago. What kicked the urge to entertain along in her kiddie days was a theater smack across the street from the apartment house her grandpa and grandma Paige managed. Grandpa Paige (whose name she took for her Hollywood last tag) was a painter and paperhanger by trade, but plenty proud of Donna Mae's artistic ambitions, until he died recently. Janis' dad walked out on the family during the depression, and her mother had to work to scrape up a living for her sister Betty and Janis, but whenever the Right Steps for Janis' ambitions arrived, she took them.

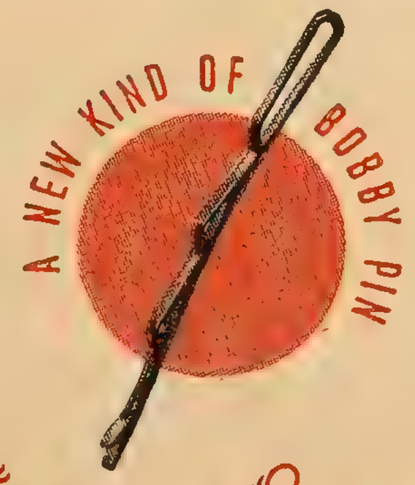
Like the time in early high school when Janis fell for a rosy want-ad in a Seattle paper. "Guaranteed!" it promised, "to create a beautiful voice in six months. Only $150." Mom said, "We haven't got it but we'll find it." She did, too—and then drove Janis the 100 round-trip miles to Seattle twice a week.

The six-easy-lessons guy didn't do her much good but her Tacoma High School music coach, Clayton Johnson, was super.

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"I know you're going right to the top!" he told her, and handed her the singing lead in a school operetta, *The Desert Song*. Well, a measles blight hit school about then and days before her Big Night Janis turned right into the Lady in Red. She stayed in bed two days but on the third, even though she still looked like a walking polka dot, she wobbled up the stage. Did swell, too.

She liked to sing and entertain better than she liked to study, so after squeezing through high school, Janis decided that was her formal education—period. She had her eyes set on the Metropolitan Opera, and to finance voice and piano lessons she turned lady plumber. She'd moved up to Seattle by then, where her mother had a new job.

She might have been studying and singing yet in Seattle, except for a trip south to Los Angeles with a girl friend whose aunt turned out to be a singing teacher. "Why not come here and study with me?"

strangers in town . . .

Janis and her mom sold their furniture for $800 total, bought an old car and headed south. When they rolled into Hollywood neither of them knew a soul. But in no time at all they had a tiny 2-room apartment, Janis' mother had a job in a bank and Janis was studying away at voice with Edith Merrithew, the girl friend's aunt.

That went on for about six months, before the afternoon the Hollywood Canteen called Janis' teacher. "Someone's sick," they explained, "and we need a girl to sing in her place."

Janis didn't know until she was about to step on the Canteen stage just whom she was pinch-hitting for. When she found out it was Ginny Simms, she almost swooned. She faced the sea of uniforms and let them have the "One Fine Day" aria from *Madame Butterfly* in her best operatic voice. Janis brought down the house and right afterwards turned into a one-girl tug-of-war between two studio talent scouts. One was from Goldwyn's and the other from M-G-M and both shouted "contract" as loud as they could.

Janis picked M-G-M. They signed her at $150 a week without even a test. "This is what I've been waiting for," thrilled Janis. But she never got near a camera. She studied voice, diction, dramatics, singing and dancing—and stewed.

She was a pretty unhappy girl when they took up her option even though the boost was to $200 a week. Her agent finally had an idea: "They make a lot of musicals at Warners. That's the place for you."

"All right," agreed Janis, "but this time —please—let's make a test. No more gift contracts for me."

The test was a nightmare for Janis, but Warners signed her—and from then on Lady Luck hopped right on her shoulder.

The day she walked on the Burbank lot, just to look the place over, was the day a New York actress wired Director Delmer Daves she couldn't take the part he wanted her to do in *Hollywood Canteen*. When Daves heard that a real Hollywood Canteen discovery was just signed, he took one look and right into that picture went Janis, opposite Dane Clark.

That same day Del Daves took a squint at Janis' girlish beauty and said, "I'd like to see you in pigtails for this picture."

So Janis tripped over to the commissary the next noon in her rattails and pretty soon a waitress handed her a note. "Please come to Mr. Goulding's office right away," it read. Mr. Goulding, she knew, was Edmund Goulding, the artistic director of super special A pictures. He had had a look at Janis in person and in pigtails—and that did it. She was cast as Sally in *Of Human Bondage*.

That's the way her luck ran from the minute she started as a Warnerette—and it's never stopped. Even when she landed in trouble she came out on top.

Janis knew it was a cardinal crime at Warners for a cast member to catch a sneak preview. But when *Hollywood Canteen* opened at Huntington Park, she and her mother secretly chased down to see it. They got two inconspicuous balcony seats —and who should plunk themselves down right behind her but Del Daves, the director, Alex Gottlieb, the producer, and Jack Warner, himself, czar of all the Warners. When the title sheet came on and there was her name—Janis Paige—right up with all the other stars she let out with "Oh, there I am—there I *am!*"

Was Jack Warner angry? No—he thought it was all very charming!

Besides musicals and the Morgan-Carson funnies, she's had a straight dramatic part with Zachary Scott in *Her Kind of Man*, too. Came next a Western barroom belle in *Cheyenne*, then straight comedy again with Jack Carson in *Love and Learn*. *Wallflower*, her current starring script, was written especially for her. "I shouldn't be surprised," she states flatly, "if I won an Academy award—in about five years!"

That might sound like a pretty chesty crack, but Janis Paige has seen so many of her prize dreams come true in Hollywood, she simply can't sell her good luck short. She's been saving for a Buick super, and the other day up one rolled, all blue and shiny—and all paid for. Her favorite dream house was one perched high on a windy hill with a view all over the whole world. That's where Janis lives today with her young-looking mother, Grandma Paige and "Debbie," her Boxer pup. It's the first house of her own she has ever had and she got homesick for it before she ever saw it!

Janis was in Manhattan on this Strand personal appearance of hers when Thanksgiving rolled around. She tortured herself with visions of her family in the new Hollywood house around roast turkey, and that made the Gotham Hotel seem very dreary.

In the midst of her sobs, a bellboy knocked at her door. "Miss," he inquired, "will you accept a compliment of the management?"

highness and the bellboy . . .

Janis opened the door and found a tray with turkey and the Thanksgiving works. They'd heard she was alone. "Please come in and sit down," she told the bellboy. "I'm lonesome and homesick." Turned out he was an ex-GI and one of her special fans. He talked for three hours—but when the bellboy left, he still couldn't believe a glamorous movie star could be lonesome.

Janis doesn't smoke or drink—alcohol, coffee or even tea. She knits socks constantly, she papered three rooms of the new house herself and took the kitchen right over to mess around with the devil's food cakes she likes to bake.

That kind of a domestic female character, you'd think, would be all-out for marriage instead of a career. But Janis Paige has the quaint notion she can handle both assignments. She's had fun dates with Jack Carson, Howard Hughes, the millionaire aviator, Playboy Cubby Broccoli and other Hollywood men-about-town but nothing terrific has developed yet.

A while back an old Tacoma High School crush of hers, a flyer, came through Hollywood and dropped in to see her.

"Gene," she asked him, a little wistfully, "think you'd like living in California?"

"Listen," snorted her old beau decisively, "I'm going to live on my farm in Washington, and," he added pointedly, "no movie stars for me!"

That sort of burned Janis up. She doesn't see why she can't be an actress and a human being, too. "Someday," she says, a little grimly, "I'm going to make somebody a mighty fine wife!" She will, too.

TWINKLETOES

(*Continued from page 51*)

Now she has a contract with Samuel Goldwyn and financial security, and she could relax a little. But she isn't conceited enough to relax, or old enough to relax, or maybe she's just not built that way.

Vera-Ellen signed up for a French course at Hollywood High, a few months ago. It's every Monday night. "Why?" her mother asked her. "Haven't you enough to do?"

"Mr. Goldwyn might send me abroad," Vera-Ellen said. "I have to be prepared, don't I?"

Last summer, she enrolled in a shorthand class at U.C.L.A., and she was miserable when she had to give *that* up.

Every Thursday night, she goes down to the Lutheran church for choir practice, too. And Alma Rohe watches her go, and thinks of a little kid bent over a piano, a long time back . . .

Martin and Alma Rohe lived in Cincinnati.

Before Vera-Ellen was born, Alma had a dream, and in the dream, she saw the name, Vera-Ellen. Just like that, hyphen and all.

The next morning, she told Martin and her mother. "If my baby's a girl," she said, "that's what she'll be called."

Her mother laughed. "Why, Alma, I never heard of such a name."

Alma was adamant, however, and Vera-Ellen was duly born.

She grew up in Cincinnati, and she was an only child, but she had a million friends and a million interests.

She started taking dancing lessons when she was nine years old, and she's still taking them.

you oughta be in pictures . . .

Those dancing classes used to put on shows, the way dancing classes do. And Vera-Ellen was always prominently displayed in them. People would see her at the dance recitals, and approach Alma Rohe. "Why don't you take that child to New York, or Hollywood?"

Alma would smile. "We're not thinking of a dancing career."

Nevertheless, when Vera-Ellen's teacher departed for the Dancing Masters' Convention in New York, Vera-Ellen went with her. She was in high school, at the time.

The convention was being held in New York's Roosevelt Hotel, and Vera-Ellen trampled the streets, that visit, seeing and smelling and breathing New York. She fell in love with a strange, new country, and she fell hard.

She went home to Cincinnati in August, and had a few words with her mother, and by the first of November, they'd packed, and moved to the big city.

Martin Rohe was skeptical. "I can't leave my work, just like that," he said. "And you two, all alone—"

They hushed him. "You'll come later; we'll be fine."

Their first step, on arrival in New York, was to write to Major Bowes. At that time, Cincinnati thought an appearance on the Major's program was the pinnacle. If you made that, you were in.

Vera-Ellen got a reply, asking her to come for an audition. She went. As she remembers, there were two men at two grand pianos. Or maybe they were two angels at two golden harps. Anyway she sang, and did a tap number, and the major's representatives got in touch with her a couple of days later. She was to appear on the next program; it would be Cincinnati Night.

Cincinnati Night came, and Vera-Ellen

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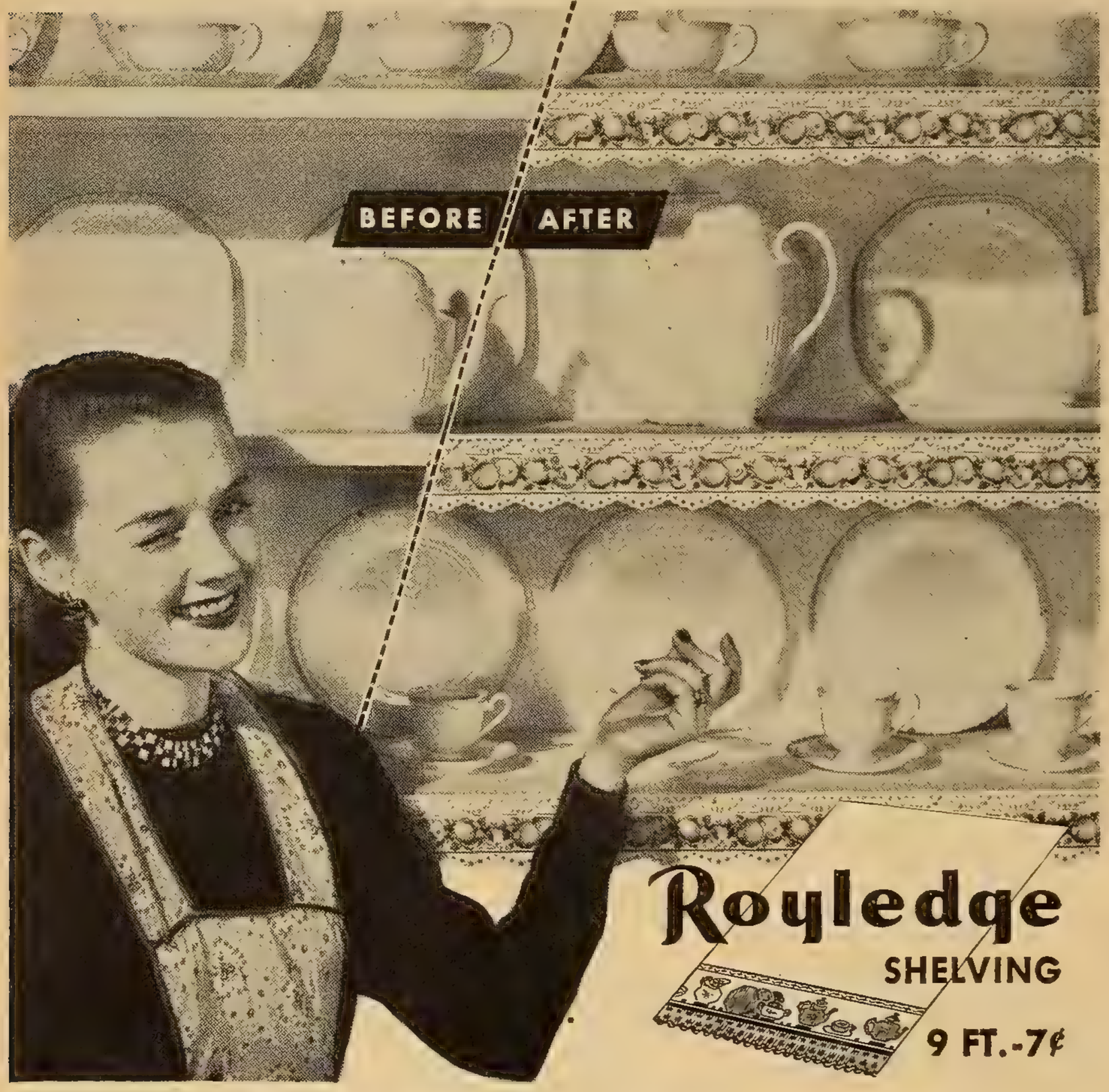
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went on. She thought she was pretty good.

When it was over, she'd won. That entitled her to join the Major's unit in Cincinnati. It was an all-girl unit; Vera-Ellen would have to be on a train in an hour—

They made the train, all right. And half an hour out of Cincinnati, they were snowbound. Alma and Vera-Ellen stared at each other.

"This was going to be my big debut. Opening night in Cincinnati; all my friends. . ."

Her mother was comforting. "It could be worse, dear."

So it got worse. The next day, the Ohio River flooded, and electricity quit (in theaters as well as other places) and none of Vera-Ellen's friends ever saw her in Cincinnati. Because the Unit got sent on to St. Louis.

She stayed with the Unit six months, and then headed back for New York.

She was studying dancing at a studio in Steinway Hall (her mother had got a job as secretary to the dancing school) and she was practicing, the day Alma called her over to the desk.

"I've got a message for Mr. Smith," she said. "He told me he'd be downstairs in Room 405. You want to run down with it?"

Vera-Ellen said sure; Mr. Smith was one of her tap teachers. She picked up the note, and left.

In Room 405, she discovered not only Mr. Smith, but also a tall young man, and Ted Lewis, the bandleader. She delivered her message, and was starting out, when Ted Lewis stopped her.

"You dance?"

"Yes," she said.

"Where are your shoes?"

She looked at him in some surprise. "Upstairs."

"Go get them," he said.

She went and got them, and half an hour later, she had a job.

For three months, she toured with Ted Lewis, and they *never* hit Cincinnati. She used to fret, but it did no good.

surprise for billy . . .

When she got to New York again, she heard that Billy Rose was auditioning dancers for his World's Fair Aquacade, and also for his night club, Casa Mañana.

Vera-Ellen went to audition, and discovered five hundred other girls with the same idea.

She watched them as one at a time, they stepped forward, did a time-step and a kick, and listened for the verdict.

When her turn came, she spoke up. "Do you want me to do time-steps and kicks, like the rest of them?"

Mr. Rose's voice was deceptively soft. "What would you *like* to do?"

"I want a specialty," said Vera-Ellen. "I don't want to be in any chorus."

And she opened with a specialty at the Casa Mañana. Along with a trained seal who played "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee."

She did some work in other clubs, later, for the experience, and then a minor part in *Very Warm For May,* the Broadway musical.

The next show was *Higher and Higher,* with Jack Haley. Then she was a Rockette for three months, and lost nine pounds, and left. She went into *Panama Hattie,* and did the lead on the road; then she came to New York and went into *By Jupiter.*

Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart had done the music for *By Jupiter,* and Mr. Hart liked Vera-Ellen.

"If I ever do a show of my own," he told her, "you'll have a good part."

She thought it was one of those nice things people say, and she didn't worry about it.

But Mr. Hart really did do a show of his

own—*Connecticut Yankee,* it was—and she really did get a good part. It opened in Philadelphia, and she stopped the show four times.

Major Bowes saw *Yankee,* in New York, and a week afterward, a special messenger came to Vera-Ellen's dressing-room with a package from the Major. Mrs. Rohe tore it open. "It's a record, Vera-Ellen."

It was a record of Vera-Ellen's performance on Cincinnati Night. Gone but not forgotten.

Major Bowes wasn't the only person who caught Vera-Ellen in *Yankee.* Mr. Sam Goldwyn was among those present opening night, and he sent for Vera-Ellen.

She and her mother went up to his hotel. There was a contract lying on the table.

"You can sign here," Mr. Goldwyn said.

Vera-Ellen looked startled. "Oh, we didn't come to sign anything," she said. "We just came to talk things over."

By the time she finally signed, Mr. Goldwyn was beginning to worry.

She had a run of the play contract with *Yankee,* and she went on tour.

One of the nicest things that happened to her during the play's run was meeting Chuck O'Brien, Marilyn Miller's husband.

He came around after the show and said, very quietly, "You're the only person I've ever seen that I've wanted to play Marilyn." Vera-Ellen's still hoping she may do the Marilyn Miller movie.

Her very first picture was Danny Kaye's *Wonder Man,* and for that, she had to learn double-talk. She was thin, then, but there's something in the California air—

By the time retakes were shot, she'd gained thirty-five pounds. She had to stop eating for three days before she could squeeze into her costumes.

She lives in a little rented house in Hollywood, and it's currently stuffed with souvenirs of last Valentine's Day. Fans sent her a sweater, a ring, a lace hat, a set of dishes, two dozen roses—

She turned to her mother Valentine's night, and she had tears in her eyes. "People are so kind."

drop it in a pail of water! . . .

There was another present, a black thing, with gadgets, and pieces of glass. She was afraid to touch it, it looked so complicated. One of the boys from the studio was over, and she hauled it out. "What's this?"

He roared. "Why, girls, it's a projector!"

"Oh," Vera-Ellen said, replacing it tenderly. So now she's got a projector. But she's got nothing in the world to project.

And no time for projection, if she had. What with working, and French Monday nights, and choir Thursday nights, and practicing singing. She wishes the people next door would go right on having their floors sanded. It means she can practice singing at the top of her lungs, and nobody will call the police.

One Sunday afternoon, Vera-Ellen took the phone off the hook (they have a party line that *never stops ringing*), and lay down for a nap.

Two hours later, she was awakened by her mother. "Honey—" Mrs. Rohe's voice was husky. "Somebody's trying to get in the house. They're even using some kind of key in the lock."

Together, they went down to investigate, and there, outside the door, was a delegation from the phone company, and a bunch of irate neighbors, and the landlord. It seemed that if the Rohes left *their* phone off the hook, none of the other people on the line could use *theirs,* either!

Vera-Ellen doesn't date very much. Not only is her schedule full, but Hollywood's a funny place. Vera-Ellen has no Cadillac, no swimming pool, no mink coat, and she doesn't go out with married men. Her rules of behavior concerning men are not predicated on any (*Continued on page 105*)



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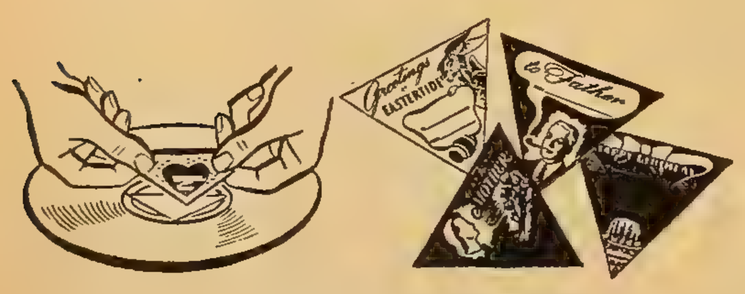


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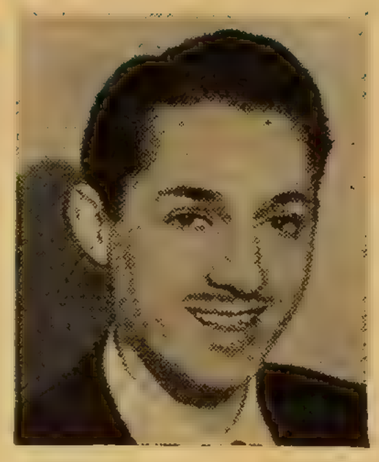
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AS LONG AS I LIVE—*Kay Kyser-Jane Russell (Columbia)
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LULLABY LANE ALBUM—*Joe Dosh (Continental)
Only a couple of years ago, the good-looking young fellow who's heard on these records was an FBI agent! The transformation is amazing—he couldn't have been better at sleuthing than he is at singing. Dosh was on the Hit Parade for a while, but they never announced his name—just said, "Sing it, Joe!" This is a promising disc debut.

NO GREATER LOVE—Billie Holiday (Decca); *Woody Herman (Columia); Charlie Spivak (Victor)**
This is Woody's first record as a solo singer, using only an instrumental quartet.

SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE—*Jo Stafford (Capitol)
For the first time on records, Jo's deadpan voice has life and warmth as she sings this great tune.

THAT'S MY DESIRE—*Frankie Laine (Mercury); *Martha Tilton (Capitol); *Woody Herman (Columbia); Ray Anthony (Sonora)
After singing for years in Cleveland and Hollywood night clubs, Frankie Laine made his own name with this record as well as starting a big revival of this old song.

HOT JAZZ

BABS' THREE BIPS AND A BOP—*Lop-Pow (Blue Note)
Bebob music adapted to scat-vocal style. Cute idea.

IKE CARPENTER—*Jeep's Blues; Things Ain't What They Used To Be (Modern Music)
This young pianist, who looks like Artie Shaw and talks like Senator Claghorn, does well with his 12-piece Hollywood group in two Ellington tunes, with Lucky Thompson on tenor sax.

DUKE ELLINGTON—Carnegie Hall Album (Musicraft)**

METRONOME ALL STARS—Sweet Lorraine (featuring Sinatra); *Nat Meets June (Nat Cole & June Christy) (Columbia)**

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—*Lonely Moments (Disc); also recorded by *Benny Goodman (Capitol); *Milt Orent-Frank Roth (Disc); *Gene Sedric (Harmonia); *Edmond Hall (Continental)
Versatile Mary Lou Williams wrote a different arrangement of her own tune for each of these records, except the first, on which she plays it herself, as a piano solo.

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—Beware My Heart: Larry Douglas (Signature)**

EGG AND I, THE—Title Song: Sammy Kaye (Victor); Helen Forrest (M-G-M)**
This department's nomination for the most synthetic song title and the most feeble, ungrammatical lyrics of the year.

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN—I Believe: *Louis Armstrong (Victor); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); *Artie Shaw-Mel Torme (Musicraft)**

LADIES' MAN—What Am I Gonna Do About You: Harry James-Art Lund (Columbia)**

RAZOR'S EDGE, THE—Mam'selle: Frankie Laine (Mercury); *Pied Pipers (Capitol); George Towne (Sonora); Ray Bloch (Signature)**
The Laine version is zooming, but Art Lund's on M-G-M, listed here last month, is still way ahead.

UNDERCURRENT—Theme music: *Al Goodman (Victor)**
Two sides of good movie background music. This one, based on parts of Brahms' Third Symphony, features pianist Vladimir Sokoloff. Overleaf is some Schumann music from *Song of Love* with the spotlight on Oscar Shumsky, violinist. It's a 12-incher.

(*Continued from page 103*) how-holy-I-am attitude. She simply doesn't want to get hurt, and she's living in a town that's famous for hurting people.

She's talked to her mother about it, often. "You and Dad being with me is what helps. We manage to have a normal life."

"You'd be just the same," Alma Rohe says.

Vera-Ellen's not so sure. "If you're alone, and you don't want to be alone, you do a lot of things—"

One of the biggest events in Vera-Ellen's life was going back to Wadena, Minnesota, where her grandmother lives, for this last Christmas.

"I don't know if I can stand another Hollywood Christmas," her mother had said. "All those pink and yellow surrealist trees."

In Wadena, it was thirty below zero, and there were twelve inches of snow.

There was a real, green tree, tall and cold and smelling so wonderful it made you feel four years old again.

And Aunt Julia and Uncle Fred handing you a pan of popped corn. "Here, string this, for the tree."

Grandma, eighty-seven years old, and as sound and alert as they come, stood Vera-Ellen off and studied her. "Gained a little weight, haven't you?" She wasn't impressed with Vera-Ellen's being a movie star. Grandmothers have a way of loving their grandchildren for simple biological reasons, and movie stars or school teachers, it's all the same to them.

That didn't go for the little kids in the neighborhood. The little kids would come around, and Uncle Fred would stand in the window, watching them. "What in thunder are those kids doing?"

Vera-Ellen grinned. "They're writing my name in the snow."

Uncle Fred would snort. "Don't they think we know your name?"

It was a lively Christmas.

And just as they were leaving, Grandma Rohe approached Vera-Ellen, and thrust a white table-cloth into her hands. "Thought you might need it there," she said. "Hear there's a linen shortage."

Vera-Ellen took the cloth, and got out fast, so she wouldn't break down and disgrace herself.

All the way home, she hugged that cloth. "She wanted to do something special for me, Mother. Nobody ever had a family like mine."

Friends have asked Mrs. Rohe if she isn't proud of Vera-Ellen, and she says no. "I wouldn't say I was proud. I'm just happy, because Vera-Ellen's got what she wanted."

So we give you Vera-Ellen, who got what she wanted. And who looks like a baby Jane Wyman, and who can't bear to part with her old ballet shoes.

(Once, at the studio, she steeled herself, and hurled 'em all out to be carted away, but the man who cleaned up thought it was a mistake, and set them back in the dressing-room. She's never had the heart to try it again.)

We give you Vera-Ellen, the girl who made it. She gained enough weight so she kin diet.

AUGUST ISSUE

He may be Forever Amber's now—but, come August, and he's all ours! Who? Cornel Wilde, of course. You'll find him in action and in close-up on the cover of our August issue—on sale July 11.

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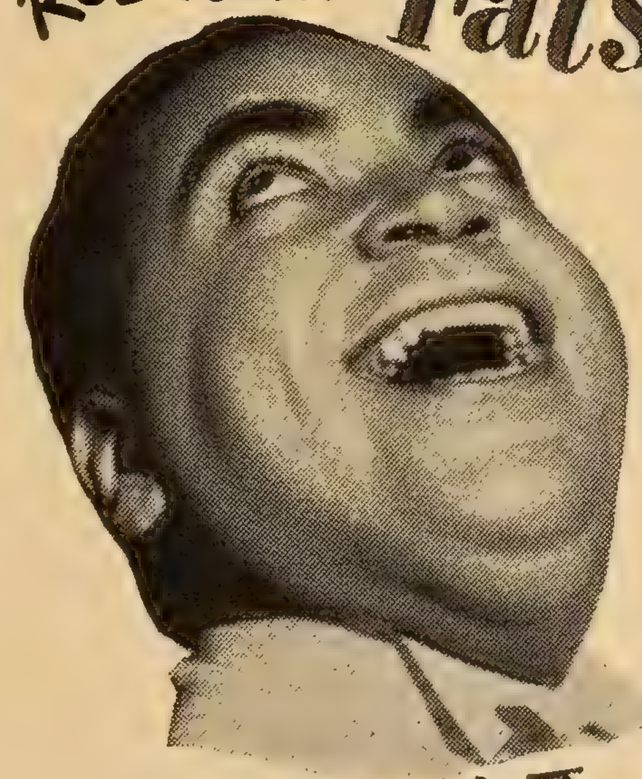


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MODERN SCREEN GOES TO ARROWHEAD SPRINGS

(*Continued from page 31*)

were pretty expensive whimsies to indulge, prices ranging from $1.00 for an unspectacular foot bath to $4.00 for the super-duper mineral mud job. However, this vacation was sort of a second honeymoon, and the budget was given a two-week back seat.

Meals prepared by world-famous chefs and served to them on the terraces, beside the palm-ringed pool or in the main dining-room, averaged about $7 a day for each of them, and their bed-room with sun-deck was $22 a day. If they'd wanted to be *really* fancy, they could have taken a $40-a-day suite! Golf rates were comparatively low at $1.50, as was horseback-riding at $2 an hour. Esther rides like Roy Rogers, is a dream in riding clothes and consequently is nuts about the sport. But Ben feels like a heel every time he gets on a horse. He's six four and weighs at least 225 pounds, and he keeps feeling that the horse should be riding *him.*

They both love swimming, and Ben was on his school and college swimming teams. He claims he never could do a respectable crawl, though, till "Es" gave him lessons. Her story is that he could show *her* how.

It was strictly a dream-vacation, a beautiful damn-the-expense interlude in the lives of a really hard-working, thrifty couple. When they left to go back to work (Esther to M-G-M, where she's just finished *Fiesta;* Ben to CBS, where he's on the Joan Davis show) did they think they'd gotten their money's worth? We'll say! Says Esther, "This holiday will last me till I'm an old, old lady. Then I'll come back for a couple more mud baths and massages—and I'll be good for another fifty years!"

LARRY AND VIV—By David Niven

(*Continued from page 42*)

in Britain as it is in the good old U. S. A.

Larry paid no attention to the raucous Army razz for the Navy—because that's what it was. He went on with the scene and pretty soon you didn't hear any razzes. In fact, pretty soon you could have heard a pin drop. When it was over the roof shuddered with the ovation he got.

It's not my purpose here to estimate Laurence Olivier's stature as an actor. He has London and Paris and New York at his feet with his marvelous Old Vic company. He produced, directed and starred in *Henry V,* which some people think is the greatest film ever produced. He came up this year for an Academy Award. All in all, Laurence Olivier is quite a boy. I've learned to admire him, though, for other things, too.

We were together the day England declared war. I remember Larry saying "There must be something I can do."

I couldn't tell him what it was. No one could. But I think the decision he made required an extra amount of courage. While he was finishing his Hollywood job and clearing up his affairs, he took flying lessons out in San Fernando Valley, every spare minute he had, at his own expense, to make himself valuable in a war. He was thirty-six then, well over-age for combat flying. He knew he faced a tedious war service even if he passed the tests.

I've been rattling on quite a bit about Larry—but I don't want to give the impression that he's the whole show in the famous Olivier-Leigh team.

On the stage and in person, Larry and Vivien complement each other like tea and cake. Matter of fact, their careers have travelled along side by side for years. They met when Larry took a Shakespeare company to Denmark to play *Hamlet* in the original castle of Elsinore. Vivien played Ophelia, his luckless sweetheart. When he came to Hollywood to make *Wuthering Heights,* Viv traveled to New York with a Shakespearean company. She flew to Hollywood to see Larry.

I had never met Vivien Leigh until the day she walked on our set, but I've never changed my instant impression that she was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I wasn't the only one who thought so. Myron Selznick, Larry's Hollywood agent, whisked Vivien straight over to his brother, David, and the great search for *Scarlett O'Hara* was over.

As I said, Vivien Leigh is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen outside an art gallery, and remember I've seen her in dusty jodhpurs, slacks, in a kitchen dress. In person, she's dainty, speaks quietly and moves gracefully. With Larry's restless stride, his shoulders hunched always as if he's wearing armor, they make an amazing-looking couple wherever they are.

No pair is gayer, more eternally bubbling with wit, fun and life than the Oliviers. I've heard Viv, many a time, discussing some world-shaking question with a British peer or government big shot, and right in the middle of the conversation slay him absolutely by saying, "Oh, but that's all absolute rot, you know."

I met Larry Olivier first years ago. Ann Todd took me backstage when I was just out of Sandhurst and introduced me. Larry was in a London play then, a flop, but it didn't keep him from being completely charming. I had no idea of acting at that time, but Larry made an indelible impression on me, and when a freak of fate later landed me in Hollywood and set me to making faces myself, he immediately became my ideal as an actor. In between, I saw Larry only once in New York, when I called him up to sell him some whiskey, and instead he gave me some. The next time we met was while making *Wuthering Heights* together in Hollywood. I had to cry over Merle Oberon's body in the death scene, and I couldn't for the life of me.

They brought out the glycerin blower, and at last I shed floods of tears over poor Merle, prone on the bier. Larry was amused. He still insists that what came out of my eyes was not tears at all but Scotch whiskey.

Viv is a marvelous hostess; both she and Larry are experts about food and especially wines. They've made a hobby of wines, know all the vintages, bottling, shipping dates and everything.

Since the war they've kept a cottage in Chelsea, the artists' section of London. Most gala evenings at Larry and Viv's, I remember, usually wound up around three a.m., with Viv at the piano and Larry singing the whole of Handel's "Messiah"—his prime musical feat. It's long and, the way he sings it, frightfully noisy. They love card games of all descriptions, and Vivien is absolutely crazy about those

twenty-question quiz books, probably because she always wins. But often the evening resolves itself into just sparkling conversation, at which the Oliviers excel.

They work hard at hobbies on top of all their stage and screen work. The main one they share is collecting old furniture and paintings, although how they manage to keep their collection I'll never know. Both Larry and Viv are supremely generous. Vivien has sent my David a first edition on every birthday, so he'll have a valuable library when he grows up. I once made the mistake of admiring a painting of Larry's, and he handed it to me. I wouldn't take it, of course—it was worth thousands—but that's the sort of chap he is.

Money means absolutely nothing to that pair. The play's the thing, frankly, and what Larry has accomplished as guiding genius of the Old Vic is, I'm sure, the proudest feat of his life—despite the fact that it has brought him none of the riches his talent could command in Hollywood.

Recently, when he'd finished his Old Vic engagement in New York and hopped off from Newfoundland for England, his plane, you'll remember, lost an engine in mid-air and cracked up. Garson Kanin, one of his best friends, heard of the accident in New York. He called Larry promptly to ask if he and Viv were okay.

"We're quite all right, thanks," Larry told him. "And I'm awfully glad you called *me*. I couldn't possibly have called *you*." Garson asked how come. "The toll's $18," Larry explained, "and I haven't the price."

one masterpiece at a time . . .

Both Larry and Viv are impatient with anything short of perfection, in everything: I have a producer friend in Hollywood who pesters me constantly to get them to read a movie scenario. I've sent them several tempting scripts but they always come back, unread, with a note of explanation from Larry. "If I read it, I might like it and want to do it. Then I'd take my attention away from what I'm doing. That wouldn't be fair. Wait until this is over." That's how conscientious he is when he works.

However, Larry at least has *some* Philistine leanings. For instance, he has a weakness for joining clubs. He never goes in one, just joins, buys the club tie and pays dues. The harder they are to join, the more tempting they are to Larry.

I belonged to an ultra-conservative West End Club which Larry yearned to join. I boosted his stock pretty thoroughly with the members, stressing the fact that he was an officer in the Navy, from a family who traced back to the Norman conquest and all that rot. I finally wangled an introduction for Larry with the committee, who were about as familiar with the stage as they were with Timbuktu.

The interrogator was Lord So-and-So. He fixed a cold eye on Larry. "Tell me, Oliver," (he called him Oliver) he said, "Are you at the Admiralty?"

Larry never flicked an eyelash. "Oh no," he replied. "I'm at the Garrick!" That was the theater he was playing, but the old boy never got it! And now Larry's a member in good standing!

Although he works night and day, Larry enjoys the solid health of an ox. He has practically no dissipating vices—except work. They bought Notley Abbey, a Fifteenth Century manor house in lovely Oxfordshire, at the close of the war, and when I last saw them they had great restoration plans—and also enough work to keep them happy for years.

But if anyone thinks either one is going to settle down at Notley and grow gracefully old, they've another think coming about the Oliviers. Neither Larry or Vivien will ever give up acting, I'm sure as long as they can toddle. And that—I'm also sure—will be quite a time yet.



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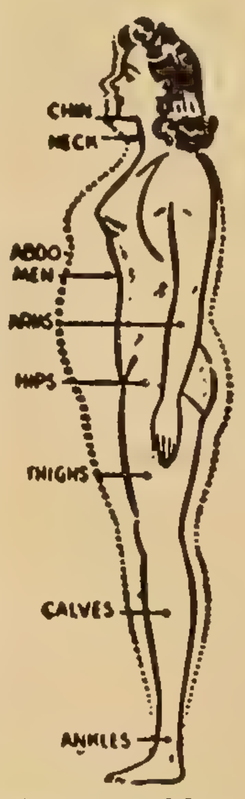


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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE EGG AND I"

(*Continued from page 14*)

stay solemn if you will. Just try not to giggle or guffaw. Marjorie Main, giving one of the great characterizations of all time, will make you howl. Percy Kilbride, a dream of an actor and tailored for rural roles, will reach right out of the celluloid and tickle you where you are most ticklish. The problems of Claudette Colbert as the unwillingly agricultural wife will touch the soul and funnybone of every woman who ever wrestled with an omelet, let alone a chicken farm.

The Egg And I has its gentle moments, too. You may find a tear in the eye that does not stem from laughter when the MacDonalds lose their fields and orchards and outbuildings in a night fire but discover the generosity of their neighbors, the way you always feel warmly moved when you uncover simple goodness. That scene is fine and genuine, undoubtedly based on the splendid kind of unrecorded human history that goes on in farm communities year upon year.

As I watched the film, I kept wondering who would enjoy it more—the city woman, to whom a farm is a mysterious and terrifying experiment, or the farm woman who has been through it all as the routine of a lifetime and emerged with a well-earned disdain for any female afraid of dirt or weather or early rising or the hazards of nature.

I decided the city woman would contribute the loudest guffaws in the audience. She can sympathize while applauding with hands like velvet. She can snicker, but she has never made love to a porker. She can root for the heroine, but she has never slept with a sieve for a roof, nor danced the barn dance equivalent of the schottische with an Indian brave. She can laugh with impunity, because the black-of-night arisings are not hers—and there is something fantastically ludicrous about getting up at four-thirty every morning when you are not the one who is doing the getting up.

In *The Egg And I*, Claudette Colbert is flawlessly cast as the only female alive with enough humor to survive the combined blessings and curses of the simple life as lived on a farm and with the character played by Fred MacMurray. Fred manages to convey exactly the proper amounts of intelligent stupidity and blind idealism to make you see why he allowed his wife to go through what she went through, and almost enough charm to make you understand why she stayed around as long as she stayed.

Don't miss this picture, if you like gay entertainment, even though you may never again enjoy your breakfast, thinking of what poor Claudette Colbert went through to get you a couple of fried eggs.

PIXIE FROM DIXIE

(*Continued from page 35*)

face to match, with oversize, slightly slanty hazel eyes, taffy-silk hair and a nice unactressy laugh.

Diego Rivera, the famous Mexican artist, met Evelyn in Mexico City a few weeks ago. The first time she wore a red suit, red beret, with her blond hair tumbling. He took a look and sighed. "You remind me of a Francesca painting!" Next day he saw her again. Evvie was hatless in black. "You're exactly like an aristocratic Van Dyke," he corrected himself. The third time, Rivera had even another idea. Evvie wore a peasant dress. "A Raphael madonna!" he proclaimed.

Hollywood press agents in the past have struggled to label Evelyn with this and that glamor tag, but they roll off her like raindrops off a slicker. The only one that's endured—around the Columbia lot, at least—is "Pixie."

By nature, however, Evelyn Keyes is about as pixie-ish as Joe Di Maggio. The record shows she's been as direct as a base hit about that, ever since, at a tender 17, she shook the red clay dust of Atlanta, Georgia, from her sneakers and headed for Hollywood, to visit her sister, wide eyed and green.

"I came out to get in the movies," Evelyn announced the minute she stepped off the train. "I'll have no part of any such silly idea!" said her sister.

She did though, because by knowing a Hollywood agent—her lone acquaintance in the studio set—she's the one who sparked the miracle.

They were sitting in a Hollywood restaurant one day when this agent said hello, and spotted baby sister Evelyn. "Would you like to be in pictures?"

"That's what I'm here for," Evelyn answered.

The agent took her to Cecil B. DeMille the next morning. C.B. looked her over and signed her pronto, without even a screen test. To this day, Evelyn thinks it must have been because of her fingernails. She wasn't wearing any polish that day, as all the rest of the girls in the world, practically, were. "If there's anything that makes Mr. DeMille see red," the agent informed her later, "it's nail polish. How did you ever figure that out?" Evelyn shrugged. If people think you're smart, she thought, let 'em think it.

Almost every one of the 20-odd Columbia pictures Evvie's made she's taken seriously. When she played the blind girl, she spent a week at the blind school in Los Angeles. She did a cockney maid once and pal-ed around with some English servants in Hollywood. She's never been a shrinking violet about going after what she wanted, either.

Evelyn got the idea it would be swell experience to play in a technicolor western. She pestered the producer about it thoroughly, but in the middle of her campaign she had to leave town. From the minute her train pulled out, this harassed mogul got a wire every hour on the hour. "I'm an old cow hand from the Rio Grande. How about it? Evelyn." "Don't fence me in. Let me play that buckaroo babe. Keyes." After due bombardment the producer succumbed. "You win," he wired Evelyn. Evelyn strapped on her pistol belt for *The Desperadoes*.

When Al Jolson okayed her to play his toe-tapping wife in *The Jolson Story*, she plunged into concentrated dancing lessons, tackling ballet, modern and tap. She worked Sundays, nights and holidays. By the time the dance scenes came around, the double the studio had hired was out of a job; Evvie could do them herself.

She carries this deceptive determination and "obey that impulse" complex right into her private life. Take her marriage. . .

Evelyn barely knew her husband, John Huston, the talented writer-director, when they decided to tie the knot. She'd met his dad, Walter, once on a flight to Seattle during the last election campaign, and they'd chatted away about John, then off in the army making war documentary films. She met him finally last spring at one of Lady Mendl's parties. Later that summer, one July night, they sat at Romanoff's after a late dinner, got off on the subject of marriage (Evvie's marriage was with Director Charles Vidor) and they had a lot of mutual ideas on the subject. Right in the middle of the discussion, they happened to look at each other and that was it. They both chorused, "Why not now?"

It was almost midnight. Evvie was in the middle of *Johnny O'Clock* then, and about the only favorable feature, as Evvie recalls, was that she had a nine o'clock call the next morning instead of the usual six. They figured they'd have time to make it to Las Vegas and back. They called over "Prince" Mike Romanoff, their royal host, and told him what was up.

Mike got Paul Mantz, the perennial Hollywood flying Cupid. He had a ship ready in Glendale. There was just one other small matter then—the ring. Mike fixed that, too. "Someone dropped one in my swimming pool the other day," he said. "I'll go get it." He came back with a nifty gold band which Evvie still wears.

So that July night they flew to Las Vegas, walked into the courthouse around 3 A.M., and a half-hour later said "I do," with their pilot, Paul, and the cab driver as witnesses. By morning they were back in Hollywood and Evvie scurried off to the studio, on time, but a little puffy-eyed from no sleep.

The Hustons live in a cozy pine-and-fieldstone ranchhouse, tucked away on seven acres of a sunny cove in the San Fernando Valley. John designed and built it in his bachelor days just before he went off to war. Evvie had never seen the place before she moved in. What's more, she'd never even seen his wonderful wartime documentary classics, *Report From the Aleutians* and *San Pietro* filmed right in the middle of a brutal battle in Italy.

even steven . . .

John evened that up because he'd never seen any of Evvie's movies. The first time he saw her in action was on their delayed honeymoon trip to New York last fall. They walked into the Music Hall one day, and Evvie came out with her nails bitten bare. She hadn't seen *The Jolson Story* until then, either. But they both liked it, so everything came out all right.

Ever since their marriage, they've been discovering things about each other. Evvie walked into an art gallery on 57th Street one day because she knew John was very art-happy. She wanted to surprise him with a new painting for Christmas. "Who is a good modern painter?" Evvie inquired.

"Well," said the dealer, "your husband's pretty fair himself." Turned out painting was John Huston's first love, but he'd never mentioned the fact to Evvie. When they got back home, she made him dig out his canvases and unlimber his palette and paints again.

One other thing Evvie discovered about the tall, gangling, Abe-Lincoln-like John Huston, is that he's a millionaire in friends. One night they came home and found 150 guests awaiting them and a terrific party—orchestra, outdoor dancing floors and fancy frills—all staged as a surprise by well-wishers like Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard, the William Wylers, Jennifer Jones and six or seven other close Huston pals. They also found a burro, grazing out in the front lawn, with a sign, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," the name of John's new picture, on his side—a wedding gift



"Our marriage was all thorns . . ."

Ned was habitually bristling like a cactus, over nothing at all . . . was seldom his sweet, loving self any more. What had happened to our perfect marriage? Why, *this:* I only *thought* I knew about feminine hygiene. I didn't realize that careless *now-and-then* care could spoil one's married happiness . . . until my doctor enlightened me. Yes—then, he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



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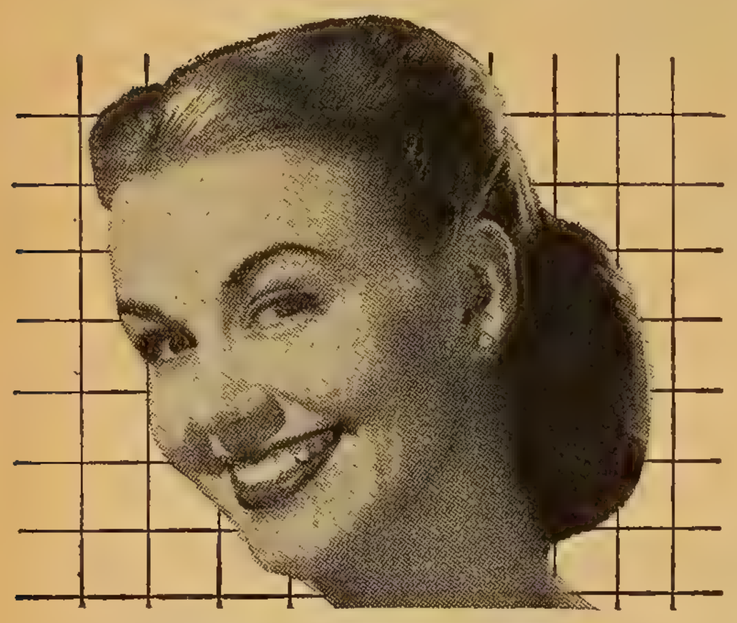


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from Burgess and Paulette.

There are plenty of items, too, that Evvie's fascinated new husband has learned about the pretty pixie he married. Such as, for instance, that his bride is likely to do anything that pops into her lovely head.

He flew down to Mexico recently to hunt locations for his picture the same time that Burgess Meredith went to New York on radio business. The two forlorn Hollywood widows, Paulette Goddard and Evvie, promoted plane seats that night and arrived in Acapulco the next morning to appear before the startled Johnnie, just in from the jungle, like two lovely apparitions. By now John knows that what she sets her mind on, she does.

Evvie had her convertible packed with presents to deliver last Christmas Eve. A California rain started bucketing down in gray sheets. "Better wait until tomorrow, Ellavyn" (that's what he calls her), suggested John.

"Pooh," said Evvie.

She whizzed off and on her winding way up a hill to the first stop, slithered off the road and smacked into a bank. She finally sloshed through the mud up a hill and wove her way into the first house she could find, looking like a drowned rat. Who should open the door but Katharine Hepburn, whom Evvie had never met but had always wanted to.

Katie slipped on her slicker, sloshed back and helped her get started again, couldn't have been nicer, in fact, and Evvie consoled herself, Pollyanna-like, that the accident was worth it.

There are various other vagaries of Ellavyn Keyes that Johnnie Huston has unmasked. She's a tennis shark—can take her embarrassed husband easily; she's so good, in fact, that the pro at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club swears Keyes could have been a champ if she'd gone after racquet work like she has gone after her acting.

She reads four books at a time, and in bed, takes showers on the hour all day long, gets up disgustingly early, likes to dance, but at home, and to play the piano while John plays his harmonica. She eats everything edible, with no wasted thoughts on her dainty figure. She can't stand eating at regular hours and won't let the cook tell her what's coming up for dinner because it spoils the suspense. Any regular habits of life give her the pip. She has no business sense and can't remember dates and engagements. She's very likely to say the wrong thing at the right time. Not long ago Evvie remembered that the funeral of a friend's relative was due but she was afraid she'd waited too late to send flowers. She called. "It's not until tomorrow," said her friend.

"Oh," replied Evvie. "That's just fine." She meant about the time to send flowers—not the unfortunate demise. John tells that one on her when she gets uppity.

In the shopping line, she falls especially for shoes, fancy belts, coats and unusual jewelry. White is the shade that really wows her. She has enough perfumes and colognes to float a small yacht but always forgets to use them. She looks best in peasant things, slacks and sweaters, but when she does dress up, it's formal as all get-out. Nothing in between.

Evvie's current crush is Mexico, and she shares it with John and their good friends Paulette and Burgess. But her real deep-down love is the same one that bit her away back when she was sweet seventeen, and to which she's been strictly faithful all these years. It's a Hollywood career.

"What I really want out of life," says Evelyn Keyes doggedly, "is just one good—I mean—absolutely terrific, stupendous, sensational part!" She thinks while there's life, there's hope.

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.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

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- ☐ *June Allyson*
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IN THE PINK

(*Continued from page 64*)

Sylvia would sigh. "Darling, relax. I walk all the time. I learned when I was one year old."

Danny's sense of humor just didn't extend to his wife and unborn child. He even used to help Sylvia from one side of the living-room to the other, and after a couple of months, she gave up, and let him help.

They were both sure the baby was going to be a girl, and she'd be named Dena, after Danny's famous song.

Every once in a while, Sylvia would have a qualm, though. "Suppose—oh, I know it's treacherous of me—but suppose it just *might* be a boy?"

Danny would give her a black look, and she'd apologize. "It's just that I'm alone so much, dear, I'm getting fanciful—"

"If it's a boy," Danny'd say, "we'll name it Waldemere. That'll teach it!"

After that, it didn't dare be a boy.

Danny and Sylvia wouldn't talk about the baby to strangers. They were superstitious. They wouldn't even let anyone except Eddie Dukoff (Danny's manager) give them a present. Eddie bought the crib—with pink ribbons, naturally.

At Thanksgiving, Danny was making personal appearances in Boston, and Sylvia went up to join him, and they came back to New York together. Dena was due the first of December, but she took her time.

December sixteenth, Sylvia went to the hospital. Danny took her over late at night, and then the waiting began. For thirty-six hours, he wandered around with all the other nerve-wracked husbands, talking himself green.

He fastened on one man, and went into a lecture. "It'll be over in no time," he said to the man. "Everything is going to be fine."

The man opened his mouth, and closed it again.

Danny spieled away. He actually has a good deal of medical knowledge, and he gave the man a short course in obstetrics. When he went off for a drink of water, the man walked over to a nurse.

"Your doctors sure have a lot of time to spare around here," he said wonderingly.

The nurse blinked. "What doctor?"

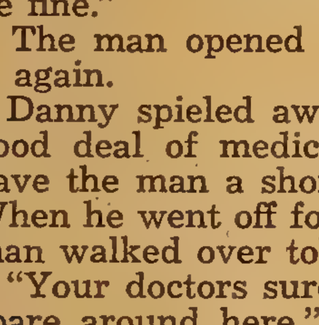
The man pointed to Danny.

"That was no doctor," said the nurse. "That was Danny Kaye."

The man scratched his head and marched back to Danny.

"I tell you," Danny started again, "there's nothing to worry about."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Late last December, I went to see the Broadway show, Call Me Mister, *starring Betty Garrett. In the second act, there's a scene called, "A Home Of Our Own," in which a lot of people were involved. I looked about and happened to notice one whom I recognized immediately. It was Larry Parks, star of* The Jolson Story *and husband of Betty Garrett. I discovered later that Larry, while waiting for his wife in the wings, decided to go on as an extra.*

Ruth Cooper,
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"I ain't worrying," said the man. "Can I have your autograph?"

And then the nurse came out and told Danny that Dena had arrived, and Danny, red-eyed and groggy, just stood there saying, "Thanks. Gee, thanks."

When they let Danny in to see Sylvia, he was still in a state of shock. "A baby, honey," he said. "Honey, a real baby."

"Yep!" She grinned up at him. "One head, and everything. Aren't we terrific?"

The first night Sylvia and Dena came home from the hospital, the nurse and the maid were off.

This delighted Danny, who had made up his mind that *he* was going to diaper his child.

Five minutes later, he went over and touched Dena. "She's wet," he said in an aggrieved tone.

"Don't take it personally," Sylvia said. "She's a baby. She doesn't mean anything by it."

Danny picked Dena up and diapered her.

Half an hour more, and she was sodden. "She's certainly not very fastidious," her father complained.

For a couple of weeks, he insisted on personally weighing Dena every morning, and then forcing half the population of New York City to listen to a report of her hourly gain in ounces.

"You're wearing the newness off her with all that handling and weighing," Sylvia observed. "First thing you know, she'll be a second-hand child."

But Danny goes on being a wild-eyed father. Packs a hundred thousand pictures, and wants you to pick out points of resemblance between him and her.

"The image of me!" he'll tell people. "'At kid knows which side *her* bread is buttered on."

He and Sylvia left Dena with the nurse, and went to Miami for a time, because Danny had an engagement there, so now Miami is full of people who know all about Dena Kaye, too.

A friend named Irvin Graham wrote a song called, "Dena's Lullaby," for Danny, and Danny sang it at the club in Miami every night.

And Moss Hart had a contract drawn up for Dena, which specifies that she'll play the lead in *Lady in the Dark* on Broadway, when she's eighteen years old. (*Lady in the Dark* started Danny on his way.)

But until she's eighteen, Danny and Sylvia seem willing to support her. They go around like a couple of cocaine addicts; nothing matters but Dena.

one mink, more or less . . .

Sylvia's mink coat was swiped in Florida. She started to feel bad about it. "My beautiful coat," she said mournfully. "My beautiful coat that you bought me."

Danny shrugged. "Think if anything had happened to Dena. There are other mink coats in the world."

"You're right," she said. "You're so right, darling."

The nurse wrote letters to them in Miami, and she signed Dena's name. Danny would study them by the hour, in a half-witted glow. "The pink sweater's too tight!" he'd exclaim. "Imagine that! The pink sweater being too tight. She must be growing."

"That's a habit they have," Sylvia said. "Growing."

Danny'd get to his feet dignifiedly. "Gotta go buy a new pink sweater."

He's the boy who used to jeer at pals who were fathers. "You spoil your kids," he'd tell them. "You buy 'em too much junk."

And now you can find him in Infants' Wear, the long, slender fingers poised expressively over bootees, the bright blue eyes gleaming, the red hair on end with delight.

"It's only Danny," his friends say charitably, looking the other way. Danny, the kid from Brooklyn, who forgot to grow up.

Bradford Street, where he used to live in Brooklyn, was shabby, and crowded with kids, and cats, and flies, but it was exciting in a way that spotless, milk-fed, suburban children never know about.

Danny, going back to visit the old neighborhood a while ago, felt a twinge of nostalgia. And even though he's pleased that he can provide *his* child with something better, he was, for the moment, in love with Bradford Street, simply because years of his life had been left there.

He remembers a crowded flat, and his mother singing him to sleep.

He remembers how his father loved to dance. Papa Kaye was a tailor, but his heart belonged to the Ballet Russe.

He remembers that he wasn't the most interesting kid on the block, by any means. He wasn't even *nearly* the most interesting kid. He'd sit on the front stoop for hours, staring at his scuffed knees and thinking, and what he was thinking, nobody ever knew, and he doesn't remember himself.

In the winters, he'd go to school, and be unremarkable. He was an inmate of P.S. 149, and the kids called him "Red," which was logical, since his hair was red. He was the only child in the neighborhood who didn't care to imitate Jackie Coogan.

type casting . . .

Once he got into a show at P.S. 149. It was a minstrel show, and the only prop was a big watermelon slice with holes in it for the performers' heads.

The auditions were interesting, if not awe-inspiring. The teacher went around the room pointing at pupils, telling them to call out their names. Like those army gags where they take the guy if he's breathing, if a kid could talk loud enough, he could act.

Later, the teacher began to worry about having cast Danny. "Who ever heard of a red-headed watermelon seed?" she said irritably.

He appeared in the show, and sang something called, "Let It Rain," and came home to be greeted by his big brothers, Mac and Larry. "How'd it go?" Mac said.

"Oh," said Danny brightly, (he was about twelve then and very witty, he thought) "I thought we looked a little seedy."

P.S. 149 was followed by Thomas Jefferson High School, and there again, Danny made almost no impression on anybody.

Until he came into a class taught by a Mr. Schenck.

Mr. Schenck, poor man, was one of those students' delights—he always looked as though he were whistling, and he used his hands like Zasu Pitts.

If he was fool enough to turn his back on cruel young Danny, the class immediately exploded. Mr. Schenck never did know quite what was going on. By the time he turned around, Danny would be sitting quietly in his seat, studying the sky from the window. He never went so far as to study books, or anything rash like that.

Still, Mr. Schenck put the thing in motion, you might say. Danny being such a success at satire, he decided to run away from home and make his fortune.

He was fourteen, and he mentioned his plan to a neighborhood friend who was also fourteen. In no time flat they were on their way; boy artists. They didn't hit any headlines, but people gave them rides, and bought them meals, and slipped them a buck now and then.

There was a woman in South Carolina. They'd stopped at her farm to offer their services. The only farming on Bradford Street was in cigar boxes, but they assumed they could pick up the knack.

"We'll work," they said hopefully.

The woman had them in, and fed them till they were sick, and let them put on their show with the ukelele, and then led them up to a lovely, clean bed.

After she'd left them, they stared at each other. "What do you suppose it's all about?" Danny said.

The next morning, the woman told them. "I had a son who used to thumb his way around. I haven't seen him in years. I only hope that wherever he is, or wherever he goes, people will be kind to him, too."

Our musical twosome, those hard-hearted men of the world, got wet in the eyes, and lumpy in the throat, and thanked the lady hoarsely, and hitched back home.

Back in Thomas Jefferson, and more boredom. Danny was a lazy kid. All the other characters in the neighborhood knew what they were going to do with their lives. All Danny knew was that he liked to sleep in the morning.

Danny wandered into the pool-room around the corner occasionally, but he discovered that wasn't to be his place. Because his brother Mac heard about it, and followed him in one afternoon, and kicked him right out again. Literally.

Danny got up and dusted himself off, looking pained. "You didn't have to kick so hard," he said. "I'm crummy enough with a cue as it is."

He gave up being a pool shark, and went to work in a dentist's office.

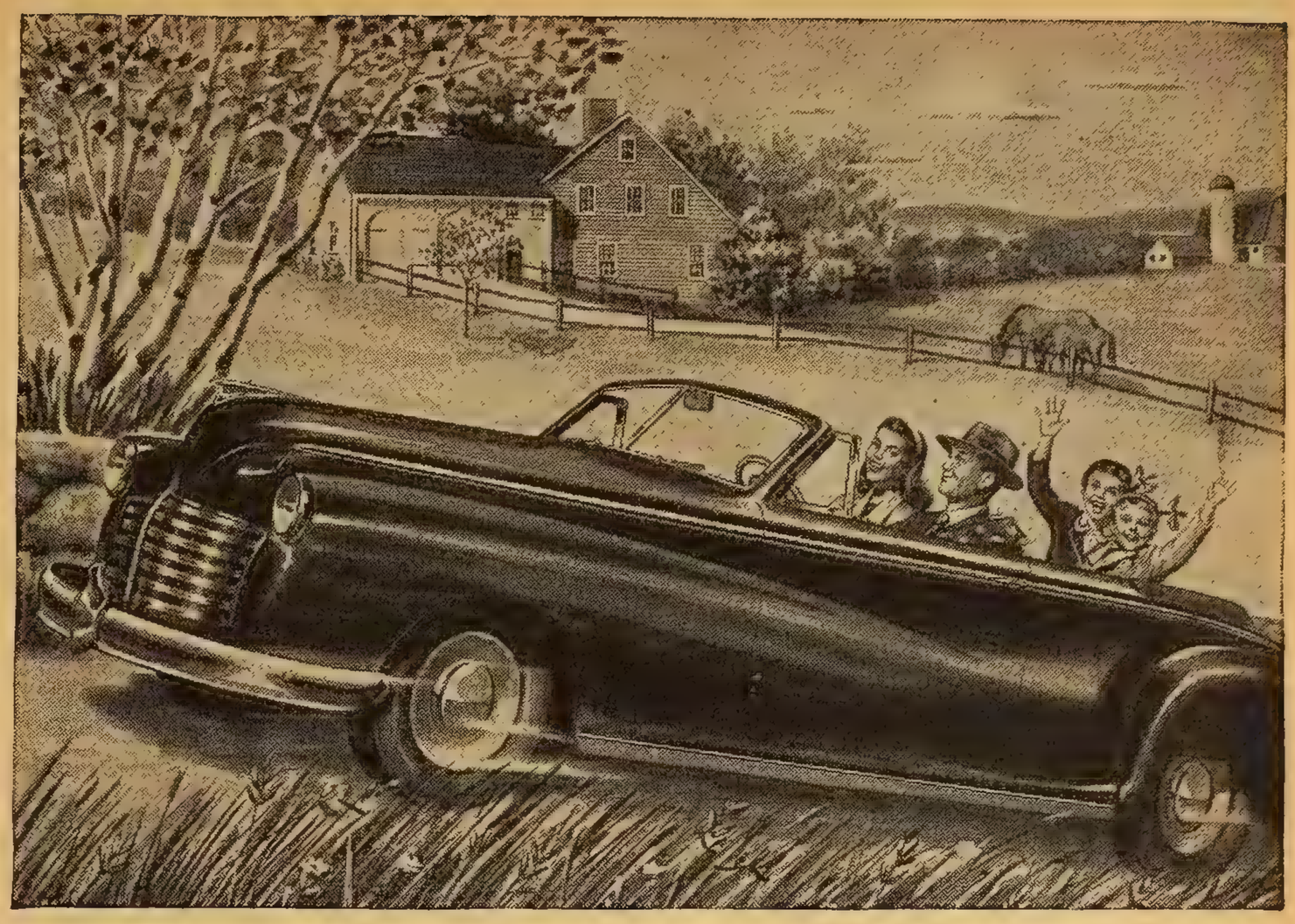
Unfortunately, the dentist was out too much, and during an off-day, Danny picked up an electric drill and made pretty patterns in the woodwork. He was fired.

All the way back to the house, he talked to himself darkly. "Anyhow, I won't have to listen to that darn old girl practising that darn old piano any more," he said. "Her and her sissy piano."

The darn old girl was Sylvia Fine, and her father was the dentist, but she and Danny didn't meet until 1939. You remember how they met, rehearsing for a semi-professional show, how they worked together on the borscht circuit, and got rich and famous thereafter.

And now there's Dena, to bring the whole thing into focus, to round out the picture, and complete the accomplishment. Dena the wonder-child, who'll probably talk double-talk before she's a year old, who's going to have all the advantages the old man missed. Plus the most terrific advantage of all—the old man!





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GOOD NEWS—By Louella Parsons

(Continued from page 10)

But they are certainly cordial and go out of their way to speak whenever they meet at the studio.

Although both charmers hail from London, they didn't meet until Academy Awards night in Hollywood. A fellow M-G-M-er introduced them and they stood chatting backstage over a couple of cups of coffee.

Considering the gay, giddy and ofttimes foolish but never dull feuds that used to go on between rival studio queens, this is all very charming but doesn't make for much excitement.

* * *

Lana Turner has sunburn poisoning again. That girl just can't keep out of the sun regardless of what it does to her and the way she suffers.

Ran into Lana and Ty Power at a beach house party the first week I got back and she looked stunning in a black dress with diamond clips. Ty doesn't go for informal attire and these two are still so much in love she likes to do everything to please him.

* * *

My dander is up—and good!

I am indignant for every star in Hollywood who has been the victim of those auxiliary group make-up men who have been shooting off their faces and mouths in print in their fight to be taken into the Make Up Departments Union as full senior members.

What a lot of malicious drivel to parade before the public revealing secrets of facial and physical imperfections in the stars.

I won't dignify their "revelations" by mentioning names (which they did) but one charming girl was referred to as a "messy kisser"; an actor who suffers terribly from sinus trouble was heralded as "Mr. Bags Under The Eyes"—leaving the implication that he is dissipated; another glamour girl was held up to ridicule because her eyes are too close together.

All these are secrets that should be as inviolate as the confidences between a patient and a doctor or a client and a lawyer.

* * *

I saw Gloria De Haven and John Payne at the Mocambo the other night and she doesn't look too happy since her break with M-G-M, if you ask me.

Seldom do I get in these squabbles between studios and stars. Both usually have their sides. But I do think that unless a young player has definitely hit the star brackets, she is much better off with a major studio handling her career problems. Both Gloria and John are very upset over the stories that she walked out of M-G-M because he wanted her to be a housewife and forget her career.

* * *

I thought to myself, "What's Betty Grable doing during these last couple of restless months awaiting the birth of her baby?" I hadn't seen Betty for a long time, so I dropped in on her at her Coldwater home.

She's as sun-tanned as a hickory nut and there are sun-streaks in her golden blonde hair. These particular days the James menage is as quiet as the proverbial mouse on the night before Christmas. Harry is away on a six weeks' tour and his absence completely mystifies four-year-old Vicki James.

She veers through the house and out around the swimming pool chirping, "Where's Harry-james?"—all one word, which is the way she constantly refers to her father.

Betty says her entire time is spent reading and lounging by the pool. "I've read every best seller on the market," she laughed. "Bet I polish off a novel a day." She also reads the comics—prefering "Blondie" and "Dick Tracy."

She still likes to play poker and gin rummy and gives "hen" parties for girls who feel likewise in the evenings.

"When the baby is born," she told me, "we're evicting Vicki from the nursery. She's getting to be a big girl now and should have a room of her own."

Ma James won't say whether they want a boy or a girl but I have a hunch some fingers are crossed for a boy. "Still," mused Miss Pin-Up, "it would be fun to name another girl Jessica and call her Jessie James!"

* * *

That feud going on between Robert Hutton and Joyce Reynolds during the entire making of *Wallflower* ended in a big make-up scene the day the movie finished.

The trouble was that Bob is a quiet, reserved, non-talkative fellow and Joyce bubbles over with Texas good fellowship. She thought he was trying to snub her when he would retire to a quiet corner between scenes.

Joyce got her dander up and said, "If Warners think they're going to make a co-starring team of us—they're crazy. I don't want to make any more pictures with him."

But the day the picture ended, Bob did a mighty nice thing. He had a big cake brought over to Joyce, also a corsage of three beautiful orchids. But the thing that really GOT her was a letter in which he said he was sorry he had seemed grumpy but he was just a fellow who doesn't do much talking.

* * *

Don't say I spilled the beans, but they say Betty Hutton does a devastating imitation of Joan Fontaine in *Dream Girl*. Incidentally, this is the movie in which Betty neither sings nor dances nor gives with the wild antics. In fact, she doesn't even wear makeup most of the time.

* * *

Rex Harrison was on location making a picture when his birthday rolled around, but that didn't keep him from tossing himself a party—six weeks later.

"What difference does it make whether you hit the right date or not," said the British actor, "a birthday party is a birthday party." So when the birthday cake was rolled out, it had written on it, "Happy Birthday to nobody in particular!" It made a big hit with everyone.

Since his real natal day was over, and none of the guests had been notified that he had selected another for himself, he received no presents other than a couple of nice ones he sent himself!

Most of the feminine guests—Mary Benny, Deborah Kerr, Loretta Young and the hostess, Lilli Palmer, all wore white gowns. So Sylvia Sidney and Mrs. Gary Cooper were stand-outs in red and green dresses, respectively. Millicent Rogers, the heiress, was also there—but minus Clark Gable. I don't believe he has seen her since her arrival in Hollywood.

* * *

Speaking of Gable—how that boy hates to be pinned down about his plans.

Just before taking off on a fishing trip to Canada, a harassed press agent asked him where he was going. "Oh, North," replied Clark. "And where will you be after that?" the p.a. pressed on.

"Oh, South," said the evasive Mr. G.

Sue and Alan (do I need to add, Carol and Ladd?) have started a wonderful idea for four-year-old, Alana.

On her fourth birthday party, they gave her toys, of course. But they also presented her with some really beautiful pieces of table silver. By the time she is a young lady, Alana will have a complete service of silver—which is a mighty nice thing to own.

* * *

Everyone on the Selznick lot is crazy about Valli, the new Italian star who debuts in *The Paradine Case*. They go out of their way trying to think up things to surprise and please her.

During a recent heat wave, one of the department heads had her house equipped with a cooling system which was formerly in one of those theaters where you go in and freeze on a hot summer day.

Being new to our modern ways, poor Valli didn't know what had happened.

Imagine his surprise to go out to her home one day and find she had stoves burning brightly in every room in the house. "All of a sudden this place turned into an ICE BOX!" she explained. And then somebody showed her how to turn off the cooling system!

* * *

While I was still in New York, Wild Bill Elliott, that rootin', shootin' cowboy from Republic was there, too—incidentally, his first trip to the Big Town.

I must say Wild Bill doesn't live up to that "wild" in his name. He was plum flabbergasted, ma'am, that New York fans recognized him.

He surprised the Republic publicity department because his first request was not to visit the Statue of Liberty or Radio City. Instead, Bill's first stop was to Brooks Brothers because "I've heard so much about that men's furnishing store." After looking through the complete stock of wearing apparel—he didn't buy a thing!

But his big adventure came when he took over the reins atop a hansom carriage while Mrs. Elliott obliged by getting into the vehicle. Suddenly, the horse reared and began to act up!

"That's a fine way to act with a cowboy at the reins," yelled Wild Bill at the fractious nag, as his face got redder and redder!

* * *

I've been particularly interested in my mail this past month. Such interesting and intelligent letters from many, many of you who read this column in MODERN SCREEN.

Let me give you a few samples of what I mean:

Mrs. Dorothy McIntosh, of New York City, writes: "I have just seen *Sea of Grass* and consider it one of the finest pictures I have ever seen. But I am puzzled as to how they could handle such a theme as infidelity and illegitimacy—which I have always understood to be banned by the Hays (it's now the Johnston) office. How did they get away with it?" A very intelligent question, Mrs. McIntosh.

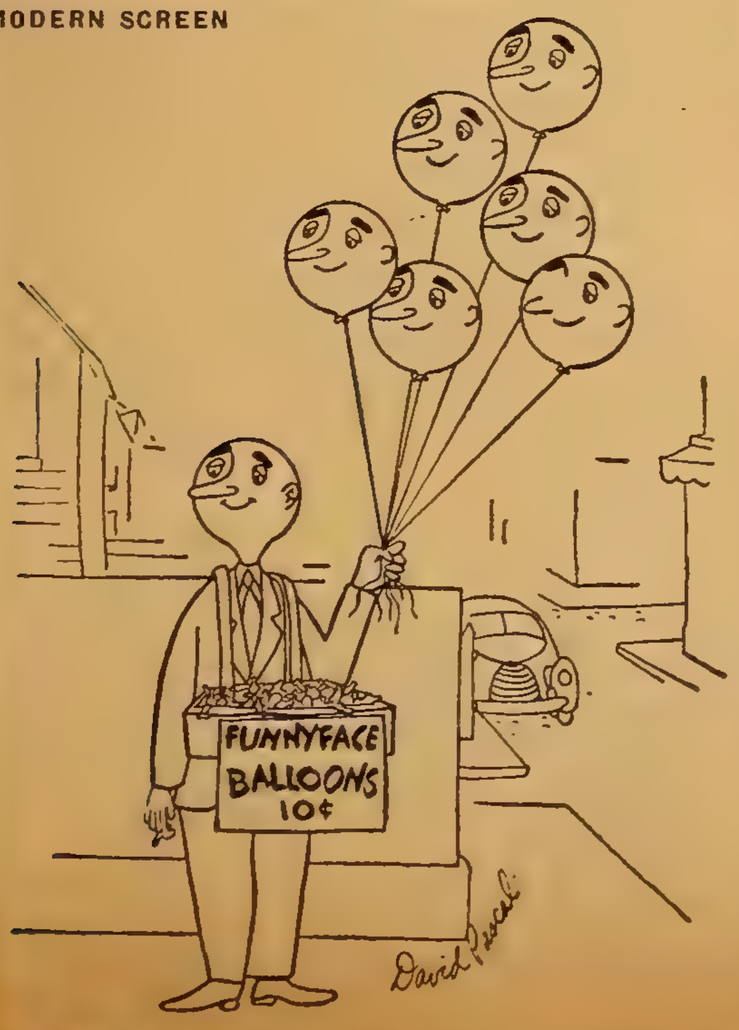
I believe that the reason this picture could handle such taboo subjects is that they were presented with such dignity and drama and without one iota of sensationalism. If you noticed, even in the advertising there was nothing lurid or offensive to drag in the paying customers. The picture also pointed up that the characters who had sinned against society were punished and suffered for their transgressions.

Evelyn Sanger, of Detroit, writes: "I can't understand Hollywood romances. Right up to the time June Haver eloped with Jimmy Zito we heard that she was madly in love with Dave Rose. How can people meet and fall in love so hurriedly?"

June and Jimmy didn't "just meet," Evelyn. She has known him a long time and their friendship began when they were both working with well-known bands around the country. Girls in the movies have many escorts and after all, remember that Junie never said she was "madly in love" with Dave Rose. Perhaps that was just the idea of some press agent.

That's all for this month. Do keep on sending me your interesting comments and letters about Hollywood topics and we'll continue to talk over some of them in this column.





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FIRST BORN!

(Continued from page 24)

and—I can't quite remember. But I think it was almost eight."

"Thanks, lady," he said, and then there was the click of the receiver.

And so with her first words since the advent of Paul Frederick Brinkman, Jr., Jeanne announced the birth of her son to the press, and unless the reporter reads this he will never know he was speaking with the new mother herself.

That same day, an item appeared in the papers to the effect that the Brinkmans were so sure the baby would be a girl that they were caught without a name for their son. This wasn't true. Whole evenings had been devoted to discussion of this most weighty problem.

"For the first boy," Jeanne decided, "I like Paul Frederick Junior. And for the second boy—"

Paul interrupted. "I don't know about that 'junior' stuff," he said.

"Why darling, that's taken for granted. Of course, he'll be named after you. Now, the second boy—how about Michael Anthony?"

Paul grinned. "Have you picked a monicker for the twelfth boy?"

one with hair, please . . .

Jeanne had a couple of major worries during her pregnancy. She didn't want a bald baby. And she was scared to death at the thought of bringing a new baby, even a bald one, into their crowded apartment. Things had got so bad, what with the loot from Jeanne's baby shower, that she and Paul had to keep their clothes at their respective parents' homes. Enough baby clothes littered the cramped quarters to outfit a nursery. But every time the two of them had to dress for an occasion, they had to synchronize their watches, split up, head for the Crain and Brinkman homes and rejoin later.

The new home isn't yet complete, but it's livable enough for the present, and with a new baby to add to life, who cares about the inconvenience of painters and carpenters swarming over the house? On her homecoming, Jeanne found a lot of changes. The fence was installed and thirty of the fruit trees had been planted. The artificial waterfall, designed by Paul to drain water from the swimming pool and tumble down a cliff into a running brook, was not yet in operation. The fireplace, flanked by huge glass windows overlooking the city, was doing its best with a roaring fire. Both the indoor and outdoor barbecues were functioning. The freezer was installed to take care of the forty different types of fruit to be grown on their acres, and most wonderful of all, closets sprawled all over the house—thirty whole feet of closet space.

There was ice cream in the freezer, which reminded Jeanne of the Saturday night preceding Easter. She and Paul had gone out for dinner and then to a movie. There was no necessity for Paul to inquire about her wants when they left the theater; he automatically steered toward a drive-in.

"Two hot fudge sundaes," he told the car hop. Jeanne smiled at him. That was one of the nice things about Paul; he knew her so well that he seldom had to ask about her feelings on any subject.

Now she was engaged in the pure ecstasy of putting away the sundae. And suddenly, she didn't feel very well. When she told Paul, he immediately switched on the ignition.

"We'd better get home," he said.

"Wait a minute," said Jeanne. "There's another spoonful here."

By the time they reached the apartment, Jeanne realized that the pains were regular, and they decided to check with Paul's watch.

"Now?" he said.

"Now."

Paul watched the slowly moving hands for six minutes, and then Jeanne squealed slightly. They looked at each other in horror. She had read somewhere that pains ten minutes apart meant almost immediate action, and here they were, six minutes apart, and in the Santa Monica apartment, miles from the hospital. Paul grabbed the phone and called the hospital immediately.

"Dr. McCarthy—quick," he said.

"Dr. McCarthy is in surgery," said the girl at the switchboard. "He's delivering a baby."

Paul gasped. "But he can't— Oh. Oh, well, we'll be right down."

"What's the matter?" said Jeanne.

"Nothing. The doctor's with another patient—that's all." He thought it discreet not to tell her the whole truth in view of her delicate condition.

During the mad dash to the hospital, Jeanne held Paul's watch in her hands, consulting it under the flashing light of street lamps every six minutes, then every five.

"Golly!" she said.

They needn't have got into such a nervous stew, for the ways of Nature are unaccountable. Although they entered the hospital at 12:30 on Easter morning, Paul Junior didn't put in his appearance until 5:15.

Dr. Alphonsus McCarthy was the only person involved who deserved a nervous collapse, as he delivered four babies during that night. He was more than weary when he finally showed the baby to Paul for identification, yet he couldn't restrain a comment.

"Will you look at the shoulders on that boy?" he said.

For a moment, Paul thought the buttons would pop off his shirt. Then he exhaled and asked the doctor when he could see Jeanne.

"In a little while," said Dr. McCarthy. "Just be patient."

The little while went by, and then he stood in the doorway, looking at his wife. It was a long minute before either of them said anything. At length, Jeanne broke the silence.

"He has hair!" she said. "Lots of it—just the way I always knew he would!

this one's different . . .

This matter has been the subject of most Brinkman conversation ever since—including grandparents, friends, and the assortment of workmen who are completing the house. Jeanne and Paul try not to brag, but this baby is somehow different from others.

"I'd like your opinion," Paul says to almost anybody. "Our son has very clear-cut features. Now—isn't that unusual for a baby so young?"

And, of course, everyone talks right back on the same topic. Jeanne was in the hospital for several weeks after the birth of the baby, and it naturally followed that friends were concerned about the state of her health.

"How did she look when you first saw her?" they wanted to know.

Paul had the same answer for them all. He said, "She looked—beautiful."

THIS LITTLE PEGGY . . .

(*Continued from page 59*)

Pasadena, I see with my own eyes the reaction of the audience.

Remember, this is the first time any American audience has seen her. It is an opportunity for people to say, "Well, we wanted to be shown—and she showed us."

They prove to Zanuck he is right.

In *Moss Rose*, which I just finished directing myself, Peggy has a big, starring role. She plays a Cockney girl, with ambitions to become a lady.

A couple weeks before the picture starts, Peggy comes to me. "It is better you know now," she says. "I can't speak with a Cockney accent."

We decide to change the accent to Irish —Peggy is Irish, to begin with, and she plays at Dublin's Gate Theater for years. "You *can* do Irish?" I ask her.

She says yes, and we begin. One scene later, surrounded by people with Cockney accents, she discovers she can do Cockney. She is a gifted child.

Peggy has real respect for fine acting, and she admires Ethel Barrymore, who is also in *Moss Rose*.

One day, we are shooting a big scene—between Miss Barrymore and Peggy.

When everything is at last ready, I call, "Camera!" and all of a sudden, in the middle of the scene, Peggy stops acting, and starts watching Miss Barrymore.

"Peggy!" I call to her. "What is the matter with you, spoiling the take?"

"I'm sorry," Peggy says. "I was so fascinated by Miss Barrymore, I forgot."

There is a dance Peggy does in the movie and the studio calls her in a week early, to learn the routine. Peggy learns it in one day.

The afternoon we are shooting the dance scene, everything is going fine, and suddenly Peggy falls. "What is the matter?" I say to her. "I thought you were a dancer at seven years old?"

"I didn't have to be provocative at seven years old," she tells me.

Little Peggy has wonderful lungs. Ask anyone who works with us on *Moss Rose*. There is a place where she has to walk down the hall, and into a room, and find a body on the bed.

"You shake the body, to wake it up," I tell her. "And then when you discover it's dead, you scream."

Well, after the first rehearsal, and a timid scream from Peggy, I decided she shall save her throat for the take.

her screaming wakes up the dead . . .

Margo Woode, who is the body on the bed, falls asleep under the hot lights, during the subsequent rehearsals, and when the take finally comes, and Peggy screams, Margo Woode forgets all about being dead, and sits up howling.

No one blames her for a minute, because in all your life you never hear such a scream as that one of little Peggy.

Opposite Peggy in *Moss Rose* is Victor Mature, who is as rugged as Peggy is dainty.

Peggy claims that Victor does not know his own strength. In a love scene he holds her arm so strongly that when he lets her go, she is all black-and-blue.

Victor already teaches Peggy American slang—he is a very restless, energetic man, and he has a lot of humor—but one of her favorite slang phrases, she gets from me. "Making with the jokes," it is.

She is forever coming up to me on the set. "Gregory," she says, "you're not making with the jokes today."

What I say that she likes best of all, though, is something I personally do not think is so funny. When I try to get some animation from her and Victor for a certain scene, it is a habit of mine to use that old Army call, "Come out, now, laughing and scratching—" and every time I do this, she gets hysterical.

Those two have good times together. It used to be every lunch hour Victor will ask Peggy to marry him, and then walk away without waiting for an answer.

"If she said yes, she'd probably be sorry," he will explain, "and if she said no, I'd be sorry."

Once, when I have a new line for Victor put in the script, I announce it, and Peggy smiles wickedly. "He can use a new line," she says.

it's a dog's life . . .

But she really likes him. For instance, a while ago, Victor gets a new, two-story doghouse. Such a doghouse as I never hear of before. Once it belongs to Myrna Loy, Gene Markey's wife, and now it belongs to Victor. His Boxer, "Genius," and his Shepherd, Mickey, live in it. It is the most deluxe dog house ever built.

Well, anyhow, one morning Peggy and I are talking of it, and about a week later, Peggy sends Victor a present. It is a regular, conventional sized doghouse, and it has on it a little sign. "Guest House," the sign says.

Victor comes to work the next morning, beaming. "It's like I always say," he confides to me in a loud voice. "The English have a sly sense of humor, Gregory."

Peggy says Victor is the person who teaches her how to really laugh, for the first time since she is in the United States.

He is always asking her for dates in Cockney accent. "'Ow about Sat-eh-day noight, ducky?" he shouts all over the lot.

There is such a hopelessness of accents on that set that I remember we are arguing all the time whether the cast shall learn to speak Russian, or I shall learn to speak American.

But talking about Victor's dogs reminds me of Peggy's cat. The publicity department at 20th Century-Fox says that the cat is a "pure marmalade Persian," but Peggy says that cat is mostly alley. In any case, its name is Timmie, and it is sick in the hospital part of the time we are making *Moss Rose*. This is good for the picture. She is playing a girl who has reason to worry, after a murder next door. Timmie helps her to look worried.

Peggy has a birthday while we are making *Moss Rose*, too. Vincent Price comes up to her and says, "What birthday is it, Peggy?"

"The twenty-first," Peggy says.

Vincent looks thoughtful. "It is a long time since I was twenty-one," he says. "And I was twenty-one for a long time."

Not a straight man on the set, I keep telling them.

There is the scene where Peggy wakes up in bed. A gun shot wakes her, really, and then she hears weird, terrifying noises. For one thing, the chandelier is tinkling.

Well, I am trying to help her get into the mood, and every time we do the scene, I make weird noises for her, but she never seems to appreciate them. She laughs.

She says I go, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," and maybe it sounds strange, but it is not in the least terrifying.

After a while, I give the whole thing up. I get a prop man to ring bells.

Another interesting item about that scene in bed is Peggy's hairdo. Originally, I want realism. "Go on over to Peggy's house," I tell the photographer. "and get

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a picture of her when she wakes up. Drag her out from her bed, even."

So they get the picture of Peggy, and then we give the picture to Lillian Hokom, Peggy's hair-dresser, and every morning it takes her one hour and fifteen minutes to disarrange Peggy's hair so it should match the picture.

Fortunately, she only needs to be disarranged five mornings or so, or the picture will still be going on to this day.

During that picture, we make it a practice to have tea every afternoon. Mine, I have with lemon, and Peggy has hers plain, but we remain friends.

At lunch time, I remember Peggy trying to make me not eat so much. I am a man who will occasionally diet, but I do not like it, and for months, Peggy tries to be my conscience.

It gets so bad, I sneak away from her every so often to get a little snack.

She is a big fruit eater, herself, and anything else doesn't matter much to her.

The fact is, I first met Peggy at a dinner-party. Where, I have no doubt, she eats fruit-cup, fruit-salad, fruit-compote, and fruit drink. She says I don't pay any attention to her at this particular party, but she thinks I must notice her, because the next time I run into her, I say sternly, "Go wash your face, and take that stuff off your eyebrows."

I don't remember this, but it is possible. She has very pale eyebrows, and I like her best when she is looking natural.

Peggy, being a stage actress, prefers to rehearse a lot, and she has a recording machine, and she reads her scripts into it, when she gets home at night.

And although I am associated with Peggy in a professional capacity, I know a few personal facts about her. I know she is a terrible speller, and she has a twenty-inch waist, and she has a convertible car, and she lives with her mother in an English type bungalow (a rented one).

And I know she is going to be a very big star.

Peggy has everything that the doctor prescribed. She has youth, looks, tremendous technique, and also sex appeal. And a woman without sex appeal is like soda water without bubbles.

And Peggy Cummins has plenty of bubbles.

THE GABLE TOUCH

(*Continued from page 39*)

of ever acting myself. I didn't exactly swoon, but I thought Clark Gable was pretty exciting.

Right after that I tacked his photograph up in my room, along with those of my English heroes, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Laurence Olivier and others. Clark Gable was the first and only American to make my private gallery.

Later on, the wheels of fate started spinning in my case and I found myself an actress, making motion pictures in England. They whirled a bit more and, after *Vacation From Marriage*, I found myself under contract to M-G-M and on my way to Hollywood to make a film, but what film I had no idea.

As Tony and I boarded the boat, I mused, "Wouldn't it be odd if it turned out I made a picture with Clark Gable?"

"Better than odd," he grinned. "It would be smashing lucky. He's a perfectly grand chap. I saw quite a bit of him in Hollywood during the war."

"Why, Tony," I exclaimed. "Why don't you tell me these things?"

"Can't tell you everything, you know," teased Tony. "Besides, I haven't had time!"

That was true. Anthony Bartley and I were married only a few months before. He was a squadron leader in the RAF and not inclined to talk much about his war service. But I finally wormed the facts out of him: after the African campaign Tony flew on a quick lecture tour of the United States. Clark, a flyer himself, was a Captain in the U.S. Air Corps and they made contact in Hollywood.

The day we arrived in Hollywood, there was a luncheon to meet M-G-M officials, and Tony and I were placed at the head of the table with a line of unfamiliar faces stretching down on both sides from us.

The room was crowded and before we were seated someone elbowed through the crowd. It was Clark Gable. I had just a touch of a panicky feeling and braced myself to say "How do you do?" in my best manner. But he didn't even see me!

"Good heavens," boomed Clark, grabbing my husband's arm, "What in the world are you doing here, Tony?"

Then they jabbered away, catching up on the past three years. I stood, completely unnoticed and just a little put out. At last Clark said, "I came here to meet Deborah Kerr. Have you seen her?"

My husband stepped aside, taking huge delight in the situation. "Why yes," he said. "Clark, I'd like to have you meet my wife." Clark Gable didn't know Tony was even married, let alone to me!

The thing that struck me at once about meeting Clark Gable in person is that he's exactly as you think he'll be after seeing him on the screen. I had always imagined him as typically American, unsophisticated, direct, humorous and good natured.

After we made the screen-test for *The Hucksters*, I stayed home waiting for a telephone call from the studio. When it came, a familiar voice said excitedly:

"Baby, you're in!"

That was how I first knew I'd gotten the part. Clark called and told me himself! I later learned he'd made everyone at M-G-M promise to tell him first. The minute he knew he'd rushed straight to a telephone to bring the good news.

That is typical of Clark Gable, I've since discovered. He takes the greatest delight in making anyone happy. Around M-G-M, I soon found, he has been doing that for years, putting new actresses cast with him at their ease. And although I was hardly a new actress, still Clark realized as much as anyone how difficult it is in a strange new world, getting down to work.

"Golly," he grinned to me the first week. "I'm glad it isn't *me* doing a picture in England."

Though we never had the slightest script disagreement, Clark has too ready a funny-bone not to be amused at what Britishisms cropped out in me. One day, for instance, I looked at the script and was horrified. There was a line for me to say: "If you think I'd ever go off to a hotel with you—"

With my particular British upbringing that was a very ungrammatical sentence. "I'd never make an error like that," I told Clark, utterly shocked.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked blandly.

"Why," I replied, "it should be 'an hotel,' of course—"

He grinned. "Not in America it shouldn't. That's the way we say it." From then on whenever I'd unconsciously give an English twist to anything—like pronouncing 'clerk' 'clark'—or protest at what loomed in my

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British background as an impossible error, Clark teased, "Oh, of course, it's 'an hotel'."

But there is never any sting to Clark Gable's ribbings, and absolutely no offense in his easy-going familiarity. Clark called me "Baby" all through the making of *The Hucksters*. My own husband doesn't call me "Baby," and I might have bridled except that Clark can say "Baby" in a way different from anyone else.

The only trick Clark Gable played on me all the time we made *The Hucksters* was one inspired by an attempt to give me a pleasant surprise. I'm sure he had no idea it would turn out to be a durable reproach to my vanity.

One day, between scenes, I was in my dressing-room when a knock came on the door. It was Clark Gable's stand-in. He was apologetic, but he said he admired my work very much. He wondered—would I give him my autograph?

"Oh, but of course," I answered. I was really quite pleased; it was the first time in America I'd been asked for that favor. In my eagerness to please, I'm afraid I overdid the autograph. I dashed one off in my best Spencerian hand with sweeping lines and flourishes.

"Thanks," he said, and I forgot all about it. I'm not much of a sleuth, I'm afraid. It never dawned on me to suspect that Clark had sent him in to get the autograph. Not until—a week later—he presented me with a lovely leather script cover—with that dreadful, glamor autograph of mine tooled all over the front!

vanity, all is vanity . . .

Like every man I've ever met, Clark's got his own little share of "rugged" male vanity, of course. One day on the set, for instance, Diane, the little girl who played my daughter in *The Hucksters*, turned up with the sniffles and a runny nose. Clark was in the habit of swooping Diane up in his arms for a hug whenever he arrived on the set. This morning he headed for her and his usual morning hug-and-kiss. But Diane's mother warned him. "Better stay away from Diane today, Mr. Gable," she said. "It looks like she's coming down with a cold." But Clark laughed it off.

"Don't be silly," he said. "No kid can give me a cold." So up swooped Diane for her regular Gable blessing.

The next day Clark was reaching for his handkerchief regularly. The day after that he had the "flu!"

On Tony's last birthday, Clark invited my husband and myself out to his ranch for dinner. It was exactly the kind of place you'd expect him to live in. Out in the open country, plain, comfortable, with trees and animals all around. After dinner, we sat in the big living room, panelled in wood, beside the crackling fireplace in the roomy, masculine chairs and talked mostly of England.

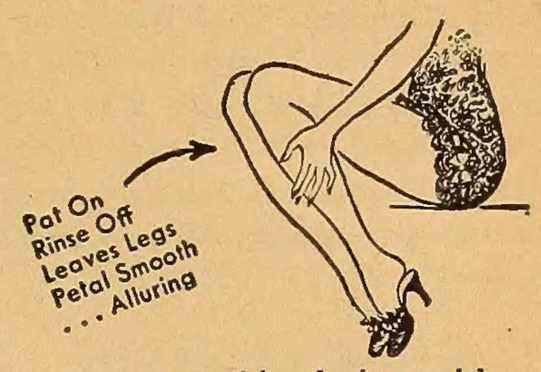
Before we left that evening, Tony and I pestered Clark for a picture to keep in the library of our Hollywood cottage.

"No, no, *no*," he objected in horror. "No pictures of me, please!"

We realized that Clark loathes giving out pictures of himself, but we were pretty much a pair of British bulldogs about it. Finally, Tony almost had to wrestle Clark for the portrait before he gave in grudgingly. "All right for you," he muttered as he signed it ruefully and handed it over. "I'll never give you anything again."

But if Clark Gable never gives me anything again, he has already given me something that is deeply appreciated, and for which I should say, "Thank you, Mr. Gable." He gave me confidence in American actors and confidence in myself making my first American film. I couldn't wish better luck for an English actress, new to a strange and frightening Hollywood, than to make her first movie with Clark Gable.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

doesn't work until she actually puts the police on Drego's trail. Then he is ready to talk terms. By that time, Belle has other ideas. She wants to be a lady like Drego's aunt, Lady Sterling (Ethel Barrymore) and his fiancee (Patricia Medina). With a childish naïvete, she tells Michael if he will help her to that end, she will keep silent about seeing him come out of Daisy's room. From the moment he agrees, Belle comes closer and closer to death . . .—*20th- Fox*

DOWN TO EARTH

I'm sure Rita Hayworth has frequently been referred to as a goddess, so it's not surprising to find her cast as one. Very beautiful she is, too, all done up in Grecian gowns and Technicolor. But don't get the idea the picture is strictly mythology. This particular goddess comes down to earth and stirs up plenty of excitement.

You see, a Broadway producer, named Danny Miller (Larry Parks), is staging a musical based on the Nine Muses. But he's burlesquing them, and the Muses, hearing about it up in heaven, get pretty annoyed. Terpsichore (Rita Hayworth) gets hold of Mr. Jordan (Roland Culver), intermediary between heaven and earth. Looking wide-eyed and innocent, she tells him she wants to help young Danny, who's in trouble.

As a matter of fact, Danny actually is in trouble—trouble that she knows nothing about. He owes a hundred grand to a certain gangster who's all set to take him for a ride if the show fails. Mr. Jordan knows this. *He* knows everything. So he lets Terpsichore descend to Broadway because she might be able to help. He even supplies her with a mink coat and an agent (James Gleason).

Being the goddess of the dance, she has no trouble snatching the lead role of Terpsichore away from Georgia Evans (Adele Jergens). She fascinates Danny with her beauty and talent. Then Kitty, as she is known on earth, really goes to work on the poor guy. She gradually persuades him that he's making a mistake doing a cheap burlesque like this. Before the rest of the cast knows what's happening, they find themselves doing classical dances instead of bumps, and singing Grecian chants instead of jive.

They open in Philadelphia, the audience goes to sleep, and the gangster begins looking for a good location to dump Danny's body. However, here comes Mr. Jordan to tell Kitty some of the facts of life—and death. —*Col.*

LIVING IN A BIG WAY

Gene Kelly plays a straight role as a lieutenant, Leo Gogarty, who married a girl he met at a Canteen during the war. Her name was Maggy (Marie McDonald) and she was gay and sweet and that was about all he knew about her. It was, he thought, enough.

But when Leo comes back after the war, he finds that Maggy is Margot Morgan, who lives on a big estate with butler, swimming pool and the maddest family since *You Can't Take It With You*. She isn't gay and sweet any more. She's busy studying ballet and getting her picture in the papers. And she wants a divorce.

Leo might have left right away if it hadn't been for Grandma (Jean Adair). She is, Leo thinks, the only one in the household who makes any sense. Father Morgan (Charles Winninger) isn't a bad guy, but he's too engrossed in high finance to do much about his family. Mrs. Morgan (Spring Byington) *flutters*. The butler, Everett (Clinton Sundberg), is a fabulous character, but screwy.

Grandma persuades Leo to stay around.



Down To Earth: Rita Hayworth, goddess of music and dance, comes down to earth to show Larry Parks how to put on a musical show. Taking over Adele Jergens' role, she dances with Mark Platt.



Living In A Big Way: G. Kelly wed M. McDonald during the war. Now she wants a divorce.

Maybe if he sees Margot for awhile he'll decide she isn't the girl for him. (She is, Grandma confesses, spoiled, selfish and useless.) That's exeactly what happens, but by then Margot and the rest of the family have become very fond of Leo. When he says "Okay, go ahead and get the divorce," Margot, with the usual contrariness of women, has decided she doesn't want it. But Leo does. He feels that Maggy has vanished and Margot could never take her place.

Meanwhile, he and Grandma have started a little Veterans' Housing Project of their own. It leads to a lot of things, including a bathtub, a courtroom and a dog whose name is *not* Fido.—*M-G-M*

BRUTE FORCE

They've selected an accurate title for this picture—it's definitely not for the squeamish. It tells the story of desperate men, made brutal by imprisonment. Burt Lancaster has the leading role and does well with it.

There are six men living in Cell R-17, in Westgate Penitentiary. Joe Collins (Burt Lancaster) is their dominating spirit. He is moved always by an intense, driving force that won't let him be still. As the story opens, he is just back from a week in "solitary" for being found with a knife in his pocket. Joe knows who planted that knife on him—a cringing, tricky, little stool pigeon named Wilson. And he knows why. It was because Munsey (Hume Cronyn), the head guard, ordered him to do it. Munsey hates Joe and is determined to break him.

Joe's cellmates are sure nothing will break Joe. *They* have their weaknesses. Lister (Whitney Bissell) talks constantly of the wife who never writes to him. Soldier (Howard Duff) dreams of his wife in Italy. The others have brooding secrets, too.

They don't know that Joe, too, has tragedy in his heart. That Ruth (Ann Blyth), the girl he loves, is dying of cancer because she won't have an operation without Joe beside her. Somehow, some way, Joe must get out of prison—to Ruth.

There's trouble stirring all through the prison. Wilson, the "stoolie," meets with an "accident." Lister is deliberately driven to suicide by Munsey. Big Gallagher (Charles Bickford) who has always kept order among the men, loses his parole, and tells Joe he'll try a "break" with him. Plans are made for Tuesday night. Plans that lead to disaster and bloodshed and violence.—*Univ.*

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